BERKELEY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/memoirofcaptainm00hammrich

John. B. Rowe

A birthday present
from a young Friend
on his 20th birthday
November 17th
1859

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

Dan. XII – 3.

W. Oxenden Hammond, del.

J. Cousen

[Hammond, Egerton Douglas

MEMOIR

OF

CAPTAIN M. M. HAMMOND,

RIFLE BRIGADE.

"Come, I will shew thee a friend; I will paint one worthy of thy trust.
How beautiful thy feet, and full of grace thy coming,
O better kind companion! Thou art well for either world.
There is an atmosphere of happiness floating round that man;
Love is throned upon his heart, and light within his dwelling.
His eyes are ray'd with peacefulness; and Wisdom waiteth on his tongue."

TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy.*

Sixth Edition.

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
M.DCCC.LIX.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

DA68
.22
H2H2
1859

TO

A FATHER'S AFFECTION,

THIS MEMOIR OF A BELOVED SON

Is Inscribed

BY

A BROTHER.

PREFACE.

THE compiler of the following pages, while he avails himself of the opportunity of acknowledging the kindness of those who have contributed materials for his use, feels that some apology is due to them for the long detention of their letters.

The idea of a Memoir of Captain Hammond's life was suggested immediately after his death. One by one those friends by whom it was hoped that the work would have been undertaken were, from various causes, compelled to relinquish it; and it was not until it seemed probable that the whole matter would fall through, that the writer of the present volume consented to make the attempt.

Under his hands the progress of the Memoir, the materials for which were given over to him at the close of the last year, has been brought to a

conclusion. He submits it to the public, with thankfulness to Him who has permitted him to dwell for nearly twelve months on materials that have been characterised by a friend as "full of interest, sanctifying, and edifying;" and with a humble hope that the voice of one, whose personal example is no longer before us, may be found in these pages addressing each of us in the spirit of the Saviour's words, "Go thou, and do likewise."

DECEMBER 1857.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

SINCE the publication of the two first editions of this Memoir, the heading prefixed to Chapter XVI. has called forth certain remarks.

Without assenting to the propriety of all, the Editor feels that one of these is entitled to his consideration.

It has been represented by a personal friend, that an extract from the writings of Dr Pusey may possibly be considered as "a sanction and recommendation" of his works.

Upon this consideration alone the Compiler has withheld the passage from the present edition. For, while he admires the practical value of the extract, he would not willingly become the instrument of leading any to seek a further acquaintance with the works of a writer whose name is closely associated with a system of doctrinal teaching from which he wholly dissents.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Early Days 1

CHAPTER II.

Forest Scenes 18

CHAPTER III.

Conversion 25

CHAPTER IV.

Changed Habits 40

CHAPTER V.

Doctrinal Views 61

CHAPTER VI.

Love of Home 80

CHAPTER VII.

Letters 93

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE

Emigrant Fever 111

CHAPTER IX.

Usefulness 126

CHAPTER X.

Choice of Friends 144

CHAPTER XI.

Sympathy 154

CHAPTER XII.

Fervent in Spirit 164

CHAPTER XIII.

Prayer 187

CHAPTER XIV.

Return to England 205

CHAPTER XV.

Marriage 219

CHAPTER XVI.

Conscientiousness 228

CHAPTER XVII.

The Bulgarian Campaign 250

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAGE
THE CAMP 267

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOSPITAL 293

CHAPTER XX.

THE HARBINGER 311

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CRIMEA 332

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STORMING 342

CHAPTER XXIII.

TESTIMONIAL LETTERS 349

CHAPTER I.

Early Days.

"Visions of childhood, stay, oh! stay,
Ye were so sweet and wild;
But distant voices seem'd to say,
It cannot be! They pass away—
Thou art no more a child."

LONGFELLOW.

EIGHTEEN months have scarcely elapsed since the last gun was fired before Sebastopol. The smoke-wreaths, floating off in thin filaments, have been gathered up into another war cloud, threatening another empire.

But all is quiet in the Crimea. Upon the heights of Inkermann the listless Tartar again tends his flock. The bustard and the plover have returned to the steppes; the plateau is painted with purple and golden crocuses; there is peace upon the hills once more.

From those deep ravines all living trace of the allied armies has disappeared. But many a rude cross, for ages to come, will tell where, side by side, in sad array, the mighty hosts are resting. There each, in his warrior's shroud, sleeps till the earth shall give up her dead, and the Lord shall gather His elect from the four winds of heaven.

The whole is now like a dream, and our minds, strained with intense excitement, have for the most part ceased to dwell upon the events of that unhappy period.

Yet "the memory of the just is blessed," and if, after this interval, in compliance with the urgent wishes of many, we offer, in the following pages, a short memoir of one "who shall return no more to his house," it is not that we may exalt him, but rather that we may set forth, in the words of his simple epitaph—

"The praise of the glory of His grace,
who gave a Christian lustre to his life, and a blessedness to his honourable death."

Maximilian Montagu Hammond was the third son of W. O. Hammond, Esq., of St Alban's Court, Kent, and of Mary Graham, eldest daughter of Sir H. Oxenden, of Broome Park, Kent. He was born on the 6th of May 1824. His childish days are marked by an accident which, while its effects were felt by him till his death, gave an early indication of that unselfish and generous nature that characterised his after life. A powder flask came within his reach, and, aware that its contents were inflammable, although ignorant of their dangerous nature, he attempted to throw some into the fire, while in his mother's room: an alarming explosion took place; fragments of copper flew in every direction, deeply piercing the walls. The mantelpiece was riven in two, and the glass of the windows was shivered to atoms. As soon as the smoke cleared, it was found that the child's hand was fearfully shattered; the thumb was entirely removed, as far as its junction with the wrist; surgical aid was immediately sent

for; and while a temporary bandage was applied to the wound, "How glad I am, mamma," said the sufferer, "how glad I am *that it was not you!*" Great fears of lockjaw were entertained, but through God's mercy the wound healed favourably. It was not at first thought prudent to communicate to the child the extent of the injury, and the effect of breaking it to him was somewhat dreaded; but he received the announcement without emotion, and with perfect cheerfulness. In after years this loss was ever present to him. His sensitive nature made him often dread the surprise produced upon comparative strangers with whom he might shake hands—misgivings little suspected by those who felt his warm and hearty pressure. With this one exception his childhood and boyhood passed much as that of most other lads in his circumstances. He was a high-spirited and manly boy, joining with his brothers during their holidays in the favourite amusements of their home; and, with a spirit of enjoyment, entering into all those initiatory sports, which a country home affords—ferreting rabbits, riding, keeping pets, &c. He was a favourite with all, and his frank, honest, open face was an index to his character. Maxy was at this age full of strong impulse; rather impetuous, at times passionate, but of an affectionate disposition, strongly attached to his father and mother, his family, and his home.

His bold, unflinching spirit shewed itself in a very early trait. He was playing with a companion, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, and with one of his brothers; as they were together, remembering that he had not said his prayers that morning, Maxy suddenly knelt down in a

wood-lodge, where they were at the time, and repeated his morning prayer, utterly fearless of ridicule. His inclination for a soldier's life shewed itself early, and his future profession having been determined, he was sent to a school at Woolwich, whence he was soon after removed to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

The letters of a mere child written from school, dwelling chiefly on the happier thoughts of home, his love for his family, his amusements, ponies, dogs, and pets, are little interesting to general readers, and there was nothing in his letters at this time beyond his years; yet there are here and there some few touches of his natural character, and some few allusions, which shew that he had received the most inestimable of a parent's gifts—that he had been "brought up in the fear of God." Of his first school he writes: "I do not like it very much, not so much as I expected. . . . . We went to the fair; two of the boys got drunk; there are some very great blackguards at this school. M * * * reads prayers every morning and night; we don't ever kneel down. . . . . Will you send me a parcel," he says to his mother, "as soon as you can? I will tell you what to send—an enormous plain plum-cake, paper, pens, slate pencils, *jam by plenty*, and any extras that you like; *a little money would not be amiss.*" There is something very illustrative here of his straightforward disposition; he does not like hinting, but he likes indulgence, and does not mince the matter.

At Sandhurst his progress at first does not seem to have found favour with the authorities. He considered the sergeants, whose especial duty it was to report the delinquencies of the cadets, his natural enemies; and,

loving fun, and full of a boy's spirit, he was from time to time reported for faults, which, though never in one instance discreditable, yet told against him in the opinion of the governor.

In his second year he writes: "I could not make out what you meant in your first letter about my having got into some scrape, but I suppose that * * * was alluding to my character of last year. It did not frighten me in the least, as I knew I had done nothing wrong." Still, as he advanced, his desire to improve was evident, and the half-yearly reports shew, that his efforts were not unobserved by the professors. With all his love for amusement and natural disinclination to study, he felt and understood his own position, and the duty, not less than the importance, of advancing himself by his own exertions. He gave much attention to surveying, and was favourably mentioned in this department. His employment in this service introduced him to the hospitality of a family in the neighbourhood, and procured for him a subsequent friendship, which, though strengthened little by personal intercourse afterwards, was never lost. One of that family, in a letter after his death, alludes to that early acquaintance: "He has always borne so bright a place in my thoughts since the time when I first saw him at our place as a boy."

The examinations approached, and his thoughts turned to his future appointment to a regiment. "I suppose," he says in a letter to his mother, "there will be no chance of seeing W * * * for two or three years; a soldier must not expect to be much at home. I wonder whether the duke has done anything about putting my name down for

the Rifle Brigade; I hope he has, as I should very much like to go into that regiment."

The approaching ordeal was a serious one, but Maxy's naturally strong will enabled him to overcome all difficulties; he passed creditably; and was appointed to an ensigncy, without purchase, in the 66th Regiment of Foot. He never joined them, however, for his hopes were crowned soon after by his appointment to a second lieutenancy in the 2d battalion of the Rifle Brigade, at that time quartered at Newport.

The period of a lad's "joining" is an important epoch in his life. Emancipated from the restraints and discipline of school, at one step he passes from boyhood to manhood. In that sunny morning of life, we can well imagine the delight with which the young soldier, for the first time, abandoning the garb of the cadet, puts on the dark pelisse of the rifleman, and with lawful pride bears on his breast the silver cross upon which are inscribed, "Copenhagen, Monte-Video, Roliça, Vimiera, Corunna, Bosaco, Barrosa, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Waterloo;" in later times to be enriched by names no less renowned, and of sadder import to many.

No letters of this period exist, which might describe his first impressions on joining. The world with all its pleasures was now open to him, and it was hardly to be expected that his ardent temperament would escape its dangers. Before him, as before us all, lay the broad and the narrow way; and, although his own natural good sense and good taste led him to avoid those habits of life into which lower natures too often fall, yet the biographer

would not be faithfully painting his character, if by his silence he glossed over those passages of his early life, "wherein in times past he walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind." After the completion of this memoir, some additional materials were placed in the compiler's hands, and from these one extract seems specially worthy of insertion, inasmuch as Maxy makes use of the very same passage of Scripture to characterise his early life. In a commentary on the Ephesians, we find these remarks: "It is good for me to remember how I walked in times past, '*according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, fulfilling the desires of the flesh, and of the mind,* a child of wrath.' Oh! how justly might I then have been cut down as a cumberer of the ground—a rebel against God—a wilful and an open transgressor of His holy laws —and, oh! how rich, how abounding has been the mercy which spared me, and which, I humbly trust, has brought me as a poor penitent to the foot of the cross of Christ."

That his citizenship was at this time altogether here, that his life was wholly given to amusement and pleasure, might be gathered from the few letters which we possess. These relate for the most part to the merest trifles, and are scarcely worth insertion, were it not for the sake of comparing them with those of a later time.

"NEWPORT, 21*st June.*

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I could not answer your letter earlier; the pic-nic ended very badly, and I am heartily sorry I did not go with you to Chepstow. * * * would not

let the band wait for dancing in the evening; so we were obliged to content ourselves with a little dancing on the wet grass." . . .

The battalion was soon after moved to Swansea; and, while there, orders arrived for foreign service. Bermuda was their destination. Maxy announces this unexpected change to his father in the following letter:—

"SWANSEA, 21*st August.*

"MY DEAR FATHER,—We are to embark for foreign service in about three weeks; and where shall we go to, do you think? Is it to Gibraltar, Malta, the Cape, or Canada? We are not destined to any of these, but are going to the Bermudas, of all unexpected places. It never even entered anybody's head that we had the remotest chance of going *there.* Several expected to have gone to Gibraltar, which would have been disgusting in the extreme, and a sure stepping-stone to the West Indies. The Bermudas, of course you know, is one of the best colonial stations we have, and an unexceptionable climate. I, for my part, would have preferred Canada; but I don't think we need complain. We expect to march out of Wales in a few days; but where we shall go for embarkation I do not yet know. I am rather sorry that we shall go out this year, as I should have preferred the spring; and another thing, I bought a very nice pony the other day, as cheap as dirt. This would do very well for M. and C. to ride, and if we embark at Portsmouth or anywhere else, I shall send her down for their use. I will write and let you know, when the 'route' comes, where we are to go for embarkation."

As far as he was concerned, his expectations of foreign service were not so speedily realised. The battalion marched to Bristol, and from thence to Dover, where the embarkation of the service companies took place; and Maxy Hammond, having been told off for one of the depot companies, remained with them at Dover. Here he was quartered for some months; entering without restraint into all the trifling vanities of a garrison life; living as he saw others lived, without thinking or caring how, and treading without the slightest misgiving the broad paths where the shadow of the cross never fell. That his pursuits were at best frivolous, his letters will shew. We will extract some passages from these letters:—

"DOVER, *Sunday.*

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I should have enjoyed, beyond measure, going to the * * *'s ball, but I am perfectly unable, as I am engaged to go to a ball here on the same day at Mrs * * *'s; I shall write to * * * to thank her for asking me. We had a very good ball here on Friday; about one hundred and fifty people; but the room was dreadfully crowded. There are no end of balls now. I found six invitations when I got here (he was within twelve miles of his home, and was consequently frequently going backwards and forwards). If my pony is sound I wish you would let me know, that I may send over for it; a capital ball at Canterbury.—Your affectionate,

"M. M. HAMMOND."

"DOVER, *4th June.*

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I trust this frost will leave off

before Lady * * *'s ball, or it will be very disadvantageous to the people from the country; however, I don't think there will be much snow, as the glass is rising. We had capital fun at the * * *'s juvenile dance last night. . . . .—Your affectionate son,

"M. M. HAMMOND."

So passed the winter months. In the early spring the battalion left Bermuda for Halifax, and Maxy Hammond was ordered to join the service companies. He writes again from Dover:—

"Since I was at home on Friday, another change has taken place in our movements: a letter arrived from B * * * yesterday, which said they were not going to send us out in the *Resistance*, but that we were to go out almost immediately in two transports, one of which is now lying off Deptford, and the other expected daily from the Mediterranean. . . . ."

"I have just learned that the names of the transports are the *Premier* and the *Boyne*. We expect to embark from Deptford or Gravesend. One hundred volunteers from the 1st battalion arrived yesterday from Dublin."

The embarkation took place some time after, and his next letter is dated,

"PREMIER, *June* 16.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Here we are, thus far having made a very fair passage up to this time. We left Dover, as you know, about seven o'clock, and arrived alongside

the ship about two. As soon as we got the men into their places, we were told that we were to go off at four o'clock next morning, which was rather too soon to be quite pleasant, as we had not brought any essentials for the voyage. So I managed to slip on shore, bought sundry things, and afterwards went to dine at the Clifton Hotel, with * * * . We then went on board again, and found that the medicine chest had not arrived, and that the doctor would have to go to Chatham to fetch it; so the vessel was delayed till the afternoon, and we at last got fairly under weigh about half-past two. The wind was then S.W., and so we went down the river in grand style, and came to an anchor about dusk, nearly opposite Herne Bay. The next morning we got under weigh about half-past two, the wind having chopped round to the N.E., which was capital for us; and as it blew pretty fresh, we went round the foreland at the rate of about seven knots an hour; put our pilot ashore in the Downs, and arrived opposite Dover about eight o'clock. We passed in a splendid manner, the breeze having freshened a little, and we had almost passed by before the flag was hoisted at the castle. I could see nothing of anybody except * * *, who was at his window. I could see nothing of No. — Marine Parade. I suppose they were in bed. We came very well down as far as Dungeness Lighthouse, and then the breeze slackened, and we came slowly as far as this. The wind having chopped round to N.N.W., which is against us. I am so sorry that I did not take poor Boxer, as they made no objection to our putting dogs on board. The captain is a very good sort of obliging sailor, and so is the agent, who is sixty-one years old, and only a lieu-

tenant. A shocking thing occurred when we were at anchor off Herne Bay. The corporal of the guard, who was sleeping in the forecastle, got up in the middle of the night half asleep, and fell overboard; and before the boat could be lowered, the poor fellow had gone down. He was a young man, and a very good steady soldier. The only part of it that I don't like, is the horrid night watch, which is a great nuisance indeed. The first and last watches are well enough, but the middle watch, from twelve to four, seems like an age. The feeding is decidedly indifferent; but I believe it is considered quite *good* for ship-board. We have four meals a-day—breakfast at nine, luncheon at twelve, dinner at four, and tea at eight —so that we do pretty well on the whole. We have preserved milk which is like oil, butter like tallow, and yellow water. Imagine the triumph of having passed three days without feeling sick, or ever feeling off one's feed; but the difference between this and a vile oily steamer is indescribable. If there is any sea, there is probably wind, and you go through the water as smoothly as possible. This vessel is a very fast sailer; we pass every thing we come near. Her accommodation is very good indeed; we have each a cabin to ourselves, and they have plenty of light and air to them. The men amuse themselves in different ways; and after our dinner they come aft, and, with the assistance of our Irish piper, dance reels and sing songs and glees, play hunt the slipper, and all such amusements. . . . . We expect to arrive off St Catherine's point very soon, so I must let go the anchor and bring to, with my best love.—Ever your affectionate son, M. M. H."

On the 2d of August he writes again to announce his arrival at Halifax:—

"Here I am safely landed at last, after a passage of forty-five days. We had nothing but contrary winds, bad weather, and fogs, the whole way out; if it did not blow hard it was sure to fall a dead calm. I got on very comfortably till the Saturday night after we started, when a gale of wind came on while we were off the coast of Ireland, and from that time, for eight days following, I was in a constant state of sea-sickness, without any intermission from morning to night; * * * and * * * were quite as bad as myself. I cannot describe to you anything equal to our misery; however, we at last began to recover, and never had any return of it, and I think we all are as good sailors now as anybody. After beating across the Atlantic, we saw land for the first time on the 27th, and coasted down here, and cast our anchor in Halifax harbour at twelve o'clock P.M. on the 29th. We were very nearly missing the harbour altogether; and if it had not been for our accidentally falling in with a pilot, we should very likely have passed it, as the Admiralty charts proved to be wrong; and we made out by our own reckoning that we were thirty miles to the north of where we really were. The pilot told us that we had been close to some very dangerous rocks, which we knew nothing of. We amused ourselves on the voyage by shooting and harpooning porpoises; and when we got to the bank of Newfoundland we began to fish, and in two hours caught seventy large codfish, averaging from 10 to 25 lbs. weight; as fast as you put your lines down, you hauled up fish; we caught enough

for all the men and crew besides ourselves. But I have said enough about the voyage.

"Halifax is a town of tolerable size, built on the side of a hill, with the citadel at the top. There is a splendid harbour with two or three small islands in the middle, and depth of water enough to hold the largest ships of war. A little higher up, about three miles, there is another fine piece of water, six miles long, which joins the basin by a narrow neck. Altogether this is a very pretty place, and if the houses were built of stone it would be beautiful. The houses are all built of brick with the exception of the House of Parliament, which is a fine building. The streets are good, and are at right angles to one another. The shops are pretty good. The only thing that I detest are the thousand hideous negroes, of every shade and colour, from the creole to the blackest nigger. The women are uglier than the men; and when you see them dressed in white, they look most absurd. The Indian squaws here astonished me at first. They are dressed very curiously, with all their clothes embroidered with pearls. They always walk in Indian file, one after the other, about a yard apart, with their babies slung at their backs.

"All the barracks are full, and will be so till the *Premier* is ready to take away the 76th, and the *Gem* comes with the battalion from Bermuda. So at present we are in a very uncomfortable state, with nothing unpacked, and living at an hotel. I am very glad to have a chance of seeing poor little Boxer again. I must say I felt full of compunction when I saw the frantic state he was in after the boat shoved off at Dover. If he does reach this place, you may depend upon it I shall not desert him again.

The rats on board the *Premier* became at last insufferable; and they arrived at such a pitch that they absolutely came on my pillow when I was asleep; and I have known them to run over my body when I have been laying down on watch. The noise they made was something extraordinary; but it will soon be stopped, as they are going to be smoked out. We saw some very large icebergs on our way out, and one day we were almost surrounded by them. You can feel them a long time before they come in sight, as the air is piercingly cold, when you are anywhere in their neighbourhood. The *Gem* started from Bermuda with the 2d battalion last Thursday; so we expect them here on Thursday or Friday following.—Ever your affectionate son,

"M. M. HAMMOND."

In these and other letters of the period, we find nothing to distinguish them from those of any other lad of eighteen. In the simple and almost boyish narrative of his voyage. scarcely a passage occurs which elicits from him one thoughtful remark. Yet even now he was not without occasional misgivings as to his spiritual state. He was living without God, *and he knew it.* The cloud would steal over him from time to time. On this voyage, as he afterwards said, he knew that he was not prepared to die; and he felt a desire, as the thought of eternity presented itself to his mind, of leading a better life. He had at this time a *respect* for religion, and went to church; but Sunday was a weariness to him; and he always indulged in "castles in the air" during the service.

This first trip across the Atlantic probably gave him a

taste for the sea, which became afterwards very decidedly developed; and much as he suffered, as the *Premier*, with the wind on her quarters, strained and rolled in the trough of those mountain waves, all was soon forgotten, and he entered with a sailor's zest and spirit into the professional details of the voyage, noting how the ship ran her course, taking a pride in her rapid sailing, and delighting to watch her answer her helm.

He has mentioned in this letter more than once a favourite dog Boxer. Through his life he had a strong love of all animals, and especially of dogs. There is an old northern proverb, "He is an ill chiel whom dogs and bairns dinna love," and there is, perhaps, a good deal of truth in this as in many other common sayings. Maxy Hammond had a marked power of attaching animals to himself. His generous eye and countenance enlisted their sympathies; they felt at once his kind nature, and returned it with the fullest confidence. This extended even to birds, of which he always had one or two; usually a bullfinch; taking them out with him even on these long voyages. Boxer was a bull-terrier, who was never absent from him, and on this occasion of his first voyage, from a doubt as to dogs being allowed on board, he was left behind. When the ship lay in the offing, and Maxy put off to her with his luggage in a small boat, Boxer was not permitted to accompany him; and, finding that the boat did not return, he manifested the most extreme emotion, running eagerly along the beach, and jumping into various boats in the hope of getting off to his master. He was brought back with us to our home, but after remaining with us for some considerable time it was

evident that his grief was deep-seated. He refused his food, pined away, became very thin, and, in short, was so miserable, that we resolved to send him out to Canada. The first opportunity, therefore, was taken, and he was sent under the care of another officer of the Rifles. On reaching Halifax, and being restored to his master, Boxer's joy was unbounded: a violent reaction took place; and he became so immoderately fat that it amounted to deformity. Every means failed to reduce him, and poor Boxer's fidelity led at length to his death.

CHAPTER II.

Forest Scenes.

"Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came;
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway
Fleck'd with leafy light and shadow."

HIAWATHA.

AFTER Maxy Hammond's arrival at Halifax, his time, during the first two years, was passed much as it had been in England; pleasure and amusement was the great object of his life. Writing on the 2d of September 1842, he says:—

"You can't think how I enjoy your accounts of all the gaieties, cricket matches, races, balls, &c. . . . . We are still at George's Island. I went out the other day partridge shooting, with * * * and * * *. We started at five; rowed to the Indian camp, and having got an Indian to go with us, went into the woods. We soon came to a lake, where we saw some very large trout; * * * fished for them for some time, but did not succeed in catching anything; we then came to another lake, where we saw some part-

ridges; * * * and myself shot one. After this we found nothing for some hours, but at last * * * shot two more, which closed our day's sport. We passed through a track of ground called the 'Barrens,' where there are no trees; here we tracked a bear, and soon after a moose. I saw a hare with a huge snake after it. I am going out moose-hunting, about thirty miles from here, the week after next, which I expect will be much finer sport. I take two Indians, and we shall stay about a week in the woods. . . . We are now hard at work at drill, and I think that when the men get their new clothing and caps, they will look nearly as well as the service companies."

A few days later, he says:—

"Our winter has begun pretty severely; but the cold has hitherto been nothing more than in England; as yet the sleighing has not been good. . . . . We have now nearly all got horses. I still continue to think this the stupidest place in the world; the people are not the least civil to us, and do not seem to shew any desire to become acquainted with us; but what can't be cured must be endured. The shooting is now nearly over, and there is no amusement of any sort."

In some letters of this date, he says:—

"To-day is the first day of Halifax races, an event of no small importance here; we muster about six horses for it, among which is that well-known horse 'Who'd-have-thought-it,' the property of * * *. He is going to ride for the hurdle-race, and I think stands a good chance of winning. . . . . We had a regatta here last Tuesday,

which was great fun. I sailed my boat; but succeeded only in coming in fourth. However, I had the satisfaction of beating some very good boats. M * * * won the prize with his schooner, which is a beautiful boat. . . . . A dreadful accident happened to an officer of the —th yesterday. He was out tracking moose, and came to a small brook that he wanted to cross; so he carelessly placed the butt of his gun against a tree to support himself, *with the muzzle in his hands.* The gun went off, and the ball entered the palm of his hand, passed through and shattered the bones of his wrist, and came out half-way from the elbow. The poor fellow was by himself, and about fifteen miles from home. All the sleighs are driving about. There is a tandem club, which most of the officers in garrison belong to. I do not myself; but I have got a nice little sleigh that holds two people."

A brother officer and intimate friend of these earlier years, says of him at this time: "He joined in all the amusements and sports incidental to military life; and it was always remarked of him, that to whatever object he directed his attention, to it he devoted the whole of his energies, with a zeal and earnestness that became the leading features of his after life. He always appeared to be alive to the reality of life and the necessity of action in whatever he was engaged."

The pursuit which just now seemed to give him the greatest zest and enjoyment was moose-hunting. His active and athletic frame, and his spirit of enterprise, fitted him especially for a sport in which the Red Indian needs all his subtle acuteness of sense, his keen

eye, his light foot, his quick ear, his power of endurance, to cope with the instinctive sagacity of one of the most wary of the deer tribe. With some brother officer for a companion, or alone, attended by his faithful old Indian, Joe Coape, the hunting party would set out; tracing the forests and desolate barrens; camping at night under the giant hemlocks; and sleeping, with their feet towards the bivouac fire, upon beds of aromatic spruce branches. He loved the stately grandeur of those northern forests, strewn with huge fragments of rock; a perfect network of trunks; across whose fallen forms cushions of moss and lichens formed a treacherous carpet, the favourite bed of the sweet pyrola and the trailing linnæa; the whole was thoroughly congenial to him. During his novitiate in this sport he describes one of these excursions:—

"17*th October.*

"I have been moose-hunting again, and with not much better success. I determined to go alone, and took three Indians. We started off about twenty miles from here, and then struck into the woods. The first night we called, but heard no moose; the second morning I was awakened by one of the Indians pushing me, and saying, 'Moose coming.' I jumped up and listened, and soon heard him coming through the wood; breaking the branches with his horns, and answering us. Two of the Indians then beckoned to me to follow them. We laid down by the side of a narrow bog. The moose came nearer and nearer, but I could not see him for the grass; at last the Indian said, 'Moose smell us, shoot, shoot,' so up I jumped and took a hurried shot at his head, and actually missed him!

One of the Indians then fired and missed; and I had the infinite satisfaction of seeing him bound off into the wood again, untouched. I was furious at missing him; but you won't know till you have tried what it is to shoot at a moose. I was so nervous that I almost forgot myself, and the Indian made me more so, by hurrying me to shoot. He was a very large one, with uncommonly fine horns. After this misfortune, we eat our breakfast, and then went on further. Suddenly one of the Indians stopped, 'I hear moose.' I listened very attentively, but could not hear a sound. He said, 'There 's bull and cows —we try shoot.' We took our packs off and followed them a little way, and soon heard them distinctly, and then we commenced creeping. I could now see the branches moving where the moose were, but could not see them, it was so thick; at last the Indian raised his gun and fired: I rushed forward, and passed an enormous brute kicking on the ground, but the cows had run off, and it was so thick I could not see to get a shot. I stayed out four nights longer, but we had no luck, and I went home. I shall not go out again till the first snow, when there are plenty of cariboo as well. . . . . People say Halifax is the best quarter out of England. I think it detestable in every respect. I have not been out once since I have been here. I want you or E * * * to look out for me a couple of hard-working spaniels, as they are the only dogs that are of any use. There is a fair sprinkling of woodcocks."

About two years later, while on one of these hunting expeditions, two incidents occurred which made a deep

and permanent impression on Maxy Hammond's mind; the dawn indeed of those convictions which, at a not much later period, by the blessed work of the Holy Spirit, led to the 'bringing in of a better hope.'

These two incidents are thus described by a brother officer who was Maxy Hammond's companion: "I was attacked by a violent malady, incidental to the swampy and unhealthy districts to which our sporting propensities had attracted us, and being far beyond any medical assistance, I naturally caused a good deal of anxiety, and no little alarm to my fellow-sportsmen. There was no alternative. We had to halt on the ground, and send one of our party some 200 miles for advice, and allow the fever to run its course. The utter helplessness of my condition, the solitude of the woods, the unavailing efforts of my companions to relieve me, appear to have exercised a great effect on Hammond; and in a conversation I had with him years afterwards, I found that the impression caused by that illness in the silent woods, had never entirely left his mind. . . . . At the time, I would not allow my sufferings to interfere with the sports of my companions: and as watching for game by night was a great part of the sport, I used to be left at three o'clock in the afternoon, to allow them to get to a distance from our camp before night-fall, and they seldom returned before twelve o'clock; thus leaving me alone till assistance came by the woodman whom we had despatched. He, poor fellow, travelled day and night, and never rested until he had returned with such medicines as a doctor could recommend for a patient he could never see. In after days, I was enabled, personally, to repay that debt of gratitude. It was in reference to one of these

dreary nights, and in a conversation I had with Hammond, at a future period, that he earnestly, but most feelingly, expressed to me his desire that I should not let such a warning pass. He himself had a very narrow escape of his life in crossing a torrent with a very heavy load of moose-meat, upon a single tree, accidentally fallen across the stream. He lost his balance, and had not a hanging branch arrested his fall, though nearly breaking his leg, his fate was inevitable; and all present looked upon his destruction as certain. The fallen branch merely held on long enough to allow the Indians to come to his rescue; when it gave way, and fell into the torrent below. The very insignificance of the means of rescue left a deeper impression; and from that time he dated his determined seizure of the means of escape for himself from a greater if not so apparent a danger."

CHAPTER III.

Conversion.

"He was the Freeman whom the Truth made free:
Who burst the bonds of sin; and for his soul
In spite of fools consulted seriously:
In spite of fashion, persevered in good:
Who did as Reason, not as Fancy bade:
Who heard Temptation sing, and yet turn'd not
Aside; saw Sin bedeck her flow'ry bed,
And yet would not go up; seeking one thing
Alone, the approbation of his God.
A heart by God's renewing spirit touched,
A Christian heart awaked from sleep of sin,
A soldier, listed in Messiah's band."

POLLOK'S COURSE OF TIME.

HITHERTO, in the bustle and gaiety of a garrison, Hammond had had no difficulty in passing his time from day to day, if not with satisfaction, at least with unconcern. But it was not to be so long. Already the events above related had made a strong impression. There was an unsatisfied feeling, a longing after happiness stealing over him, which the excitements of this life will not, cannot bring. Like the wise man, he had said in heart: "Go to, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure; and, behold, this also is vanity." Now a new voice startles

him, strange indeed to his ear and imperfectly heard, but yet unquestionable in its still and solemn pleading, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." The Spirit was commencing in his heart a new and a blessed work; conviction had begun; "There was a noise, and behold a shaking, and he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live?"

The year 1844 was to be a memorable one in Maxy Hammond's history. His outward life went on as usual. But in the altered tone of his letters, we can now, for the first time, trace signs of a coming change.

On the 2d of November, he writes to his father from Halifax:—

"I am sorry to find, on reckoning up my bills, that they amount to more than I can pay; and although I have for some months been trying to retrench, by selling my horse and giving up various amusements and expenses, yet I find that I am at last obliged to come to you for assistance. Sorry as I am to be obliged to write on such a subject, yet I know that it is my duty to make a full confession, and that you would not wish me to do otherwise. . . . . You don't know what pain it gives me to send home such a letter as this, especially after the kindness you have always shewn me; but *I will pledge my word* that I will, for the future, to the utmost of my power, strive to live with economy and prudence. I have been for the last three months living at no expense whatever, and I am fully determined to continue in the same way. You may depend upon it that it shall be my constant endeavour to prevent giving cause for reproof. All I can now do is to

ask your forgiveness, and to trust that you will believe in my sorrow for my foolish extravagance."

In after years, when referring to the great change which took place in him while at Halifax, he said he thought that his debts, and the compunctions he felt on that account, were among the first glimmerings of conviction that dawned upon him. The next letter will shew that fear had no part in this last appeal to a father, whose whole life had been one of unvaried kindness and affection to his children :—

"Many many thanks, my dear father, for your most kind and welcome answer to my letter, for which I am truly grateful. It was with great reluctance that I found myself obliged to ask you for assistance, but I thought it better to do so than to struggle on making up my arrears. You don't know what a weight is now off my mind, or how happy your kind letter made me; and now I am resolved to make amends for my past extravagance by my future economy; and that this shall be a lesson and a warning to me which I will not forget. Your offer of uniforms are most kind, and I can hardly thank you sufficiently. I shall ask for leave next year, as I am beginning to get rather home-sick, and proportionately tired of blue-noses: but *after all it is not fair to grumble, as I really like this place very well,* so that I shall be happy to remain here for some time. The bishop is very civil to us, and they are very nice people. . . . . And now I am going to relate to you a death, which is that of my nearest relation on this side the Atlantic, poor Boxer. He had grown so fat that it was feared he would share

the fate of M. Vieux Bois's horse, if he was allowed to live; he was so fat that he could hardly walk; his diet was reduced to half a pint of milk every other day, but to no purpose; he grew fatter and more fat, until at last he was unceremoniously condemned to death. I shot another moose last month, &c. &c. We had a very enjoyable fishing expedition, I hooked two salmon, but, breaking the tackle, they both got away; * * * caught one of 15 lbs. and one of 7½ lbs. . . . . I am now a gentleman at large, having given up the situation of quarter-master; I have been doing duty as adjutant ever since last July, and am rather loth to give it up. However, there is the satisfaction of knowing that I have learned more of my profession than I should have done in five years' ordinary duty as a subaltern. But I cannot complain when my time is up."

These last letters are written in a strain very different from those which have preceded them; and the way in which he speaks of Halifax and its society now, as contrasted with his impressions two years before, is not altogether without significance. He was beginning to seek after that which he afterwards, through grace, most fully attained—"in whatever state he was, therewith to be content." His interest in his profession was also increasing. He had held two temporary appointments of responsibility in his regiment, and in a letter of 16th July 1844, he adverts with evident pleasure to regimental duties in the field. He says:—

"The only news I know of is a capital sham-fight we had last week, in which the 2d battalion were signally

defeated by the reserve; * * * had prepared some irregular cavalry, consisting of our men dressed in smock frocks, with a belt round the waist, and each carrying a lance, who behaved most valiantly; actually charging right up to the squares, and one horse got pricked by one of the swords. The worst of it was, that they were invincible, and though always repulsed, they were at you again. Subjoined is a plan of the attack." (This plan, rudely illustrated in his letter, shews at the same time, that he had not allowed his Sandhurst acquirements to slip away.) . . . . "Next Monday," he continues, "we shall have a great display, and wind up with a lunch in the mess-rooms. * * * is going home immediately on leave. I am to have charge of his company, which will by no means be disagreeable, ... and, besides, I like to have something to do."

His next letter is to his sister:—

"*December* 2, 1844.

"Our usual fortnightly correspondence must soon cease, as we have only one packet *out* this month. I must here confess my own selfishness, but if you knew with what difficulty I write even one short letter, you would easily imagine it. I always wish (secretly) that we had one packet home and two out; but you must think me a most selfish and ungrateful boy, and so I am, viz., in the greediness with which I seize on my letters, and the reluctance with which I sit down for an hour to answer them. I have felt much happier for the last few weeks, as I have begun a regular course of reading, of which I find the benefit more and more every day; instead of the time

passing slowly and heavily, I only regret that it passes so quickly. I generally find every day that I have not done half what I intended. I have also got into a habit of getting up early, which I find invaluable: a quarter past seven is my hour for jumping out of bed; which, though difficult at first in this cold climate, I have succeeded in overcoming; this gives me an hour good before breakfast for reading, &c. . . . How I long to be with you all at Christmas, but it is no use thinking of these things when they are impossible. I am sure I ought to feel most thankful for having such kind friends as L * * * and Mrs L * * *. I wish you could know them; they are all kindness and good nature to us, and have no other object but that of doing good to others. . . . . We have had the most beautiful winter here that has been known for twenty years. Fancy a sky without a cloud, a warm sun, the thermometer at 15° or 20°, with dry hard ground without snow to walk upon, and you have before you the beauties of a blue-nose winter, of which we have had nothing else yet. But fancy a dark, black day, a stormy northerly wind, no sun, and the thermometer at 0°, up to your knees in snow, and drifting so that you can hardly see a yard before you, with your nose and chin in danger of being frost-bitten, and you have the dark side of the picture. This is all to be expected. . . . I am at present living out of my room, having given it up to my friend * * *, who is very ill."

We have now reached the great, the all-important epoch of his life. That crisis was rapidly approaching, incalculably solemn in its import, when his future character was

to be decided. "A variety of circumstances," says a brother officer, before quoted, "appears to have urged upon his notice the impossibility of human efforts alone to attain to a state of happiness, for which he had long felt an earnest desire." He had already begun to forsake the noise and late hours of his mess companions for the retirement of his own room, and his changed habits had not escaped their observation. At this time an officer, then a captain in the regiment, whose consistent and earnest Christian character had long been well known, returned from England with his young wife, and they became the honoured instruments, in God's hand, of leading Maxy to the knowledge of his Saviour. Arriving at Halifax, he found that there were in the regiment those, whose steadier habits seemed to hold out a good hope that they might receive the word with gladness; and among them was Maxy Hammond. He was at this time in the heyday of his youth—his figure was tall, his face handsome, and his countenance was singularly bright and prepossessing. The officer alluded to thus describes him: "He was the most popular man in the regiment, and a great favourite in general society. He had never known sorrow, but he felt the unsatisfactory nature of his life, without God and without Christ, and he yearned for something better. I can see him now," he goes on to say, "followed by his favourite 'Smut' (if not by a second bull-dog) through the streets of Halifax, where we met him, and I first introduced him to N * * *. He was said to be among the steady ones at that period; and, with the faint hope that he might be induced to listen to the truth, we invited him to come and drink tea, and read the Bible

afterwards. On the night in question he was in the woods moose-hunting; but, almost beyond our hopes, he made his appearance the next Saturday evening, and joined with us in searching the Scriptures."

Maxy Hammond's part was now taken; there was no hesitation which to choose; of him no one could say, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." Henceforth the Lord was his portion. On the 17th December 1844, he begins a letter to his father. "There was joy in the presence of the angels of God" when that letter was written. It was the open avowal of one who was first rejoicing in the hope set before him. He fills a page with general topics, and then abruptly says:—

"It is now nearly Christmas, and I can hardly believe that this will be the third that I have passed in America. But I feel happier now than I have ever before; and although I should like, above all things, to spend Christmas at home, I feel that I shall enjoy it here very much. And now I must tell you the cause of my happiness. Last October, towards the end of it, I found on my return from a moosing-expedition a note from L * * *, who, with his usual kindness, wished, if he possibly could, to be the means of doing some good to us. The note contained a most kind and friendly invitation to go up to his house, which I will here copy. 'Dear Hammond,—We purpose devoting an hour on Saturday evening to reading the Bible with J * * * F * * *, and if you will join our party after mess, it would give us great pleasure. At the same time, I would not wish you even to send an answer to this,

should you not feel inclined; or, if you should feel disposed to come to us this evening, that you should consider yourself the least tied to do so the following Saturday. We feel the value and comfort of these things, and we would gladly share them with you: I shall write a note to * * * to the same effect.' I received this note just as I came back, but it was so late that I could not go that Saturday; however the next week I summoned up resolution, and in fear and trembling went. I did not much like it the first night, as I then found my utter ignorance of the Bible, which (shocking as it is to think of) I do not mind confessing to you, I had scarcely ever looked into for years; and, when I had, it was merely from a feeling of duty and compulsion, and as a sort of 'lull' to my sinful conscience. I then began to read every morning and evening in my own room, and to write notes on the most striking passages; which I found of great assistance. This awakened my conscience; and by earnest prayer to God, He at length opened to me my awfully sinful state, and shewed me the sinfulness and corruption of my heart. Every day shews me more and more my own *natural* weakness and inherent depravity, and makes me feel the necessity of trusting in myself for nothing, but constantly to seek God's assistance, without which, I should fall back into my former state of sin. Oh! how I bless God for His mercy in having brought me to a sense of my awful state. I may now, through God's assistance and mercy, be enabled to pass the remainder of my days in His fear and love; and so be rendered fit for eternal happiness when I die. But before this, I had been rushing headlong to my own destruction; and should inevitably have fallen but for God's loving-kind-

ness and mercy. I received the sacrament a few Sundays ago for the *first time* since I joined the regiment. I hesitated for some time whether I thought myself worthy or not, and at length made up my mind to take it: my feelings then I cannot describe; but I was deeply impressed with the solemnity and importance of this blessed ordinance, and afterwards experienced a comfort which I had never till then known. I shudder to think how awfully I have sinned in receiving it unworthily at home, merely because I was afraid to decline doing so to you. But I never then knew what danger I was incurring, and how I was provoking God's anger against me. You will be astonished at my writing such a letter as this, especially after beginning it on such trifling subjects; but I did not then intend to confess what I have now done. I daresay I have written great nonsense, but you must forgive me, as I cannot express on paper what I feel; but be assured, dear father, that I am sincere in what I have said. Our parties at L * * *'s are more delightful every time, and we derive great comfort and instruction from them. Our circle consists of five persons. We read a portion of some chapter, and afterwards comment upon it, and join in general conversation. We also read a chapter every night in one of our rooms, which is most enjoyable. You may read this letter publicly or not as you like. I wish to conceal nothing from any one; and now I shall wait, longing for your answer to this.—Believe me, ever your most affectionate son, M. M. HAMMOND."

In connexion with this letter and the new birth, the great change, which Maxy had undergone, we may appro-

priately introduce an extract from his commentary on Eph. ii. 10, written several years later. He says: "The heart being evil, out of it proceed only evil thoughts and sinful practices. Hence the necessity of that mighty change which is wrought in the believer by the Spirit of God. The heart being renewed by Divine grace, and created anew by Christ Jesus unto holiness, good works follow, as the natural result. And this is according to the purpose of God, who hath predestinated His own people to be conformed to the image of His Son. It is good to be reminded of what we were by nature, and what we have become by the free and sovereign grace of God. By nature, 'Gentiles in the flesh,' spiritually 'uncircumcised,' 'without Christ,' being 'aliens from the commonwealth of Israel,' separated from the family of God, 'strangers from the covenant of promise,' 'having no hope, and without God in the world;' but now, by grace 'made nigh by the blood of Christ.' The blood of Christ, sprinkled upon the conscience, received by faith, and applied by the Holy Spirit, removes guilt, softens the heart, brings the soul into covenant with God, and brings reconciliation, pardon, and peace." And again, on Eph. ii. 19, he says: "Once I was far off from God—His enemy by wicked works—a stranger to His grace, His ways, and His people—a foreigner in His dominion, having no claim to the title of a subject; but now, through abounding mercy, how great is the change! The alien is become a citizen—the foreigner a free subject—numbered with the household and family of God—partaker of all the glorious privileges and hopes of the gospel."

The Saturday evenings at Captain L * * * 's quarters

became now stated periods for reading the Scriptures and for prayer. Three or four officers of the regiment, and one or two others belonging to the garrison, in process of time, joined; and at these happy assemblies Captain L * * * and his wife received with joy those young searchers after the truth, "and expounded unto them the way of God more perfectly."

Of the early meetings, Mrs L * * * writes thus: "The person in whom I am most interested is young Mr Hammond. His mind is so honest, his disposition so frank and open, his character so firm and decided. He is no sooner convinced of the truth than he embraces it, owns it before all the world, and resolutely acts up to it. . . . . You will be glad to hear how well our Saturday evening went off; Mr Hammond talked and asked questions with great animation: he found many references on prayer; dwelt on the freeness of our access to God, its privileges, and the happiness of receiving blessings in answer to our prayers. In the course of conversation the text was quoted, 'He that saveth a soul from death, shall hide a multitude of sins,' and the two young gentlemen seemed quite astonished when A * * * alluded to the idea of 'hiding sins,' meaning 'our own sins being passed over,' as *not* correct: also that 'charity covereth a multitude of sins,' did not mean that our own sins should be forgiven if we were charitable. Mr Hammond looked up with his open, noble countenance, all wonder and inquiry: 'Well, doesn't it mean that?' A * * * explained what is evidently the correct meaning, and Mr Hammond exclaimed, 'Well, to be sure, I wonder I did not see.' A * * *

laughed, and said he had heard the text used in the other sense often enough, when he went into the mess-room to get a subscription: 'Oh, charity covers a multitude of sins; put me down five dollars!' They laughed heartily, at the recollection probably of how often they had said the same. In speaking of the 'strait' gate, it struck them for the first time, that 'strait' meant 'narrow,' not the contrary of crooked. The following Saturday, November 9th, both Mr Hammond and Mr * * * talked more, and seemed even more earnest. Mr Hammond said that one morning while out with the troops, he felt very much out of spirits. He met Captain F * * *, whose remarkable change had made an impression on the most thoughtless, and told him he felt very miserable. Captain F * * * replied, 'Oh! I am sorry you are miserable, I am always happy now!' Mr Hammond said he went home, and thought there must be something in religion, if it could make a man *always happy;* I said it was indeed a great proof of its reality and power; he said, 'Yes, and when people will confess it too in conversation.' I am sure the noise they all made when they went, might have convinced any one that our serious conversation had not had a very bad effect on their spirits."

In another letter, the same writer says:—

"A little while ago, Mr Hammond told us it was quite impossible he could ever get up early in the morning. He acknowledged the value of a quiet hour before breakfast, and that he was liable to be interrupted all the rest of the day: but get up early he was certain he never could.

A * * * said, 'When you have a motive strong enough you will find you can;' and last Saturday he told us that, for several months, he had risen at seven, cold and dark as it is. We congratulated him, and he laughed; and said, 'I assure you when I turn out at seven, I am astonished at myself.' Mr Hammond had made an engagement to go out moose-hunting for a fortnight; but now he wants to get off: 'not,' he says, 'that I do not enjoy the woods; but hunting on Sunday is out of the question; and, besides, it is a long time to spend in idleness.' Neither A * * * nor * * * have ever urged Mr Hammond or Mr * * * to give up anything of worldly amusement; and the subject is never mentioned, except when introduced by the young men themselves; and then A * * * tells them to give nothing up till they can see their way clearly; till they know why, and for what they are giving it up. We had a most happy evening last Saturday. I am sure no one who ever saw our little band, could ever again dare to say, that religion is a gloomy thing. Captain W * * * says, that he has now, for the first time, a faint idea of what happiness is. Mr Hammond comes in with a countenance perfectly radiant, and many a hearty laugh we have together. The other day when the ladies dined at the mess, poor Mr Hammond got sadly bullied; they happened to hear him say that he should give up smoking, and this formed the signal for attack. Many unkind and cutting things were said, and he is a person to feel it deeply; but his is a most unflinching spirit. He told A * * * afterwards, that when he went to his room he found greater comfort in prayer, than he had ever done before; and

added, that he ought to rejoice in being able to suffer anything for Christ's sake. You know I always admire firmness and manliness of character, and to find it in one so young, and united to so much gentleness and humility, is very beautiful. He is indeed a devoted young Christian, and his one desire seems that his tongue and his pen, his heart and his head, should be given to his Master's service."

CHAPTER IV.

Changed Habits.

"Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. v. 17.

Here then in Halifax, among the deadening influences of a garrison life, as at Corinth or at Ephesus in the early morning of Christianity, a little Church was forming: a brotherhood marked by one especial feature common to the Church of old—the inseparable signet of every one that is born of God, *love to each other*—"They knew that they had passed from death unto life, because they loved the brethren;" and of these there was one whose heart, bound up with him in Christ, was knitted to Maxy's with a love like that of David's toward Jonathan; of whom it might be truly said, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Of these pleasant days that friend and brother writes:—

"*October 29th*, 1855.

"I think it was towards the end of 1844, I recollect the day, a very, very bright one, when Colonel (then Captain) L * * * told me that he and his wife had written a note to Hammond and * * *, requesting them to come to his

house on Saturday evening after mess, and converse over a portion of Scripture with prayer. I may state that L * * * and I, previous to his marriage, had been in the habit of thus meeting; and now, much to my delight, I found that his marriage was not to be a hindrance to a renewal, on a larger scale, of our little reunion. They all agreed to come; and continued to do so, unless prevented by duty or some other urgent cause. Very shortly these simple, yet powerful means began to tell on their hearts and consciences, and their conversation began gradually to change. Very soon we all four got into the same staircase in barracks, and I have a lively recollection of dearest Hammond coming to my room, with difficulties about texts of Scripture in regard to the communion. * * *'s room was next to mine; and for some weeks we met every night in his room, reading the Word, searching it as a new book, as it were opened now for the first time in their lives. At this time a lady gave him M'Cheyne's Memoir to read, and he and W * * * were deeply impressed by it. About this time, also, a garrison Sunday School for the soldiers was in operation, under the superintendence of Dr T * * *, the garrison chaplain; assisted by officers belonging to different regiments, as well as to the civil branches of the service. We used to meet in the week-day with Dr T * * *, at the Ordnance Office, for some study of the lesson of the following Sunday. Our young recruits joined and gave their assistance, being taught and watered themselves whilst teaching others. Some Christian families in the town, belonging to Mr C * * *'s congregation, had also a Wednesday evening, at each other's house alternately, of a very instructive and re-

freshing kind; very useful to Christian officers, who were thus, at once, introduced to religious friends. These were, indeed, four bright, happy, and useful years spent in Halifax; when the Spirit came down in many places in the town, and from time to time we knew of souls being added to Christ, in the garrison and without it. . . . . From the outset of his religious course, Hammond was always clear and decided; there was no doubt who was his Master. His light began very soon to shine brightly. Indeed, the change was so striking, so marked, so very real, that often when my mind has been in doubts, and fears, and misgivings, I had only to turn to this living example daily before me, and I no longer doubted of the truth of a change of heart and life wrought by the Spirit of God."

An instance of the heartiness with which Maxy Hammond threw himself into the practical duties of the new life upon which he had just entered, is related in the following extract from the letter of an officer: "The Sunday School, of which I spoke, was intended for the soldiers of the various regiments in the garrison of Halifax, and was held in a large room within the barracks. Hammond, with several officers of the Rifle Brigade, and a few more belonging to the garrison, occupied themselves in teaching classes. About this period an order was issued prohibiting officers, in the Rifle Brigade, from instructing their men as they had been doing: in the mistaken idea, I believe, that it would cause too much familiarity among officers and men. Those who had the privilege of teaching in the same school will remember the deep grief which the order caused to Maxy Hammond, when deprived of the

work in which he took so much delight. Nor will the remark be forgotten which he made, after the prohibition to teach: 'Well,' he said, 'if I must not teach, I suppose there is no order to prevent my learning;' and, accordingly, he sat down at one end of the form on which some of his own men and others were seated, and listened to the teaching of one whose position should have been at his feet."

In various ways and at various times, it pleases the Lord to call into His fold one and another of His people. And, next to the immediate instrumentality of His Word, perhaps no means is so commonly used as some afflictive dispensation. Long wanderings through the wilderness, bitter draughts at the fountain of Mara, are the portion of many before they find "light in the evening time." But it was not thus with Maxy Hammond. In the summer of his life he listened to the voice of the Beloved—"Rise up, my love, and come away; for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." He loved to dwell on this himself. He was drawn with the bands of love.

Speaking of her happy acquaintance with him, a lady says: "I shall never forget him, or the impression he left upon me; so earnest, so single-minded, so very lovely in manner and expression, and such deep, devoted love to the Saviour and His cause. He recalled M'Cheyne; breathing the very spirit of holiness. I remember so well one day his sitting with me at Belmont, near Quebec, and speaking of the trials and joys of young converts, his whole face beaming with bright expression, he drew my

attention to that passage in Deut. xxiv. 5: 'When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken.' You cannot think how often his voice and words have recurred to me since. His day or year of espousals to Christ, was, he said, so bright, so clear a one."

The first avowal of his new opinions among his old friends brought with it its trials. Warmly attached to many of his brother officers, he viewed with sorrow and anxiety their continuance in the way that leadeth to destruction:

"Jesus, how my heart is pained,
How it mourns for souls deceived;
When I hear Thy Name profaned,
When I see Thy Spirit grieved;"—

and having been mercifully enlightened himself, and having tasted of the heavenly gift, he prayed, if it were possible, that they should be partakers of his joy. He relates, himself, a conversation with a brother officer, which is very interesting—"We were sitting together, and at last I said to * * * 'I wonder you never think of the life we are all leading.' * * * started up and said, bitterly, 'If you are going to preach, I'm off.' His tone and manner wounded my very heart; but I called him back, telling him, I was not going to preach, for I could not. I told him, I meant to give up my own ways, that I was much happier reading in my own room, than I ever had been drinking and smoking with them; I said, I knew I must lose the friendship of my old friends, but that I was quite pre-

pared for. * * * said, 'Oh no, every man has a right to his own opinions.' Afterwards, * * * was not only softened, but affected. We parted good friends, but from that time he became distant and reserved." It was, perhaps, owing to what has been characterised, by one who spoke of him long afterwards, as "the lofty simplicity and genuine unaffected piety of his character," that he was not so frequently exposed to scenes of this nature, as might have been expected. Still we can quite understand that, to his warm and affectionate disposition, such scenes as these must have been sore trials. But he had taken up the cross, and rejoiced to bear its reproach.

In a letter to his mother from Halifax, he alludes to these trials as well as to the new source of happiness now opened to him:—

"*January* 2*d*, 1845.

"I often think how ungrateful I have been to you and to Father, in neglecting your kind advice, and in having been the wilful cause of so much trouble and anxiety to you both. I pray to God, that this may never be the case again, and that I may make up for my past want of attention and ingratitude by my future conduct. I wish you could know Mrs L * * *; she is the sweetest and kindest person I ever met with in my life; I really love her as much as a sister. But you may easily imagine what it is to meet with a person you can really call a friend, in a foreign country, where you meet with nothing but the coldness and formality of the world; we have also received great kindness from several other people, and I see more and more every day, what a different kind of friend-

ship this is from that of the world in general. But we cannot expect to have our happiness unmixed with annoyances and indeed sorrow, or to receive it without trials; and you well know, no doubt, that we do not receive any encouragement from our brother officers. It is very painful to see plainly a reserve and coolness among many who were before our greatest friends; but it is quite impossible to keep on the same terms of intimacy as before, as our tastes and ideas are so opposed, that we cannot associate with them as we used. This, certainly, is very painful; but when we consider what it is for, it is also very necessary; for what sacrifices ought we not to make, if it interfere in any way with our duty to our God? But we may still hope and trust to be as great friends as before, though not to the same extent. . . . Ever your affectionate son,

"M. M. HAMMOND."

Maxy often alluded to the very great difficulty he experienced in abandoning the habit of swearing. He used to think that nothing could make him give up this habit. But he overcame it; and once only was he betrayed into its commission. And then, when under circumstances of great provocation, an oath passed his lips, his remorse and humiliation were most poignant. He soon became very jealous of his time; regarding it as a gift to be employed in the service of his Master. He was excessively fond of music; and had hitherto frequently spent whole afternoons in listening to the band practising; but this he now abandoned. Yet his strong love for music remained unchanged. Shortly before leaving England, in 1853, when speaking of music, he said that the opera was the

only worldly amusement which had cost him some self-denial to give up. "Not," he added, "that I could enjoy it now, were I to go; for I could not help thinking of the evil connected with it." And then he added, with much animation, "*I always feel that I must wait till I get to heaven, to enjoy music.* I often feel a craving for it which cannot be satisfied here, and I am sure that the love of harmony cannot have been implanted in our natures for nothing."

Speaking afterwards of the change wrought in his whole mind by his conversion, he instanced the interest he began at once to take in books of general information, history, poetry, &c., whereas he had scarcely before read anything except the newspaper. Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," D'Aubigné's "Reformation," Butler's "Analogy," Pollok's "Course of Time," were some of the first books he read at Halifax. And the habit of reading books of this character, adopted in the first instance from a sense of duty, very soon became as attractive as it had previously been irksome to him. The natural cast of his mind, indeed, appears to have been remodelled, and fresh habits to have been adopted, based upon principles altogether new. The responsibility of man, in regard to the use of those gifts with which the Creator has endowed him, appears to have presented itself now for the first time. Hitherto his mind had been lying almost fallow. He perceived now the inestimable value of those talents entrusted to him; and he resolved, as far as in him lay, to "redeem the time"—to be "watchful, and strengthen those things that remained, that were ready to die."

The want of sympathy among brother officers before spoken of, is, of course, intended to apply in *general*

terms to the majority of Maxy Hammond's companions. His position in the Rifle Brigade at this time was indeed one for which he had abundant cause for gratitude. There were certainly not less than four or five officers, who, both in profession and practice, gave evidence that the love of God was uppermost in their hearts; no small proportion in one regiment, at a time when the religious tone of the army was very much lower than we have reason to believe it is, by God's grace, at present. We should be doing a grave injustice to the memory of a good and Christian man, now no more, if we omitted to state that in Colonel I * * *, at that time in command of the battalion, Maxy Hammond, and others similarly circumstanced with him, found a most kind and important support. Some extracts from a letter of Colonel I * * *'s will also shew that the change which Maxy Hammond had undergone, had in no ways the effect of deteriorating his colonel's former opinion of him. In speaking of him to his father, Colonel I * * * says:—"I am sensible of the advantage and satisfaction derived from his presence with the corps. Now that I have known him and had experience of him some years, I think it due to you as well as to him to express my opinion of him; more especially as I am given to understand that certain reports are in circulation respecting the religious opinions of some of my officers. Apprehensive that these may reach you, I desire to state how he stands in that respect. Some of my officers have been reputed to hold extreme opinions, and to exercise a corresponding extravagance of conduct in regard to religion. There are no grounds for any such imputation upon any member of the corps. I am anxious, for your son's sake,

to assure you that he is free from anything of that kind. I have some knowledge of his mind; and I believe him to be actuated by just notions of religion, in strict accordance with the doctrines and teaching of the Established Church; and in all respects doing his best endeavour (to use the words of our old catechism) to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him. That he has become more devoutly disposed of late than formerly, is most true; and casual observers may have drawn wrong inferences from the fact. But I rejoice, as he himself does, in the establishment within him of a sound principle of mental and active life. . . . . There are people who might describe him, as they would other men, who desire to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, otherwise than they are; but there can be no mistake in the family of a young officer, who in all points shews himself to be neither more nor less than what a Christian gentleman must needs be, who has any claim to the name."

With some anxiety Maxy Hammond had waited for an answer to the letter which announced to his family the change that had taken place in him. He writes again to his father:—

"*February* 1, 1845.

"I sincerely thank you for all your kind letters which I received by the last mail. The sympathy and encouragement from all, were the source of the greatest joy and happiness to me, and I feel most grateful. Your kind advice as to propriety of conduct, and the necessity of avoiding everything which might offend or disgust my

brother officers, is most thankfully received. I entirely agree with you on this subject. Nothing would pain me more than by injudicious conduct to give cause of offence or to make anything like a party feeling in the regiment. Nobody can feel more than I do the propriety of an unostentatious religion; particularly when I am such a beginner in these things. At the same time I feel that my confession of Christ should be decided. I have desired to make no profession; but still it is well known in the regiment that I am striving to serve God; and therefore every inconsistency is, and will be, remarked upon. Our readings together have been a blessing to me, and were, moreover, the means by which God first shewed me the state of my heart. I should be very unwilling to give them up, and I cannot help thinking that if we search the Scriptures in a humble, teachable disposition, we shall have God's blessing with us. We are all agreed that these things cannot be done too quietly."

In the beginning of May he gets leave for a short tour through some of the States, in company with a brother officer. Describing this trip in a letter dated June 12, 1845, he says:—

"The *Cambria* arrived a day sooner than I expected. I had only half packed up; and had a great many things to settle, and barely succeeded in getting ready before she was off. In small matters, as well as in great, it is dangerous to put off anything to the last. We left Halifax on the 1st of May. * * * was my fellow-traveller, and we shared a cabin between us. We passed our Sunday very comfortably, the captain reading morning service, and an

excellent sermon of Blunt's. We made the land in the afternoon, and made fast to the wharf at Boston at nine P.M., having made the run of four hundred miles in thirty-three hours. Boston is a fine town, quite English; I suppose about the size of Bristol. I could hardly fancy myself in a foreign country, but for the peculiar dress, long hair, and beards of the people. The hotels are all on the French system. We brought with us several letters of introduction for different places, one of which produced an invitation to tea from a Mr * * *, one of the most influential men in Boston; nothing can equal the cordiality and friendship with which they received us; we found them particularly nice people. In this country there are no dinner-parties, and they meet in this sociable way at tea; breaking up at ten o'clock, which I think a very agreeable and sensible custom. I have not room to describe all we saw, so must be as brief as possible. The burying-ground, Mount Auburn, is a very pretty spot; perfectly natural, full of fine trees, and intersected with drives and walks; with tombs and monuments in all directions, for the most part quite plain and simple. The dockyard is small: we saw there a large steam-frigate mounting twenty-two guns, and a line-of-battle ship building. We went to see the Bunker's Hill Monument, a fine granite obelisk 220 feet high, with a good view of the town from the top. The State prison was well worth seeing, the cells very clean, all the prisoners employed at different trades, as shoemakers, blacksmiths, weavers, upholsterers, &c., each department having its separate building; they are not allowed to speak to one another; each has his own cell, where he takes his meals and sleeps. The thermometer that day

was 89°; rather sultry. We stayed at Boston two days, and went on to New York, where we arrived on the 4th of June, and put up at an immense hotel, where we sat down about one hundred and forty to dinner. New York is quite a different description of city from Boston, larger and more bustling. Here you see something more of the real Yankees, of whom I must give a short description. To begin with their good qualities. They are very civil to strangers, for the most part well informed, good men of business, and a remarkably energetic and enterprising set. I believe them to have been much wronged and misrepresented by authors, from a national prejudice that we 'Britishers' should not condescend to. I am sure it makes the whole difference whether a person starts to travel with a determination to criticise, and be disgusted with their peculiarities and oddities; or whether, with a more charitable feeling, he goes determined to be pleased and to 'be to their faults a little blind.' Although I must confess I often find myself much disposed to judge by comparison, I am inclined to wish to see the best side of the picture, and to leave the rest to wiser and more experienced heads to determine. In conversation the Yankees are very cool and free, using many extraordinary expressions, which amuse me much. This freedom is not meant impertinently, though it might appear so to a stranger. One must always recollect that it is a *free* country, where every one thinks as much of himself as his neighbour, and therefore you are seldom 'Sir'd,' or spoken to otherwise than as an equal. The fact of being a British officer is a passport that secures the national civility at all the public institutions, and indeed everywhere. Some of the notices

and signs amused me much; such as on the railway, 'Look out for the locomotive!' and over a shop, 'Society for the encouragement of wearing clean shirts!' New York is not to be compared with London as a city, and very dirty, there being no sewers to carry off the dirt; so that in front of the best hotels everything is thrown into the street, the pigs being the only scavengers. We went over a first-rate line-of-battle ship of ninety-two guns, forty-two pounders; not to be compared with our own men-of-war in point of neatness and cleanliness, though a very fine ship. The armoury was composed of muskets '*taken from the English.*' Very unlike the armoury on board the *Inconstant.* After viewing some more of the lions here, we went on to Philadelphia, where we arrived on the 7th, and put up at a remarkably clean and quiet little hotel, with not more than a dozen people in the house. We were much pleased with this town, from its quiet and cleanliness; and the trees in all the streets are some shelter from the burning heat. While we were there the thermometer was 96° in the shade; and indoors, in the coolest passage, at 93°. The most intolerable part of the heat is that the nights are as hot as the days; so that, in the morning, after having laid on the outside of the bed all night, you awake as little refreshed as if you had never been in bed at all. Here we spent our second Sunday, and were fortunate enough to hear a sound, faithful sermon. Their liturgy is the same as ours, with the exception of some little alterations and omissions. The Lord's Prayer is omitted once or twice. The singing was good: the psalms of a different version from ours. The Sabbath appeared to be well observed. We went on to Baltimore,

and thence to Washington, the capital and seat of government; well worth seeing. We returned to Philadelphia, having been fairly driven out by the heat—98° in the shade—and saw the State prison Dickens spoke so much of. The plan is very good, all the passages radiating from the centre, so that one keeper could have his eye on the whole at once; all solitary confinement, of different periods, up to twenty-one years. And here we are back at New York, expecting to go up the Hudson to-morrow to visit the Royal Military College of the United States, and thence to work on to Niagara, Canada, &c."

"NIAGARA FALLS, 24*th June.*

"We left New York on the 14th and started for West Point, where is the Military Academy. We had letters to two of the officers of the establishment, who devoted themselves to us; shewing us and explaining everything with the utmost kindness. From having been ourselves at Sandhurst we found this very interesting; and it so happened, that we arrived at a very lucky time, during the examinations, when all the bigwigs, commander-in-chief, &c., were there. We heard some of the examinations, which were remarkably good, and made those of Sandhurst appear very insignificant. There are about 280 cadets, formed into a regular battalion, with captain, subalterns, sergeants, and staff, found by the cadets. They have, besides, a commandant, and a commissioned-officer over each company. We were treated like generals. The commandant called on us, drove us to see the parade, and we were invited to inspect the battalion. None are admitted under sixteen; so that, on the whole, they are a really fine-looking regiment.

Their dress is a French gray bobtailed coat, cotton belts, caps like our new ones, and white trousers. They look very well in a body, though very bad singly. They are worked hard, having only two months' vacation out of the four years they are there; except two months when they are encamped in summer, and practise nothing but military duties. Unlike our colleges, they pay nothing; but are paid by government enough to find them in everything while they are there, and to have an overplus sufficient to pay for their outfit after they leave. West Point was Washington's greatest stronghold during the rebellion, by which he completely prevented any junction of the British between New York and Canada, and where he always found his winter quarters. It is therefore a place of which the Yankees are not a little proud. We went on by Albany, Utica, Auburn, Rochester, and Buffalo to this place, where we arrived on the 20th. It is quite useless my attempting to describe Niagara. I have hardly yet collected my senses. It is divided into two falls, the American and the Horse-shoe, with an island between. Their height, which is about 160 feet, is not so striking as the immense body of water which unceasingly tumbles over. To give you an idea of the weight of the falling water, the room where I am now sitting is shaking like the vibration of a steamer. Yesterday we went through the ordeal of going under the great sheet, which nothing but the foolish curiosity of the English would ever tempt one to undertake. On arriving close to the Fall, there is such a rush of wind and water as almost to knock you down; however, by keeping your head down, and going boldly on, you soon get through the worst part, and find yourself 230 feet

underneath. Our sable guide stripped us of everything except a flannel shirt, and we enjoyed the shower bath uncommonly; and that is about all that you get by going under. The deep emerald colour in the centre of the Horse-shoe Fall, occasioned by the depth of the body of water, is unlike anything else in the world. We could not help longing that our Transatlantic friends could have seen them. I am very much pleased with the tour; but I also feel what a blessing were the various opportunities and privileges of which I am now deprived. But this is a good lesson, to teach us how we should value those things while we possess them; and also that we must not lean upon outward ordinances, but that our sole trust must be in Him alone who is able to keep us from falling. There are many temptations in travelling which are apt to lead us to be too much occupied with the things of this world, and so forget God. I need all your prayers as well as my own. . . . I am often filled with doubts and fears, but I am convinced they are temptations of the devil, and the remaining unbelief in my heart. May the Lord grant that, in the day when He shall 'make up His jewels,' we may be found looking and leaning on Jesus as our only hope!—Ever your affectionate son,

"M. M. H."

Few persons will have read this letter without being struck, no less with the holy Christian spirit of charity, than with the wisdom which characterises the comments upon the American people and their social peculiarities. The writer of the letter was scarcely twenty, and his spiritual life was of hardly a year's growth. Yet is not this

the fulfilling of that law of love which worketh no ill to his neighbour? Is not this indeed an evidence of that spirit of wisdom which "sheweth out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom"—the wisdom that is from above—"pure, peaceable, and gentle, without partiality and without hypocrisy?"

On his return from this expedition, Maxy Hammond writes again to his youngest brother, at that time an Eton boy, a letter remembered and treasured by him as one of especial interest—as the first affectionate encouragement from Maxy to consecrate to his Creator the days of his youth. Full of affection indeed he always was to all his family. But now a new spring of love welled from his heart. The warmth of his love towards his father and mother daily increased, and, having tasted of the heavenly gift, he anxiously longed that each one of his family should be partakers with himself. In after years this wish was strongly expressed by him. He said, that so great was his faith in prayer, that he felt persuaded that all his family would at last be brought to the saving knowledge of Jesus. This early letter was the first overture, the first exercise of that tender care with which he watched over his young brother's years—a care which was not bestowed in vain.

"HALIFAX, *August* 17, 1845.

"I don't know whether you will have gone back to Eton or not before this reaches you. I am looking out for the packet to hear all about your doings at home during the cricket-week. Of course, you, as an Etonian, are by this time a crack player. How does the pulling

get on? We have nothing like your skiffs here, but if we had, they could only be used in a dead calm. Sailing is the thing, and that we have to perfection. * * * * (who, by the by, is an Eton man) has just built a good-sized cutter, about thirty-two tons, in which he has just gone to Cape Breton. The distance is about 200 miles, and as she has double the canvas that a boat ought to have for sea-going, I should be sorry to be caught in a gale in her. Yachting is rather an expensive hobby. This boat will cost him little less than £600, which, for the few months of summer, is decidedly dear. Our moose-hunting is just coming on, but I don't intend to go out this year. It takes up too much time, and the novelty of the semi-savage life has worn away. I look forward with much pleasure to going home. Three years is a long time to be separated from one's relations, and yet it has passed wonderfully quick, and I may say very happily, especially the last part of it. Depend upon it, dear H * * *, that a man can never be truly happy until he has found a higher object to live for than what the world affords. I used to think myself quite happy, and so I was. But where would it all have been, if I had been deprived of health, and had been unable to enjoy the things that constituted that happiness? No; if we wish to find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, we must live to Him who died for our sins; for then only can we find what real happiness and a clear conscience is. And surely we are never too young to begin a good work, though if we put it off, we may lose it for ever. Just look at Eccles. xi. 9, 10, and xii. 1, 13, 14; and read what Christ said, Matt. xi. 28, 29, 30. Forgive this sermon.

I have said so much to you because I love you, and would do to you as I would be done by. And now, my dear H * * *, good bye.—Your affectionate brother,

"M. M. H."

The next letter is to a brother who was just at that time preparing for the ministry:—

"HALIFAX, *August* 18, 1845.

"I want to know your plans this autumn; whether you are going to C * * *'s; when, and for how long; and also when you are to be ordained. I remember making an agreement with you, that I would go and hear your first sermon. I still have some hopes of doing so, and, if all goes well, I should like very much to confirm it. Wherever you are, I hope you will be well out of the range of Puseyism, which seems spreading everywhere in England, and has even reached this country. In Canada, I heard a sad specimen, and was horrified at finding what Puseyism really is.

"Yesterday being the 12th of August, reminded me of W * * *, who said he was going up to Scotland for grouse. My sporting consists in about five hours' target practice two or three times a-week, which, though the game is always in sight, is rather tedious. . . . Just before my return, a young officer of the —— was taken suddenly ill, and died after a few hours of fever and delirium. I don't think I ever mentioned to you the death of Mrs F * * *, who also died at a moment's notice at the hotel, just before I went to the States; and the other day two poor men broke into the cabin of the *Mary*,

drank some wine, and were capsized in a skiff afterwards, and drowned. Do not these seem to be solemn warnings to us? and yet all have passed by unheeded. They call religion madness and enthusiasm; but what can be greater madness and enthusiasm than to be devoting one's life to the affairs of this world? And yet, how carelessly we all live, while we are in health and strength, and enjoying all the luxuries and comforts of life! I wish I could say, 'To live is Christ, to die is gain;' but I feel so much our blessed Lord's injunction, 'Watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is.' We are told to exhort one another, and to pray for one another. I should be very thankful if you would urge, advise, and instruct me, as I value and enjoy it much; and I wish you all to pray for me. I am very weak and sinful, and need all your prayers."

CHAPTER V.

Doctrinal Views.

"Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you."—1 PET. iii. 15.
"Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."—1 THESS. v. 21.
"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit."—COL. ii. 8.

THERE is in the letter which closes the last chapter, an expression regarding the doctrinal teaching of a large section of our Church, which appears to afford a very natural opening for some remarks on the individual views and opinions of the subject of this memoir.

Perhaps there is no more difficult task, in these times of party spirit and unhappy differences in the Church of Christ, than to define the peculiar views of any person in such a way as that, in their large and general scope, as well as in their practical bearing, they should be fairly stated, and run no risk of misconstruction. At the same time, if they were represented solely by such passages, more or less isolated, as occur in a very limited selection of his letters, there would indeed be no little danger that false conclusions might be drawn.

The compiler of this sketch approaches, therefore, this portion of his subject not without much diffidence, yet

with an earnest desire, as far as in him lies, to exhibit his subject with an impartial honesty of purpose. A friend, before quoted, has attributed Maxy Hammond's catholicity of spirit, and the clearness of his spiritual views, to his learning his first lessons directly from the Scriptures, *unbiassed by any ecclesiastical system;* with singleness of purpose seeking for the truth. His views, founded upon Holy Scripture, earnestly searched, and doubtless blessed by the teaching and guidance of that Holy Spirit which is given to him that asketh, were clear, fixed, and decided. They might be almost embodied in these texts: "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is *the gift* of God, not of works, lest any man should boast;" and, "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." His views on baptismal regeneration are thus stated by himself, in a short commentary on the Romans (chap. ii. 25), written in August 1854, and probably were adopted at the very commencement of his religious life:—"The outward ordinance of circumcision was a sign of the inward cleansing which must be wrought in the heart, and it was a visible seal of God's covenant of mercy with His believing people. Like baptism, the outward rite, unless accompanied with inward grace, was in itself nothing beyond the mere admittance of a person into the visible Church of God. But circumcision (and, in like manner, baptism) was indeed profitable, when those who had received it were enabled by grace to keep the law, and to walk by faith in, and in the fear of, God. There was a tendency in the days when the apostles wrote, as there is now, to rest in the *outward* ceremonies rather than in the spiritual things they are

intended to signify and convey." Again, on Rom. ii. 28, 29, "He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly," he writes: "There have ever been two distinct classes in the Church of God—those who serve Him in spirit and in truth, and those who only call themselves by His name, but who have never yielded to Him their hearts. The tares and the wheat must grow together until the harvest, and it may be difficult to distinguish the one from the other when both profess the same faith, and both conform to the same outward observances of religion. But a time is coming when a separation will take place, and then the distinction will be clearly and eternally made 'between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not' (Mal. iii. 18). It is of the highest importance to discern between the outward and inward parts of religion. Many satisfy their consciences with the outward form, and, not being born again, they come short of the kingdom of heaven. Applying these words to professing Christians, we may read—'He is not a Christian, who is one outwardly; neither is that baptism, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Christian, who is one inwardly; and baptism is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God.'"

Holding these opinions, Maxy Hammond regarded with some apprehension, and with the strongest disapprobation, the system and tenets of the Tractarian party; and, in the sphere of his own humble duties, he endeavoured, as far as possible, to exclude and discountenance any such influences. In a letter written two years later, he again comments on the doctrines brought forward by the Tractarians as, in his opinion, pregnant with danger. In allu-

sion to his youngest brother's approaching entrance at the University of Oxford, he says—"I long to hear of H * * *'s getting settled at Merton, and hope he will write soon. The trials and temptations of a college life are greater than in a regiment; but I trust he will be preserved from the worldliness and ungodliness to which he will be exposed. Nothing but a sense of the danger, and one's own utter weakness, with a continual looking up to Christ, can enable one to hold on in the narrow way. The Tractarian teaching is another most serious danger, particularly to a person of so open a disposition as H * * *; but, with the Bible for his guide, I trust he may be preserved from imbibing any of their erroneous doctrines. These are days in which there is great need of proving all things by the only test of truth, as well in what we hear as in what we read; for, alas! many deceivers are entered into the world who abide not in the doctrine of Christ."

He was very fond of Simeon's writings—entirely coinciding in his views. Thus he observes :—"I am glad you like Simeon's Life. I think you said sometime ago that you did not admire his natural character; but if his natural character was not amiable, his *gracious* character was so to a great degree. I never read a book which I enjoyed so much, or which, taking it as a whole, I could agree with so entirely in its sentiments. Simeon was a burning and a shining light, and of incalculable good to the Church of England."

But, although an avowed opponent of the Tractarian party and their doctrines—if, indeed, such a term can be applied to one of his gentle and humble disposition—he was ever ready to hold out the hand of fellowship to all indivi-

dually who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. Regarding in this light members of all parties in the Church of England, as well as those who dissented from her communion, he received them as all baptized by one Spirit into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free, looking with a comprehensive love to the one great Church of Christ, and persuaded that

> "The saints on earth and those above
> But one communion make;
> Join'd to their Lord in bands of love,
> All of His grace partake.
> One army of the living God,
> To His command they bow;
> Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
> And part are crossing now."

In this spirit he co-operated with Dissenters in many societies—*e.g.*, the Mic Mac Society, Halifax, and the Tract Society, British and Foreign Bible Society, and City Mission; and he was favourable to the Evangelical Alliance. He was enabled to recognise in those who belonged to different communions from himself, that they are copartners in the kingdom of God. And so he writes, three years afterwards, from Kingston, in reference to Tractarian doctrine: "Amid the mourning over so many who are possibly affected, both among bishops and clergy, is it not rejoicing to one's heart to read such a speech as that of the Primate of all England at the meeting of the Bible Society? It is indeed matter of praise that the head of the Church of England should boldly stand up for the truth, and not be ashamed to acknowledge and

co-operate with those of other denominations who love the Lord Jesus, and seek the extension of His kingdom. The more I consider the matter, the more I feel assured that a catholic spirit is that which most accords with the mind and spirit of Christ and His Word." But, with this large and catholic spirit, Maxy Hammond was warmly attached to the Church of England, feeling it to be the purest and most honoured section of the Church of Christ. He felt and deeply lamented the immense evil of schism, and did all in his power to promote the unity of the Spirit, feeling, with the poor peasant at Stockholm, "that when we come to die, all our theology will be contained in a drop—a drop of the blood shed for sinners."

Of the unity of Christ's Church, Maxy thus writes, in a commentary on Eph. iii. 14, 15:—

"The Church of Christ forms one universal family. The Church militant and the Church triumphant are alike members of the same family. How sweet the thoughts of our communion with the whole family of the redeemed! —all drinking from the same living fountain—all partakers of the same Saviour's fulness—all heirs of the same eternal glory. Love to the brethren is one of the badges of discipleship. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, because ye have love one to another.' Again—'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.' I humbly trust I do feel a love to all the family of God, without reference to sect or party. I believe I can with sincerity wish grace and peace to all who love the Lord Jesus. The fellowship of those belonging to my own communion is certainly the *most* pleasing, where there is agreement in the

minor points as well as in the essential verities of religion. And I certainly do love my own Church, and prefer it to all others, because I think it is, on the whole, most in accordance with my own views of the purity and simplicity of the truth of God in Christ. But at the same time I can heartily join hand in hand with any brother who, though differing in externals, is one with me in faith. Alas! how sad that the family of Jesus should be so disunited—that there should be such heartburnings—such dissensions—such unhallowed and unholy emulations—such a spirit of controversy—such an absence of charity! Oh, Spirit of love! let my spirit and principle be based upon the holy law of love laid down in Thy Word; let 1 Cor. xiii. be my constant rule and guide; and grant, O Lord, that all bitterness and jealousy may be removed from Thy Church, that each may esteem his brother better than himself, and, 'forbearing one another in love,' may grow up unto Christ in all things."

He was indeed very much opposed to anything like religious controversy—it was wholly at variance with the spirit he strove after. "Alas!" he says, in one of his letters, "how opposed is the spirit of controversy to the meekness and gentleness of Christ! This is the spirit we want to cultivate, and it will be obtained rather by drinking in the milk of the Word, than from the heated pages of angry discussion." . . . . Then he adds, with singular truth, "Satan is glad to take men's minds off the vital points of religion, and to give us the husks of empty discussion in their place."

Halifax races were approaching, and, glad to escape from an atmosphere so little congenial to his present

frame of mind, he plans a short cruise in his boat the *Mary*. There at least, avoiding a season of riot and noise which his soul abhorred, he could enjoy an opportunity of happy communion with Him whose "way is on the sea, and whose path is in the great waters." Notwithstanding that grievous enemy, sea-sickness, who never failed to exact his tribute, Maxy's love for the sea never forsook him; and we can fancy him lying back in the little *Mary* —named with affectionate fondness after one of his family —watching, as the breeze freshened, the yeasty foam that gathered under her gunwale, as she ran before the wind under the bights and bays of the coast of Nova Scotia.

"*September* 2, 1845.—I have been enjoying myself in a short cruise in the *Mary* during the races, which I was delighted to escape. We went to St Margaret's Bay, and into Lunnenburg. We had delightful weather, and fair winds followed us in going and coming back. Of course I was sick the first day, but I have got so accustomed to it, that I don't mind it in the least now. The Bishop of Massachusetts has been here (Halifax) on a visit, and I never met a more delightful person. He is a man of great ability and deep piety, which, with his candid and unaffected manner, delighted everybody." After inquiring about the health of a relation, he concludes: "What a blessed consolation it is to know that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth! Her case seems to be a wonderful instance of the comfort and peace of mind which a firm and confident trust in the merits of a Redeemer alone can give. I often wonder how *my* faith would stand if tried in the furnace of affliction. It is so easy to talk while in full health and strength. How necessary it is

for him 'that thinketh he standeth, to take heed lest he fall.'"

Some expressions in his late letters seem to have been misunderstood by some of his friends at this time; and he writes to his father:—

"HALIFAX, *September* 17, 1845.

"I feel very sorry that I should have said anything to produce the impression that I am labouring under despondency and melancholy of feeling. I assure you that such is not the case; as I can truly and sincerely say, that since, by the mercy of God, I have been brought to think seriously on these matters, I have never felt before such happiness and peace of mind as, thank God, I now enjoy. I doubt not I have been unguarded in some expressions; and perhaps in endeavouring to describe the sinfulness and corruption of my heart, I may have led you to suppose that my mind was oppressed with gloom and mistrust. But although the Lord shews me, more and more every day, the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of my heart, it produces a very different feeling in me from that of unhappiness; for so is my faith increased, and my firm and joyful hope in my Redeemer strengthened and established: and, as you say, the gospel is a message of 'glad tidings;' and the 'fruit of the Spirit is joy and peace,' such as 'the world can neither give nor take away;' and although the way may be 'strait' and the paths rugged, yet 'its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.' So that for religion to produce a morbid melancholy spirit is entirely opposed to the Word of Christ. The sin of our hearts, and the fatal security of

so many around us, must produce sorrow; which soon is turned into joy, when we think of what Christ has done for us in giving us eternal life. I hope by this you will perceive that I am not a mournful, but, I trust, under God's blessing, a rejoicing Christian; and that, whenever I go home, you will find that I am much the same in cheerfulness and happiness of mind as ever; and that my face is still as fat, and my 'dimple' as visible, as it was three years ago. I trust, my dear father, that I never have, and never shall, say anything which may lead you to suppose that I do not most highly value your advice, and feel very thankful for it; for whose advice could a son prize so highly as that of his own father?"

Whatever fears may have been entertained that the change in Maxy's spiritual life might produce a corresponding one in his animal spirits, they were speedily dispersed on his return to his home. If the thoughts of his spirit within him tempered at times in any degree the brightness of his look, it was far more often for others than on his own account. If ever, under the first conviction of sin,

> "The burden laid upon him
> Seem'd greater than he could bear,"

like the gazer from the bridge, in Longfellow's lines, he could say,

> "But *now* it is taken from me,
> It is buried in the sea;
> And only the sorrows of others
> Cast their shadow over me."

The ordinary expression of his joyous face, his cheerful,

refreshing, hearty laugh never declined in the most imperceptible degree. On the contrary, his Christianity was eminently a happy one. A settled peace was his. He had no cares—no wants. So that the compiler of these pages well remembers one of his family to have remarked, that if Maxy's religion brought nothing but such perfect contentment, there was little cause for mistrust. We would not lose sight of that which is certainly true, that Maxy's character was naturally a very cheerful one; or ascribe to the effect of grace a greater change in his natural man than it really accomplished. But there can be no question that it largely enhanced and quickened Maxy's flow of happiness, and that it added to his naturally sweet disposition a solid peace, ever present, never disturbed. "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."

"And now to my proceedings since I last wrote. Our inspection is over. We were reviewed on the 12th, and, I believe, we behaved pretty well; at least so every one said. I should have liked you and M * * * to have been there. We mustered rather strong, and our line extended upwards of 400 yards; so that we had scarcely room to manœuvre, even on that large common. The movements being something new, that is, not the formal things usually practised on these occasions, added much to the effect. As you like these things, I will give you a list of the manœuvres:—

"After receiving the general, marching past, &c.,

"1. Advance in line.

"2. Retired from the right of companies, covered by skirmishers.
"3. Closed to quarter distance on the march.
"4. Formed square.
"5. Re-formed column, and covered front by skirmishers.
"6. Retired, and formed on the head of a road, our flanks resting on a wall to resist cavalry.
"7. Skirmishers changed front to the left, and formed column.
"8. Skirmishers called in and formed line.
"9. Advanced in echellon of grand divisions, or double companies from the right.
"10. Formed squares of grand divisions.
"11. Formed line.
"12. Advanced in line, and general salute.

All that was wanting was a visible enemy, as all manœuvres must otherwise be unintelligible to spectators. I still hope to pass the winter at home. As for the passage across the Atlantic, of course in the winter it is rough; but I would willingly undergo it for the joy of getting home. My best love to all.—Ever your affectionate Son, "M. M. H."

This Atlantic voyage, this happy return to his home, longed for, but looked forward to as a joy even yet somewhat distant, came suddenly, and in a way least expected. Maxy Hammond had applied for leave; but two other officers had also made application, and he cheerfully acquiesced in the colonel's decision in their favour. But an accidental circumstance induced him to renew his

application. To the great surprise and delight of his family, the next letter that reached them was dated—

"SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL,
"*October* 16, 1845.

"My last letter from Halifax did not contain the slightest hint of my coming home so soon; nor did I then think of it, as the colonel had said that C * * * and T * * * were to leave first. The way it came about was this: My friend G * * * was very ill, and as he was to go home by the next packet, it struck me that my services would be invaluable to him and his wife on their journey; so I determined, at any rate, to make a push for my leave on that plea; and to my great astonishment and delight, the colonel, with his usual good nature, at once gave it me: so I packed up my traps, and got on board the good ship *Britannia* on the 3d, and bade adieu to Halifax. We had a good passage, although I was sick the whole way, and reached Liverpool the eleventh day. A heavy gale on Saturday and Sunday delayed us a good deal, or we might have got in on Monday night. My charge bore the journey better than he expected; he is completely exhausted however, and I don't think could have borne another day. I have now to report myself at the Horse Guards, and have several other things to do, which will detain me till the end of the week. I am very anxious, as you may well suppose, to see you all."

Invaluable indeed were his services. Though incessantly suffering himself, his care and attention to his

companion was unrelaxed. He laboured for One who "was not unrighteous to forget his work and labour of love which he had shewed towards His name;" and his tenderness was doubtless not forgotten by the friend whose bed he soothed in his sickness.

It was not without mingled feelings that Maxy regarded his first return to his home. Four years had passed since he had looked from the deck of the *Premier* upon the white cliffs of his own country on a morning in June—the dawn indeed of the morning of his own life—his thoughts full of his home and of his friends—crowded with visions of novelty and excitement—and little dreaming that before he saw those cliffs again, the germ of a new and hidden life would have ripened into maturity, under the noon-day rays of a far more glorious sun. He had sailed from these shores in every sense a boy, and had returned with his form strengthened into its full development, and with the thoughtful cast of manhood on his brow. With his outward form, his inner man had undergone a complete and entire change. Those four years—a short space enough in the life of a man, an imperceptible fragment in the course of time—had been to him momentous beyond expression. In those four years the great crisis of his life, both for time and for eternity, had been reached. The past had been swept away, and from that time the tide of his life had set in anew: from that turning-point in his existence, "the life which he henceforth lived in the flesh, he lived by the faith of the Son of God." There was matter indeed for deep reflection on his part, as the meeting with his friends drew near—matter too for solemn gratitude on theirs, and no

less scope for interesting thought. He arrived; and the effect of the change that had passed over him was manifest to us all. Bright as his face was in his boyhood, it was remarked now that it was as the face of an angel.

His thoughts had been, as we have said before, early turned towards his youngest brother. He knew the inestimable value of impressions received before the heart and affections have become hardened and blunted with sin; and he eagerly desired for this young brother that, as long as he lived, he should be lent unto the Lord. The account of their first meeting is thus related:—

"The first time I met Maxy in London, I did not in the least know him. I was at Eton at the time, and we met at Cox's, in Jermyn Street, by appointment. After our first greetings were over, we walked down Piccadilly. We had not gone far when he said, 'I hope you did not mind my writing to you about religion. The fact is, I feel very strongly about it, and I want you to feel the same.' He seemed greatly relieved when he had thus broken the ice, and when we came home, he instantly began reading the Bible with my sisters and myself every morning."

That the growth of his spiritual life had been most rapid, was as evident to all of us at home, as the following extracts from letters shew that it had been, and afterwards continued to be, to his other friends:—

"Hammond grows apace," one of them says; "his knowledge, wisdom, and courage, cause me to blush, but I hope he stirs me up at times." "Hammond, * * *, and * * *, are together at Kingston—what a trio!" "Hammond grows like a plant." "Hammond sends affec-

tionate remembrances; he is growing, and is a lovely character."

And do not these extracts furnish a happy evidence that not in vain he strove to be conformed to the image of Him, who "grew up as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry place." His letters all shew that he was daily becoming more like Him—more spiritually-minded.

But this year of enjoyment at his home was not to pass without a cloud. It pleased Him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," to take to her rest one to whose instrumentality, in part, Maxy Hammond owed his knowledge of the way of life—one whom he himself loved as a sister—one whose husband was his dearest friend, and at whose house those happy family meetings took place on Saturday evenings at Halifax. Still a young wife, almost yet a bride, she was called away by the voice of the heavenly Bridegroom. In words full of tender affection, he replies to a letter from his stricken friend:—

"St Alban's Court, 22*d May* 1846.

"My dear L * * *,—It grieves me to think that I should have put you to the pain of again repeating the details of the last hours of your departed, but, through the mercies of her Saviour, now sainted wife. I say this, because I think that every repetition of the events of those awful days must bring back the scenes more vividly than ever to your mind. Most earnestly do I join with you in the prayer that God will let her, "though dead, speak" to the souls of her friends, and to mine among the number. And therefore most especially do I thank you for such a full account of her last illness and death. I pray God

that her holy example of living and dying, may be the means of quickening me to increased devotedness to His service, and to a more living faith in the Lord Jesus; and to a deeper sense of the loving-kindness and faithfulness of my God and Saviour. You will believe me when I assure you that I loved her as my own sister: and, as I have told you before, the more so from her having, in the Lord's hands, been, with yourself, instrumental in leading me to the knowledge of that Saviour in whose presence she now is. Most deeply, therefore, can I sympathise with you in your irreparable loss. But no, I will not say 'irreparable,' for, as you remark, the Lord can more than fill the gap His hand has caused. And may God enable you to realise the truth of this promise. May He give you such faith as may enable you to look behind the cloud to His face beaming with love and mercy. It is delightful to dwell on the goodness of the Lord, and in your own case it is indeed a subject of praise that He has so manifested His faithfulness and truth, supporting you throughout this dispensation. To Him be all the glory and all the praise!

"Your allusion to the extract from her journal was very pleasing to me. Well do I recollect that communion; and in my own journal have recorded my own coldness of heart, and distraction of thought, while she was enjoying so fully the bread of life. God grant that her wish (and I have no doubt her frequent prayer) may be realised, that we may one day praise the Redeemer together. How remarkable, too, that her last hymn was that which I and we all loved so much. I have got three of her favourite hymns in her own handwriting, which she copied out for me

about this time last year—'Thy will be done;' 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire;' and lines 'On being called a saint.' Little did I think when she gave me these, that in less than one short year she would actually be enjoying the fruition of her prayer:—

'Lord, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mix'd with sin before
I'll sing upon a happier shore;
Thy will be done!'

Yes, dear L * * *, let us reach those words, 'Thy will be done, O Lord, for so it seemed good in thy sight.' How awfully true too did the second verse of the hymn prove to you: may you be enabled to join in it in heart:—

'If thou shouldst cause me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is thine;
Thy will be done!'

Most carefully shall I cherish this little memento of my departed sister. These subjects, submission, prayer, and bold profession, remind me of her who copied them. And now I come to that part of your letter descriptive of her last moments. I will not dwell upon it. Her end was peace. It calls us to stop and adore in humble gratitude Him who was able to perfect strength in such weakness; who, while the outward man was perishing, was renewing the inner, and making it meet to put on the glorious apparel of the saints in light. I trust and pray God that your object in sending the particulars may be fulfilled; that I may be enabled to give up myself more entirely to the

service of the Lord; and that in seasons of darkness and trouble, I may be enabled to look up to Him who alone can give support and consolation; and may you find more of that peace which the Lord has promised to his afflicted children. I hope, if the Lord will, to see you when you come to town. Please let me know when you will be there, and when you would like me to meet you. Adieu for the present. The Lord be with you.—Ever your sincere friend, "M. M. H."

CHAPTER VI.

Love of Home.

"My home, my home, oh, ever dear
Thy hallow'd scenes shall be;
In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
My spirit clings to thee.
I deem my home an emblem meet
Of that enduring, last retreat,
From pain and passion free,
Where Peace shall fix her bright abode,
And yield her followers up to God."

BARNARD'S POEMS.

THE few months of Maxy Hammond's leave soon expired; and in August he writes again to a brother officer and friend to announce his approaching return to America:—

"LONDON, *August* 17, 1846.

"MY DEAR L * * *,—I just write a line to say good-bye before my departure for Halifax. I should have liked to have seen you once more, but I must rest satisfied with the prospect some months hence. Of course, you know that the regiment has left Halifax; but where they are to be quartered I have not ascertained—either at Quebec, Montreal, or St John's. W * * * and N * * * have both been down to see me. I enjoyed W * * *'s visit

amazingly, and most truly glad was I to meet him once more. I am sure we can mark in him an evident growth in grace, and I could not but admire the warmth and devotion of his heart to his Master's cause. With dear N * * *, too, I had a truly happy meeting. He staid with me from Saturday till Monday, and on Sunday we were privileged to kneel together at the Lord's table. I fear our battalions are to be separated—in which case you also will be separated from us when you get promoted. But how blessed a thing is it to know that we have one Friend who is ever with us to guide, strengthen, comfort, and save us! Oh, may we find him more and more precious to our souls! I have left home with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy—sorrow at parting from many I love dearly, both in the flesh and in the Lord. My conscience also accuses me of past negligence about the concerns of others, and great lukewarmness in my Master's service. But, on the other hand, how great have been the Lord's mercies, how wonderfully have the rough places been made smooth, and the crooked paths straight! The promise has indeed been most graciously fulfilled in me —'Goodness and mercy shall follow him all the days of his life.' I hope you have been enjoying your visit to Scarborough, and that the Lord is gradually healing your wounded spirit. The Word can never fail. '*Afterward* He will have compassion according to the multitude of His tender mercies.' With my kindest remembrances to all your party, and the prayer that the Lord will continue to cheer you and comfort you in your pilgrimage, believe me, your unworthy brother in Christ,

"M. M. H."

The next is from Liverpool, to his mother:—

"*August* 18, 1846.

"My dearest Mother,—I just write you a few lines to thank you for the most kind and affectionate letter that I received this evening. I should like to express my gratitude, but I feel that I cannot do so as I would desire and wish; so forgive my apparent coldness and indifference. Your letter produced in my mind feelings of sorrow and joy at the same time. I felt humbled, under a sense of my utter unworthiness (believe me, I say this from my very heart) of such expressions of affection and esteem as you were pleased to bestow on me. As a son, I feel also that I have done much to grieve and dishonour the best of parents; as a brother, that I have frequently given way to harshness and ill temper. But, although I feel and have felt my sinfulness in this respect, yet I believe it has been (and I trust always will be) my earnest desire and prayer to shew that I am not insensible to the great affection of you and all my family. With regard to my religious feelings, I will say but little. If I have been made to differ at all from what I once was, I would ascribe all the praise and all the glory to a merciful and long-suffering God; for I feel daily more and more strongly that all has been of His doing—none of mine. Pray remember, dear mother, that I am a weak and sinful creature, and still liable to fall; and pray for me, that He who has begun this good work, may continue to carry it on. . . . . I hope father's description of the Yankee will make you laugh as much as the original made us. Poor Mab! (his dog) I am in doubt of ever seeing her again;

what I fear is, that she will get away from the people at Birmingham, or will gnaw through the string, which is an old trick. I was so sorry not to bid Anne (an old servant) good-bye; tell her so, and thank her very much for her invaluable assistance in my packing. . . . . And now, dear mother, once more, farewell. You will often be in my thoughts, and always in my prayers.—Your very affectionate and truly grateful son, M. M. H."

This letter portrays very forcibly a very marked feature in Maxy Hammond's character—his great humility. We read here the outpourings of a heart which, however it might appear to others, was in his own sight full of infirmity, full of defect. How earnestly, with what simplicity, he mourns over his sense of indwelling sin—of the old man struggling with the new! "What I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that I do." And yet he who writes thus had very recently been described, in a preceding page, as "one whose knowledge and wisdom put others to the blush"—as "growing like a plant"—as "shining and growing in grace"—as a "lovely character." And if he had all this, if thus rightly described, whence came it? Was it not because God "resisteth the proud, but *giveth grace to the humble*"—because "the high and lofty One, whose name is Holy, *dwells* with him that is of a contrite and lowly spirit"—because, "when men are cast down there is a lifting up, and God shall save the humble person?" His love for his "home"—that word which has no synonym in any other language than our own—was very deeply implanted, using it in its widest sense. His affection to his family was closely interwoven with an attachment to the

place where his days of boyhood and childhood were passed, and he clung to that spot with all its associations. By nature especially unselfish, his spirit entered into all the little interests of his family circle. But he early felt that one of the drawbacks to a soldier's life was the absence of this "home'y" element. He looked forward indeed very soon after this to marriage, as a means of creating around him an atmosphere of that domestic character for which his heart yearned; and in after years his greatest delight was to be able to offer to young officers that happy fireside intercourse which, at the outset of his career, had brought such priceless blessings to himself.

Much of this feeling is breathed in the following letters. In one, dated Toronto, September 22, 1847, he says:—

"My dear Father,—. . . . . I try to write to all successively, and this is the only way I can at all repay your never-failing pens and hearts. I must begin with the usual preface of having nothing to write about; but, in spite of this, I am conceited enough to imagine that you will count my letter as worth more than the postage, if it only tells you that I am well, and that I do not forget my home, and my dear friends there. I remember telling you once that I thought that long separation made me forget your faces—this I must deny *in toto*. On the contrary, the farther I am from you, the more present do you seem to my mind. I delight in feeling that my affection for you all increases, instead of decreases; time, in this respect, is not injurious."

And in an earlier one, to his mother:—

"*January* 2, 1845.

"How I should have enjoyed to have been one of your party last Christmas! However we may hope by the blessing of God, to be all at home next winter. But, although I am so many miles away, I passed here a most happy Christmas; in fact, we are all like one family, as I could not help remarking, as we sat round the fire after dinner at L * * *'s the other day—it reminded me so much of home. It so happened, that L * * * sat in the exact place that father always does, and Mrs L * * * in your corner next the wall."

And so again he writes to his father from on board the *Britannia* at sea. After a few remarks as to her progress, his fellow-passengers, &c., he says:—

"Now let me turn my thoughts towards home and all that I have left behind me. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed the comfort of your and H * * *'s company to Liverpool; nor can I thank you sufficiently for all your kindness and generosity to me at all times. However unable I may be to express my gratitude, I do feel most thankful, and would wish you to believe that I am so. I felt very sorrowful as your little steamer gradually increased her distance from us. It was my last glimpse of *home;* and when you were out of sight, I remembered that I was now separated and once more launched upon the wide world. I need hardly tell you how much I enjoyed my happy eleven months' leave. But I look forward with great pleasure to rejoining the regiment. I should not like to be idle any longer. I am hoping to

catch the *Belleisle* at Halifax, that I may get my luggage sent up to Quebec. If she is gone I shall take it on with me to Boston, and so to Montreal by rail and steam. Nothing has occurred of interest since we left except the loss of our jib-boom and the sight of a fine iceberg yesterday. Mab and Bully (his bullfinch) are both thriving. Mab lives under the forecastle, and Bully in my cabin, and on deck in fine weather. He has only sung four times since we started, but I hope he will behave better when we land.

"*September* 2.—The *Belleisle* sails at daybreak tomorrow. We shall probably arrive at Quebec about the 16th, so I shall most likely be at Montreal by the time my luggage arrives. Bully and Mab in safe keeping. I have been favoured with several songs since we landed. . . . That the Lord may bless and preserve you, will ever be the prayer of your most affectionate son,

"M. M. H."

The battalion was removed to Montreal, and the first letter we find dated from that place is addressed to Dr T * * *, the minister of Halifax, whom he loved as a faithful minister of Christ, and valued as a friend.

"MONTREAL, *October* 24, 1846.

"MY DEAR DR T * * *,— . . . I know that the subject that will chiefly interest you will be to hear of the spiritual welfare of those whose pastor you have been, and amongst whom you have laboured for a few years not without success, through the mercy of our Lord. You would be gratified to hear with what affection and esteem

your memory is regarded by those who have hearts to love their Saviour: and indeed by all, whether religious or not (as I know from authority that I can rely upon), is the same testimony borne to your kindness and unceasing attention. I don't think you will accuse me of flattery in telling you this. I do so, thinking it may be a source of some comfort and satisfaction to you to know that 'your labour is not in vain in the Lord;' and well-knowing that you will say, 'To the Lord be all the praise and all the glory.' I have many things to tell you, subjects of joy and also of sorrow. Most of those who have been brought to the fear of the Lord have been going on steadily and consistently, as far as I can learn. But Satan has been very busy amongst us too. Some 'crucified afresh the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant a common thing.' . . . How we miss the Sunday School. There is now nothing of the sort, except the lecture on Sunday evening, at which the men can attend. Truly we all need to be brought together, that we may stir each other up, and by precept, example, and advice, encourage and assist one another in running the race set before us. But the Lord's ways are not our ways, and I doubt not it is good for us to be deprived of the abundance of privileges which we enjoyed at Halifax. Oh! that it may lead each and all of us to be applying with more earnestness and frequency to the fountain-head; that it may be our blessedness to be receiving fresh supplies out of the fulness that is treasured up in Jesus. If you have at any time a few minutes to spare, I can't tell you what pleasure a few lines would afford me. I should like much to hear how the schools (men's and children's) are getting on, what number

you generally muster at the hospital class, and whether the vacant places have yet been filled. Poor C * * *! so he is gone. Did he shew any satisfactory evidence of change before he died? I am most anxious to learn this. And what of old M * * *, how is he? And does his heart appear at all softened? My servant desires to be respectfully remembered to you. My kind regards to Mrs T * * *, and, with prayer for your own welfare, spiritual and temporal, and that the Lord may bless your labours to the salvation of many souls, believe me, my dear Dr T * * *, yours, most sincerely and obliged,

"M. M. HAMMOND."

The following extract from a letter to his father, who was engaged upon a work in which the subject of prophecy was somewhat fully treated, appears to have been written about this time:—

"The study of prophecy is one of deep interest and importance. It is the key which opens to us the hidden and dark parts of the sacred book; and by it are made manifest what would otherwise appear confusion and obscurity. The prophecies in reference to the Messiah, of which you are especially treating, are in fact the basis of the Christian religion, and therefore cannot be too highly regarded. On their truth depends the authority of the Bible, and that which is of infinite importance to us fallen creatures, the salvation of sinful man. From beginning to end the Bible points to Jesus as the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the object of all our hopes, the sum and substance of our faith, of which He is the Author and

Finisher. For my part, I am but very imperfectly acquainted with the prophecies; but I hope to know more of them in time, and that your book may be the means of leading me to a better knowledge."

Maxy Hammond never omitted an opportunity of securing friendships that he could really value, and, once secured, he never lost them through neglect as a correspondent. In almost every place in which he was quartered he left some real friend behind, with whom he afterwards kept up a regular intercourse, and to one of these the next letter is addressed.

"MONTREAL, *October* 10.

"MY DEAR I * * *,—Let me inquire something of you and yours since we shook hands on board the *Cambria*. I hope all is still well with you, and that matters are going on as smoothly and quietly as when I left Halifax; and what of Mr C * * *? I am most anxious to hear how he is, and how he has been since I saw him last; pray let me know, as I am deeply interested in him at all times, and now the more so, when the Lord's hand is upon him. You can give him my kindest and best wishes, with every Christian remembrance. . . . I heard * * * preach here last Sunday. He is a decided Arminian, and in his sermon on Gen. vi. 3, he endeavoured to refute the Calvinistic views by a variety of arguments. * * * is gone down to Quebec; I had some very interesting conversations with him, and I do hope that he will one day be brought into the fold; he says he is very anxious and very desirous of turning to the Lord, but that 'he cannot;' he thinks

he is 'one of the black sheep.' What an extraordinary notion! I endeavoured to point out to him the way; and I trust the Lord, in His own time and way, will lead him into it. Young * * * is much in the same state of mind. Yesterday I had a long and serious talk with him. His stumblingblock, I think, is the fear of man. But I have great hopes of him. If we had more faith, and relied more upon the Lord, how much might be done! How simple are the promises, and how slow are we to believe them! 'Lord, help Thou mine unbelief.' I found a great change on coming here, many new faces, very few old ones, and not one to go to for sympathy or advice. My greatest friend is my own servant, B * * *, whom you may perhaps remember at our Sunday School. As yet, I have not made the acquaintance of Mr W * * *, though I have called several times. You will be rejoiced to hear that C * * * is an altered man. One who before was decidedly opposed to vital religion, and quite impenetrable. His wife died in the spring, rejoicing in her Saviour, and this has been blessed to him. How true the old remark, 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' C * * * is much changed now from what he was. Mr * * *'s death seems to have aroused him. You will grieve to hear of the fall of poor * * *. I don't know the particulars, but C * * * told me he had gone back to the ways of sin. . . . Thus, while we are rejoicing over some, we are mourning over others. Let us look to our own hearts, and pray God to search and try us, that we may discover what we are in truth. And when we look within, what do we behold, but 'every form of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel,

portrayed upon the walls thereof!' What but the blood of Jesus can cleanse us, and what but the Spirit can sanctify us? He is our all, our beginning, and He must be our end, if we would win heaven. May He be more precious to you and to me here, and may He be our everlasting portion hereafter!—Yours, in the best and happiest bonds, M. M. HAMMOND."

In speaking of one of these sick persons, the testimony of a mind stayed upon Jesus, and kept in peace by Him, is thus related by Captain Hammond:—

"Before you come out again," he writes, "it is more than probable that two dear friends of ours will have entered into their rest—Mr C * * * and H. M * * *. C * * * has been growing weaker and weaker, but though the outward man is perishing, the inward man is being renewed day by day. In a conversation that I * * * had with him, he asked him if he could read now. 'No,' he replied, 'but I am feeding on what is stored up in my mind.' I * * * then said, 'What a great mercy it is that you have this store of truth in your mind.' 'True,' he said, 'and one truth is ever present with me, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'"

The next letter is dated, Montreal, December 12, 1846, and is written on the approaching new year, to his brother:—

"On these occasions," he says, "it is good to look back on the past, and to call to mind the mercies and blessings

that we have received at the Lord's hands. . . . The new year is also a time for humiliation, when we call to mind our own doings during the twelve months gone by; when we ask ourselves what we have been doing; how we have employed our time and talents; whether, upon the whole, there has been any improvement in our hearts and lives, whether we have 'grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;' whether we have been faithful to our Lord and Master; and whether we have done our duty towards our fellow-men. Who could say in his heart, I have done all this? Rather, we have reason to humble ourselves before God, at how little we have done that we might have done, and seek to be washed in that blood which alone can take away sin. The new year, too, is a time to look forward, as well as back—to commit the unknown future to Him who is our Friend and Keeper, and to resolve, in the strength of Divine grace, that the close of the new year shall find us more watchful, more prayerful, more humble, and more holy than at the commencement of it. We must resolve to be more devoted to the service of God than we have been, more earnest about the salvation of others, more zealous in doing good, more decided in bearing witness to Jesus in the world. In saying so much on this subject, I do so merely because I think it is right, at such seasons, that we should stir each other up, and put one another in mind of the great object of our lives, viz., preparation for eternity.—Your affectionate brother,

"M. M. H."

CHAPTER VII.

Letters.

"O soothe us, haunt us, night and day,
Ye gentle spirits far away,
With whom we shared the cup of grace—
Then parted; ye to Christ's embrace,
We to the lonesome world again;
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain,
Practised with you at Eden's door,
To be sung on, where angels soar,
With blended voices evermore."

In no profession are the members of one community so liable to sudden separation as in the army. Here to-day, five or six officers may be dispersed to-morrow to the four quarters of the globe—scattered at every change of wind, like driftwood or autumn leaves. "Out of sight out of mind" is a reproach which has grown into a standing proverb; a sad reflection on the shallow depth of summer friendship. Yet even that friendship which is not of the world, but based upon the love of the Saviour, needs the interchange of thought, or the expression of common interests, to keep it from declining.

So, when the little group of officers, who began together their Christian life at Halifax, was broken up and scattered abroad, Maxy Hammond suffered no want of care or dili-

gence on his part to weaken the chain which bound them together. And what link so strong, so fitted to resist the pressure of outward circumstances, as the adoption of a common season of prayer? A proposal to this effect, with some suggestions for subjects, is contained in the next letter:—

"*November* 23, 1846.

"My dear W * * *,—I miss you all very much, and feel the want of a Christian companion in the regiment. How precious in my memory are those bright days of Christian fellowship which we enjoyed together! But I trust the Lord is teaching me (alas! how slow I am to learn) to walk by faith, and to be more independent of creature-comforts. Nevertheless, I do esteem the privilege of Christian intercourse very highly. I think it has done me much good, in helping to stir me up to more watchfulness and earnestness in my walk, and I always find it cheering and comforting to my soul.

"You will be interested in hearing of regimental matters.—Would to God I could give you a good report! Satan, I fear, has been busy in rooting out from many whatever good desires and resolutions may have been produced from the means of grace at Halifax; * * *, and * * *, and * * * have been kept in the faith, I rejoice and bless God to say, while of the rest I can hear but little; and I fear no fruit has followed to give evidence of any change of heart. On the contrary, many have gone back to the ways of death. Of * * * I had some good hopes, but I fear his heart is yet in the world; he has been anxious, but I think merely from natural conviction and the voice of conscience; utterly ignorant of sin, and, therefore, of his

need of a Saviour; with some vague notions of turning religious, without knowing what it means, or any apparent desire to do so. Mrs H * * * is going on well; of her it may be said, as of old to the Church of Pergamos—'I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is:' but the Lord has prevented her from being infected by the evil around her, and I really believe she is leaning on Him. She is living in a room with five other families, and a hundred men cursing and swearing from morning till night. What a trial it must be!

"I have just written to J * * * F * * * and have proposed to him, that we should meet around the throne of grace for mutual prayer on the 1st of January 1847. That our requests may be uniform, I have hinted at the heads of our prayers, which, of course, you can alter as you see fit:—

"*Thanksgiving and praise*—

"For the mercies of the year past; that we have been enabled, by God's goodness, mutually to help one another forward on the way to Zion. That hitherto the Lord hath kept and preserved us in the faith amidst so many dangers, trials, and temptations from without and from within. That the Lord has called to rest one of our number. That she fell asleep in Jesus, and by her peaceful death, bore testimony to the truth and faithfulness of God.

"*Confession*—

"The sins of the past year, both of commission and omission; our sloth, indolence, unfaithfulness, and unfruitfulness; our neglect of duty and improving opportunities of usefulness; our sinful compliances with the ways of the world and worldly men; our inconsistencies, and the

dishonour to God, and blot in our profession by such acts.

"*Supplication*—

"That we may have grace to persevere unto the end.

"That our faith may be strengthened.

"That love to God, and by it love to man, and to each other as brethren, may be deepened and increased.

"That we may be humbled.

"That we may be more faithful in confessing Christ.

"That fear of man may be rooted out of our hearts.

"That we may be more holy in life and conversation, and for this end, that the Holy Ghost may sanctify, renew, and cleanse our hearts, and conform us to the image of Jesus.

"*Intercession*—

"For each other individually.

"For an outpouring of the Spirit on the regiment.

"For the faithful among the men.

"For the ungodly among the men.

"For the backsliders among the men.

"For the officers.

"For our own families, that each of us may be made a blessing in his own.

"For our Christian friends at Halifax, especially for Mr C * * * in his sickness; and for Dr T * * * that his labours may be blessed.

"For the schools.

"These are some of the requests which should form our prayer, and in which we can join with mutual interest. Let us not forget the tie that bound us together when we lived together; and let us see to it that it is not severed either in time or in eternity. Soon we shall meet to go

out no more. If we live looking unto Jesus, we shall stand in eternity in His presence. What a hope! but it is more than a hope, for it is founded on the never-failing prayer of the Redeemer Himself, 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.' That this may be your and my portion may God in his infinite mercy grant, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—Ever yours,

"M. M. H."

This proposal of mutual union in prayer on the commencement of the new year was adopted, and we see with what delight and enjoyment Captain Hammond refers to it in the next letter, to a brother officer, then in England.

"*January* 28, 1847.

"My dear N * * *,—We remembered you together at the throne of grace on the first day of the year. It was a very happy day to me; and I would trust that our prayers found their way into the presence of God, and were accepted in our great Intercessor and Mediator. On the same evening we met at Mr W * * *'s school-room, in accordance with Mr Haldane Stewart's invitation to prayer. Mr W * * * opened with some prayers from the Liturgy and a hymn; and then a portion of Scripture, with a few practical comments and heart-searching remarks. Next an extempore prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our country, and especially for the congregation, concluding with a hymn of praise. It was one

of the most enjoyable meetings I ever was privileged to attend. Oh! how blessed will be that time when we join with the chorus above, when our voices shall mingle in sweet harmony with the thousand thousands of the Lord's redeemed ones, who cease not day and night singing to the praise of the Lamb who bought them with His blood! . . . Let us give diligence to make our calling and election *sure*. There must be no doubt about it, for we have only to believe that the word of Jehovah cannot fail, to rest upon His promises, which are all yea and amen in Jesus; or, as it is nicely expressed in one of Helen Plumptre's letters, speaking of the life of faith, 'by man called presumption, by God called faith; or just believing that God cannot lie.' I think those are precious words of St Paul's (1 Cor. ix.), 'So run, that ye may obtain. I therefore so run, *not as uncertainly;* so fight I, not as one that beateth the air.' No, there is no doubt, no uncertainty in the mind and will of Jesus. Let us only believe this, and there will be no place found in our hearts for thoughts so ungrateful, so dishonouring to our Saviour-God."

During his stay at Montreal, Maxy Hammond interested himself in endeavouring to ameliorate the ever wretched circumstances of those soldiers' wives who had married without leave, and he briefly alludes to them in the next letter.

"MONTREAL, *December* 24, 1846.

"MY DEAR FATHER,— . . . My most intimate friend is P * * * of the artillery. I have also a very nice acquaintance in a Mr L * * *, formerly of the navy, who

is staying for the winter with Mr W * * *. Imagine my delight this morning, in returning from a fire in the town, to hear some one call me by name, when, on looking round, I saw it was L * * *. We expected him, but hardly so soon. He brought me the packet, for which thank mother, and also for Mr Pym's little book, and Uncle A * * *'s new volume and his 'Cottage Almanack,' for which I wish you to return him my best thanks if you see him.

"I like Montreal daily more than I did; not that I think the place in itself an agreeable one, but I have now settled down into more regular habits; and my time for the most part is taken up in different ways, so that it passes very pleasantly. I have been lately busy in hunting out the wives of the soldiers married without leave. These poor creatures are denied any indulgence in the way of rations or washing, and some of them actually have to exist on threepence or fourpence a day, out of which they have to pay the rent of the wretched pig-sties in which they live, and perhaps support a child. How they do live is to me a marvel. We have got up a small subscription to relieve them, and have given them some start for the winter.

"We are much affected by the expected death of a young officer of the —th, who is now, I fear, fast approaching his end. He was taken ill about three weeks ago, at that time as hearty and strong-looking a man as you could see. Nothing serious was anticipated at first, as many people had had the same low fever, and it was not thought dangerous. But the fever and weakness increased upon him, in spite of all the doctors could do; and

now, poor fellow, he is pronounced beyond hope. I saw him yesterday by permission of the doctors. He was reduced to the utmost state of exhaustion, but his mind and his faculties were left perfectly clear. Poor fellow! he had lived a careless and ungodly life, and now, at the eleventh hour, he had to seek his Saviour. It was a sad and solemn scene, but he shewed an anxiety to embrace the offer of salvation, which, through the mercy of God, I trust he may find at the last. It is also to be hoped that some of the thoughtless ones who were his companions may be aroused; but it is astonishing what little effect these things have on the minds of men. It must be that 'the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not.' . . .

"And now, my dear father, good-bye, best love to all, and a happy new year to you. May each succeeding year bring us nearer to our heavenly rest! It will be a blessed meeting around the throne of the Lamb, and there we shall part no more.—Your affectionate and grateful son, M. M. H."

The beginning of January found Maxy Hammond still at Montreal. There is a peculiar interest in the following allusions to the light in which the Christian should regard the removal of those he has loved. He writes to a sister:—

"MONTREAL, *January* 19, 1847.

"I have but little to tell you in the shape of news. You may suppose how great a delight it has been to me to have * * * as a companion once more. Poor fellow!

the loss of his dear wife is one that nothing here can repair; but he is wonderfully cheerful, and the promise that the Lord will be to him *more* than either father, mother, wife, or brother, seems to have been literally fulfilled in him. He constantly speaks of her to me not as of one who is for ever gone from him, but only separated for a little season. This is the way in which to regard the loss of friends, and which alone can effectually heal the wound of such a bereavement as his. If you could see his calm and happy countenance while speaking of her, you could understand the meaning of that case—'Happy is the man whom the Lord correcteth.' I know you take an interest in him as my dearest friend, and it is good also to bear testimony to the goodness and faithfulness of God in seasons of affliction. . . . .—Ever your affectionate,

"M. M. H."

To his youngest brother, still at Eton, but about to enter at Oxford, he writes:—

"In reading a sermon the other day by Flavel, an old divine of the seventeenth century, I met with a simple and excellent test by which to prove the soundness or unsoundness of a sermon in the present day. He says—'He is the best preacher who can, in the most lively and powerful manner, display Jesus Christ before the people—evidently setting Him forth as crucified among them; and that is the best sermon which is most full of Christ—*not of art and language.*' This was Paul's doctrine—'I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.' . . . .

"I really feel very anxious for you in your Oxford

career. I know how many temptations and snares are likely to assail you there, but I really believe that the work of grace has been begun in your heart; and if so, we know that 'He who has begun the good work in you will also perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.' Remember, dear Harry, 'that no man can serve two masters.' Religion must be everything or nothing to a man. If we would serve the Lord, we must make up our minds to do so fully *and entirely*, and most cheerfully and gladly put up with the sneers and scoffs of those who know not God, and who are ignorant of the blessedness of being reconciled to God through the blood of Jesus. We must never be ashamed to confess Christ before men, and must never shrink from bearing the cross. Moses esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, and chose 'rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season' (Heb. xi.); and so ought we. Read your Bible with prayer, and pray much in secret. Make Jesus your friend and adviser, to whom to go for all that you need, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind."

The next letter alludes to the death of a friend:—

"MONTREAL, *May* 5, 1847.

"MY DEAR J * * *,—The contents of your letter were deeply interesting to L * * * and myself, and we did not think that any apology was necessary for the account you gave of dear * * *'s last moments. Why, those few particulars were more precious to us than gold. Yes; it was very precious to us to hear of our dear sister's dying

testimony to the faithfulness of God, and the sufficiency of the blood of Jesus to give peace and joy in the hour of dissolution. Oh that you and I, dear J * * *, may be enabled to say, 'Nothing but the blood of Jesus,' when our time comes for putting off the earthly tabernacle! We are anxious to hear how L * * * has borne her heavy loss, for a grievous one it must be to her. But I doubt not that the Lord has been with her, to support and cheer her in her affliction. Pray, express our sympathy, and give our kind regards, if you should see her.

"L * * * received your note telling us of Mr C * * *'s having rallied. A mercy indeed it is that the Lord should spare his life a little longer to those to whom it is dear; but we cannot think that you have any hope of a *permanent* improvement in his health, after the disease has gone so deep. How wonderful are the ways of God, and how far beyond our poor weak understandings! However, I cannot imagine that any decided change can take place for the better; and I fear that this last is but a flickering in the lamp, as it were, before going out. 'He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at that day.' L * * * and I would join in sending our warmest Christian love to him, with the earnest prayer that the God of all grace, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, may support him in all his tribulation, and continue to him a rich supply of His grace and strength, through Jesus Christ. . . . .

"I am truly glad to hear such cheering accounts of the schools; also, that Dr T * * * is working so faithfully.

Our Saturday evening meetings continue, by God's blessing, to prosper; from a very humble commencement, our number has increased to ten. Surely we have ample cause for gratitude that the Lord has blessed us in such a manner.

"Once more, good-bye. The Lord ever bless and keep you and yours.—Your sincere and affectionate friend,

"M. M. H."

The next letter from Maxy Hammond contains an extract relating to the last moments of a lady, which sets forth so vividly the triumph of faith over death, that we cannot refrain from introducing it:—

"MONTREAL, *April* 21, 1847.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—. . . . . I am very anxious to witness the breaking up of the ice in the river. I believe it is a magnificent sight. You can fancy what the effect would be, when you know that the St Lawrence is very narrow just opposite Montreal, with a stream running six or seven knots an hour. When the ice above has broken away, it is carried on by the current, until it receives a check in the narrow part opposite the town. When it reaches this it gets jammed up, so as to form a complete barrier, and all the ice continues to push on until it meets the barrier; and it is then thrown up into all sorts of shapes in large masses, until the weight behind forces all before it, and it floats away towards the sea. Some years ago an event occurred, which gives some idea of the strength and weight of this moving ice. A house had been built too near the edge of the river, the water rose

rapidly, and the ice too: the poor inmates were sitting at dinner, but before they had time to escape, the whole house was carried down with the torrent, and every soul perished. . . . .

"My friend, Miss M * * *, about whom I wrote, has been taken to her rest. The account of her last moments was most interesting to me. I will copy an extract of a letter I received from Halifax:—

"'About half-an-hour before she fell asleep the power of speech seemed to have been given to her; she asked her aunt, "What does the doctor say?" "Why, dear, he does not think you will see the morning." "Not see the morning? die to-night? How short the time! Raise me up." She then had all called about her, *i. e.* her father and sisters. Her address was principally to the former. "This can't be death," she said, "I feel no pain, nothing, only I feel very cold. Papa, it is not by works we are saved, it is only by the blood of Jesus. His work is a finished work. But you appear to understand what I have so often told you. How often have I prayed when we were all together in church, that we might also be all together in heaven!" Her father said, "You have always been an innocent and dutiful child." "Oh, father, no! even if so, *that* could not save me, it is only the blood of Jesus." From her voice and appearance her father thought she was better, and said, "You may go by and by to R * * * and see T * * *." "R * * *!" she replied, "I am going *up*, and you may follow me." She then said, "I am very sleepy; lay me down, and if I awake not here, I shall awake *somewhere else*." She awoke not here, but literally fell asleep in Jesus, to awake only with Him.

"I think you will say that this long extract is worth being recited. It is very cheering and encouraging to hear of these things, and they are *living* proofs of the truth of God, that He will be faithful to His word, and that He will give peace, even on a dying bed, to those that put their trust in Him. She was one who, in her health and strength, seemed to have but one object in view—the glory of God—and but one motive and principle in her heart—the love of Christ; and indeed her end shewed that, like Mary, she had 'chosen that good part which should not be taken away from her.' . . . . May God ever bless and keep you!—Ever your affectionate son,

"M. M. H."

Some insight into Captain Hammond's life and character at this period is given in the following extracts of a letter from Mrs W * * *:—

"In the beginning of 1846 Captain Hammond came to Montreal. That winter, we had a prayer meeting that took place each fortnight at our house; chiefly attended by the military, and which sometimes numbered over twenty. I remember the first time he was asked by my husband to take his part; which he did after a little hesitation, and with an earnestness and solemnity which struck us in so young a man. And frequently Mr W. used to say to me, 'Oh! if every Christian man adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour as Captain Hammond does, in walking circumspectly and giving no occasion to the enemy!' . . . . We had very pleasant country quarters in the neighbourhood, to which he walked sometimes to breakfast, or in the evening, when he was always hailed

with delight, especially by a little girl who was living with me, M. R., who had some secret treasures of birds' nests to shew him. This child died afterwards, but ever spoke of him and what he said to her with so much affection; giving good hope that God had blessed the nursing of the good seed in her young heart. A remark of his recalls itself at this moment. He was speaking of one in whom we were mutually interested, and he said, 'I should be more satisfied if I saw a deeper conviction of sin. But why should I set up a standard, when I remember how God dealt with me? It was so gradual, that not until I had been drawn to the Saviour by cords of love, did I know or feel anything of the bitterness of sin.'"

During the time that Captain Hammond was at Montreal, his attention was drawn to a private in the Rifles, named M * * *, who was dying of consumption in the hospital. From his teaching this poor man heard and drank in the glad tidings of salvation in Christ Jesus. "Speedily" (we quote the words of a comrade), "the sick man rejoiced in the full assurance of his acceptance; and sending for comrade after comrade, not only proclaimed the good news, but urged each and all to hasten to the loving Saviour." The fatal disease went on. In the weary sleepless night, as the patient tossed upon his pillow, the stillness was broken by the sentry's challenge, and the familiar "All 's well" fell on his ear. The dying soldier looked up—"All *is* well!" he said—"All *is* well!" he faintly repeated. A very short time after the "Dead March in Saul" was heard; and a funeral party with arms reversed passed along the streets of Montreal.—All *was* well with M * * *.

Another private of the Rifles thus alludes to M * * *'s death: "You will have heard of the death of M * * *. Oh! he was truly happy! And what do you think it arose from first? Captain Hammond took him into the surgery, and there knelt down and prayed for and with him. He said until that took place he never thought of praying, or if he had, he would not have done so. But when he saw a gentleman was not ashamed to kneel with a private soldier, he said, surely he need not be ashamed of kneeling by his bedside, where all were his equals, and from that time he was continually holding communion with his God. He was repeatedly speaking to S * * *, and all the others too, and, in fact, made them promise to commence a new life. He said to them, 'Men may laugh at you, but they can't strike you.'"

The earnest tone of exhortation, and the measure of solemn truthfulness, the expression of a deep consciousness of the arduous nature of the Christian warfare, can hardly fail to commend itself to the reader of the following letter. It is addressed to an old brother officer and very intimate friend, who had become a soldier of the cross, almost contemporaneously with Maxy Hammond:—

"To Captain W * * *,—

"28*th June*, 1847.

"My dear W * * *,—I am now beginning to realise more fully that you now no longer belong to the Rifle Brigade. Until now it had appeared as if you were only on leave. But I begin to feel that our separation is complete. But oh! what a blessing and comfort it is to feel that, though some thousands of miles are between us, we

can be very near in spirit! Even now my thoughts are with you, while I am writing this. I can't tell you how much I prize your letters, or how much I enjoy receiving them. St John said, that he had no greater joy than to see that his children were walking in the truth; and I am sure I can say, I have great joy in hearing the same thing of my brethren in Christ. I delight to think of dear friends as part of the one family of whom Jesus is the Head and Elder Brother. Now we are separated from one another and scattered to the four winds of heaven. But still we know and feel that we belong to the family, although so dispersed. Soon will the Father gather us all home. Soon shall we sit down together at the marriage-supper. Would it not cheer us in our pilgrimage, if we could more faithfully look forward to this blessed reunion? Would it not assist us in walking with a lighter and brisker step, and would it not urge us to press towards the mark more earnestly and more vigorously? I don't know how it is with you, but I have found it most difficult to maintain that earnest, patient walk by faith, which, as consistent Christians, it is necessary that we should daily follow.

"I was much struck with a remark in one of dear Mrs L * * *'s letters, which explains what I mean. She says, 'The promise of eternal life is to them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory,' &c. She adds, 'It is just this *patient* continuance which I find so difficult. The humility, and patience, and self-denial, to be practised day by day, is what is so hard to perform.' I, too, can most feelingly respond to these observations of our Christian friend. It seems to me the most difficult part of our Christian course. The Scripture speaks of this in

many places: 'Abide in me;' 'If ye continue in the faith;' 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;' 'He that overcometh;' with many others shewing the same thing. It would be very easy to be very religious, very zealous, very earnest for a little season, or now and then only. But this religion is not the religion of Jesus. The cross must be taken up daily. Self-denial must be habitual. Prayer and watchfulness must be without ceasing. Sin must be striven against constantly. Satan must be resisted at all times and in all places. Love in its broadest sense, and faith, must be an habitual exercise. The Christian must never lay aside his armour, nor quit the contest until the victory is gained. Surely then he has 'need of patience to run the race that is set before him, looking unto Jesus.'

"You will have heard of Mr C * * *'s death ere this reaches you. I have heard no particulars as yet, but I doubt not he departed in peace, bearing testimony to the faithfulness of that God and Saviour in whom he put his trust. . . . .

"The regiment is woefully dark in spiritual things, and abounding in vice and drunkenness. The school is getting on pretty well; one child, S * * * F * * *, is, I think, taught of God. . . . .

"The emigrants are pouring in here by thousands; bringing in their train, misery, starvation, filthiness, disease, and death. The deaths average twenty a-day—typhus fever.

"And now, dear W * * *, adieu; the Lord bless you, and make you a blessing.—Your friend and brother in Christ, M. M. HAMMOND."

CHAPTER VIII.

Emigrant Fever.

'What various scenes, and oh! what scenes of woe,
Does morn awaken with her struggling beam!
The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream;
The debtor wakes to thoughts of gyve and jail;
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

SCOTT.

THE year 1847 was one marked by heavy judgments and distress of nations. Foremost among them in woe stood unhappy Ireland. "Through the wrath of the Lord of hosts, the land was darkened, and the people became as the fuel of the fire." In the morning her cry went up, "Would God it were evening!" at even, "Would God it were morning!" Desolate, in her straitness and in her distress, she poured forth her children from her unhappy shores to seek for rest in another land. Upon her the awful judgment pronounced against Jerusalem seemed almost to have fallen—"Though Moses and Samuel stood before me, yet my mind could not be towards this people: cast them out of my sight, and let them go forth. And it shall come to pass, if they say unto thee, Whither shall

we go forth? then thou shalt tell them, Thus saith the Lord, Such as are for death, to death; and such as are for the famine, to the famine. . . . . Thou hast forsaken me, saith the Lord, thou art gone backward: therefore will I stretch out my hand against thee; I am weary with repenting." Yet not by flight was the chastisement to be escaped. The fatal poison circulated in the frames of these devoted people, and lurked in the rags that hung about their wan and wasted forms. With the arrival of the first emigrant ship at Grosse Isle, the scourge appeared anew; and some idea of the miserable condition of these unfortunate people may be gathered from the following description:—

"MONTREAL, *June* 28, 1847.

"The poor emigrants have been passing up the country for the last three weeks. Death, disease, starvation, and misery, seem to be the unmerciful attendants of these people wherever they go. The deaths at Grosse Isle (the quarantine station) have been very numerous, averaging from sixty to eighty daily. Here, too (at Montreal), want and typhus are carrying them off like sheep. Whole families, in several instances, have been swept away, leaving perhaps one to tell the tale. They send them as quickly as possible up the country; but it is the opinion of the principal medical man who attends them, that not more than one-half will ever reach their journey's end. Is it not sad? These poor creatures are living in sheds that have been roughly put together for this purpose. None but the sick are allowed to remain above a day or two. These sheds are, in fact, so many hospitals crowded with

sick; so crowded are they, as to be obliged to put three in a bed.

"I went once to see these places (we have since been forbidden to go near them), and never shall I forget the sight. The room I saw was crowded with these poor creatures, some of them lying two in a bed. They were in every stage of disease, from those who just came in, to those who were on the point of expiring. Outside the door was a pile of coffins of different sizes, all ready to receive the dead. Two were nailed up waiting for the dead-cart to carry them off; and all this in sight of the patients. The doctor begged me to walk through the other wards, where the worst cases were, but I declined. The grey nuns were wonderful in their energy and activity. The doctor said that one of them was worth six of our women. I have told you this, that you may know what is going on at Montreal with regard to the ill-fated Irish. Don't fear my catching the fever. I am not going near the sheds again—being forbidden—even if I wished it.

"And now, my dearest mother, good-bye. I delight to think of you all, and particularly before the throne of grace. I need not ask you to do likewise.—Ever your affectionate son, M. M. H."

To these scenes of suffering many noble-hearted men hastened. The minister of Christ was there, to speak of One who, at that hour of death, could bestow the gift of eternal life. The sister of mercy was there, to lift to the parched lips the cup of cold water, that should "by no means lose its reward." The faithful servant of Christ was there, who, for his Master's sake, cheerfully volunteered,

and yielded his life in a service not less perilous than the plain of Balaklava or the fatal Redan.

Maxy Hammond was very early precluded from sharing in these labours, by a stringent order which prohibited any officer from visiting the sheds, lest the infection should be communicated to the troops. Nevertheless, though prohibited from attending himself, he aided the sufferers, as far as possible, both by providing them with necessaries, and by making arrangements for their comfort. A noble trait was shewn, on this occasion, by the men. The various companies kept back daily a proportion of their rations for the use of the sick; and this example was followed by the 52d Regiment, and two companies of artillery, then in the garrison; the officers providing a cart for the conveyance and distribution of the meat among the sick.

"The French people," writes a private rifleman, "when they met Captain Hammond in the streets, hearing of his kindness to the poor, would uncover their heads, and invoke blessings upon him." Four years afterwards, when a rifleman was in the market-place at Kingston, some country people, observing the uniform, came up and inquired of the wearer whether the same kind officer was still in the regiment who had saved their lives at Montreal.

One by one, those whose duty and zeal led them to the fever-sheds, were stricken themselves, and among them two of Maxy Hammond's own friends; and at their bedsides, night after night, for a long and harassing period, he watched and nursed them with a brother's tenderness and love. The two friends who sickened were Mr L * * *, of H. M. Royal Navy, and Mr W * * *, the clergyman

of Montreal. Maxy alludes to their illness, in a letter dated July 20, 1847:—

"My dear Father,—. . . . . I fear my note to you by the last mail may have caused you some anxiety. Thanks be to God, I am in no way the worse for my attendance on my sick friends. You will see an account of their death in the '*Berean*' I send. Upon the arrival of the emigrants, Mr W * * * organised a small band from among his congregation to attend to the wants, temporal and spiritual, of the sick and dying at the emigrant sheds. They were indefatigable in their exertions, until, one by one, they caught the fever raging among these unhappy people. Mr L * * * was the first who was laid up. His illness lasted thirteen days, and ended in his death. During this time I was constantly with him, by day and night, until his removal. Mr W * * * was taken ill about three days after Mr L * * *, and died about three days after Mr L * * *. I was with him during the last three days of his illness. Of the rest of the party who visited the sheds, one more died, and three more caught the fever, but are recovering. The dispensation is a heavy one, and is deeply felt by the congregation. It appears strange that these men should be taken away in the midst of usefulness, falling victims to their devotedness to their Master's cause, and their love to their fellow-creatures. We can only say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' Both, however, died in the full and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; and, therefore, the loss is ours, not theirs—for 'it is better to depart, and be with Christ.'

"Little did we, on this side the Atlantic, think last winter, that we should suffer in common with the poor Irish. But it has proved an awful summons to the Canadian cities, and we cannot feel but that the hand of God is stretched out against us, calling loudly to us to consider our ways. All here suffered alike, Protestants, Roman Catholics, ministers, Roman Catholic priests, under the heavy scourge; while the fatal infection has been carried into the very heart of the cities. . . . .—Ever your affectionate son, M. M. H."

In a sermon, preached at Trinity Church, Montreal, the following testimony is borne to the "martyr's spirit" manifested by these few friends who, with Maxy, attended Mr W * * * in his last illness:—

"No small portion of the martyr's spirit is required to face infectious and malignant disease; to look upon the agonies of the dying; to behold their fearful struggles and contortions, and listen to their delirious ravings. No small portion of the martyr's spirit is required to witness these proofs of intense and sudden suffering, to feel around the breath of death, to know that you are braving him, as it were, in the midst of his kingdom, and that in a moment you may be one amidst the raving and the dying. No small portion of this spirit is required to witness and to know all this; and yet calmly and fearlessly to go on with duty, resolutely and perseveringly to enter the abode of infection and minister to the wants of the dying; to see it fastening upon and pulling down one after another of those who, in their career of benevolence and duty, dare

its power; and yet to persist in lifting the cup of water to the parched lip, in alleviating the sufferings of the wretched, in kneeling by their side, and telling them of the mercy of God and the all-sufficiency of Jesus. It is not an easy matter thus to act in the midst of all this danger and death, and without any earthly motives to prompt to the self-devotion and the sacrifice. We can see sufficient moving power only in the spirit of the gospel and the love of God."

A note states that the death of Mr W * * * had been followed by that of four other clergymen of the diocese, the Rev. W. C * * *, the Rev. Dr D * * *, the Rev. C. M * * *, the Rev. R. A * * *. All died of typhus fever, contracted in attendance at the emigrant sheds. Soon after the publication of this sermon, the death of the Rev. W. T * * * followed, from the same cause; in all, with the Rev. Mr W * * *, six clergymen.

In connexion with Captain L * * *'s death, an interesting incident is related in a letter from Mrs W * * *:—

"I remember we were sitting round the fire after having sung the hymn, 'Not all the blood of beasts,' to an old minor tune. Captain L * * * said to Captain Hammond, 'I have a curious fancy concerning that hymn. I should like it sung by six young men as they lower me into the grave.' We little thought that it would so soon be put into execution, for it had passed from my mind, until Captain Hammond mentioned having carried out his wish."

A little later, Maxy Hammond, writes from Toronto, August 26, 1847:—

"My dear Mother,— . . . Here the fever sheds are in the centre of the town; about six hundred are sick, and you may see them, as you pass, lying in their beds within a few feet of the road-side. The disease is confined almost entirely to the poor emigrants themselves, and, through mercy, has not extended itself to the town's people. The great thing to keep off the infection seems to be cleanliness and ventilation; and that they have thoroughly established."

The fever continued during September. He says on the 22d:—

"The emigrant fever has not begun to abate, though, perhaps, it is not so violent as during the dog-days. I fear it will continue till the winter sets in. I have to mention the loss of another friend, Mr D * * * of St John's. He also died of typhus contracted during his attendance on the emigrants. I send you a paper containing a faithful sketch of his character."

On the same subject he says, in a letter to an old brother officer:—

"Toronto, *August* 25, 1847.

"My dear W * * *,—You may perhaps have heard from L * * *, or seen in the papers, that disease has been committing its ravages to a fearful extent in Montreal; chiefly among the miserable emigrants; but also among those faithful few who have hazarded their lives for the sake of ministering to the wants of the sick and

dying. Amongst these, two very dear friends of ours, Mr W * * * and Mr L * * *, fell victims to their zeal and love. Mr L * * * was the life of our little band; full of love, and faith, and zeal for the cause of God. He was one of those bright ones who, like Henry Martyn, seemed to realise in a more than ordinary degree the depth and height, the breadth and length of the love of Christ: and whose heart seemed at all times to be filled with holy joy and affection. It was his meat and drink to do his Master's will. Soon after the arrival of the emigrants he became deeply interested in their pitiable condition, and used to spend whole days at the sheds, administering food and medicine, listening to their tale of sorrow, and giving advice or assistance, as it lay in his power. For some weeks he continued exerting himself indefatigably in this manner, until at last he himself caught the fever, and was laid upon a bed of sickness, from which he never rose. It was my privilege to be with him constantly day and night (except when obliged to take a little rest) from the commencement of his illness till his death; and I feel how high an honour it was to be permitted to give the cup of cold water to a dear brother for Christ's sake. At first we were not seriously apprehensive about him; but day by day the symptoms grew more alarming, until at length all hope was abandoned, and he sank into his eternal rest, after having been thirteen days ill. It was a trying time, and one which, I pray God, I may never forget. But we did not sorrow as those without hope, for we knew that his death was but the entrance to eternal life.

"Almost at the same time that Mr L * * * was taken ill, Mr W * * * was also laid by. At first the medical

men were quite sanguine; but, alas! their hopes proved false, and he followed his friend and companion L * * * within three days. I was with him during the last three days; but he was then quite delirious, and did not once speak. He also contracted the fever by attending the poor emigrants.

"The next death was poor Colonel B * * * (Rifle Brigade). I have no doubt L * * * has, or will, send you full particulars of this his joyful death. And lastly, the death of poor * * *, cut off in the flower of his days. His death made a slight impression at the time; but, like the early dew and the morning cloud, it soon passed away, and is now, to all appearances, almost forgotten.

"But enough of these tales of death and woe. . . . . Let us continue to pray for one another, and let us, in the strength of Christ, hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, and endeavour to get nearer to God and enjoy more uninterrupted communion with Him.—Your affectionate friend in the Lord Jesus,

"M. M. HAMMOND."

The following account of the last hours of Mr L * * * were written, at the request of a friend, shortly after this by Maxy Hammond:—

"MONTREAL, 13*th July*, 1847.

"It was my painful privilege to be much with our dear friend during his illness until his removal. During that time but little passed between us in the way of conversation, as directions had been given by his medical attendants, that he should not be spoken to more than was

necessary. But there are a few remarks which were made during the time he possessed his reason, which, I cannot but think, will be found very precious, by those who knew and loved him, and who are left to mourn his loss; as they serve to shew the quiet peace, and calm composure, which he possessed in the midst of much bodily pain and suffering, resting on the promises of God, and relying, with full confidence, on the finished work of Christ.

"I did not see our dear friend until three days after the commencement of his sickness; not having heard that he was ill. On Friday, July 2, I visited him for the first time, and had a lengthened conversation with him, chiefly with regard to his temporal affairs. On my entering his room, he stretched out his arm, and taking me by the hand, said, 'Well! you see I am laid by: it is the Lord.' After answering a few questions about his illness, we spoke of religion. He seemed deeply to feel what he said; clasping his hands together, he repeated very slowly, 'I *hope* I am not deceiving myself, I hope I am not deceiving myself, but I know that I am a poor sinner.' I remarked, 'What a blessed thing it is to feel that, and to be enabled to look to Jesus for pardon and salvation!' 'Yes,' he replied, '*What should I do without Christ now?*' with great emphasis. I then mentioned the remark of a friend of mine, now gone to her rest, who, on her death-bed, said, 'This is no time to *seek* the Saviour; I thank God I *have* found Him.' 'Yes,' said he, "Whom having not seen we love."' I finished the verse. He interrupted me, saying, 'No, I have no joy, no *rejoicing;* but I am *quite content, quite resigned.*' I said, 'I was thinking on my way here of that verse which you mentioned once to me as

having given you comfort for several days on a former occasion; it was, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul" (Ps. xciv. 19).' 'Well,' he replied, 'it is the paucity of my thoughts *now;* but there is one verse which I have found very precious.' I asked what it was. 'Into thy hands I commit my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.' '*There,*' he said, 'is my comfort and my hope—the *truth* of God. The covenant is based upon that truth, and is "well ordered in all things, and sure."' Speaking of death and the prospect of separation from his wife and family, he said, 'In a worldly point of view, it appears of great importance for my family's sake that I should live; but I bless God I have not a care or an anxious thought on the subject: I can commit all into His hands.'

"From this time to the time of his death, I spoke but little to him except when necessary. But there are several remarks, at different intervals, which spoke the Christian principle within, and which shone so highly in his whole walk and conversation during health, to the praise of the grace of God. He seemed deeply sensible of the kindness of his friends and the attention shewn him; frequently thanking them, and apologising for giving trouble. On one occasion, when he required a handkerchief, I gave him mine; he said 'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him, and His love was manifested in His sending His Son to die for sinners.' At another time, he seemed sorry to give me trouble, and said, 'But it is for the sake of Him who said "I thirst!"' Once, when rendering him some assistance, he said, 'Dear brother, the Lord brought us together that you might be

with me now;' and again, 'How shall I repay this kindness?—*I* cannot, but God can; He *has*, for He has given you His best gift, eternal life.' Once, when much wearied with pain and restlessness, he said, 'O that I had wings like a dove! and then would I, a poor sinner, through the grace of Christ, flee away, and be at rest.' Making mention of his wife, he said, 'Oh! if my dear wife was here, how sad she would be! but I think it was in the path of duty, looking after those poor people.' I remarked, 'The Lord's way is often in the sea;' 'Yes,' he replied, 'He doeth as He willeth in heaven and in earth.' Once, when very weak, I heard him say with regard to his family, 'It is very important that I should live; but, O Lord Jesus, forgive my sins, and if it be Thy holy will, receive me to Thyself.' This was, I think, the last thing he said during his reason. For the last four or five days he became delirious, and for two days previous to his death he scarcely spoke. I must not forget to mention his having said to a friend who went to see him, 'Do you find Christ precious to you in health? I cannot think of Him now, but He is looking on me!'*

"His sufferings seemed to cease as his end approached, and when he died, it was without a struggle, insensibly passing into a glorious eternity. 'I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them' (Rev. xiv. 13). 'Be ye also ready.'

"M. M. H."

* "About this time, another friend was at his bed-side. Mr L * * * opened his eyes, gave us a beaming smile, and said, 'We shall talk of it when it is over.'"

Another who suffered, but who recovered from the malignant epidemic, writes in grateful acknowledgment of Captain Hammond's attention:—

"I mention, as a proof of his love to the Lord's people, the fidelity with which he attended his friend, and my father in Christ, Captain L * * *, R.N., during his last illness, occasioned by the terrible scourge, of which I lay sick at the same time. . . . As soon as Captain L * * * and myself were prostrated, Captain Hammond came and insisted on attending, I may say, both of us, although, more especially, the former. The risk of this was such, and the demand for nurses so great, that it was almost impossible to get adequate, or even any sort of attendance. Hence the merit of Captain Hammond's services was all the greater; and most diligently and faithfully did he give his services. All through many a weary night, with the most affectionate watchfulness, answering every request, and anticipating every want, did he most fearlessly, and in the most disinterested manner, devote himself to the sick. It was wonderful that he escaped the disease, risking himself as he did. But the Lord had the work for him to do, and selecting the fit instrument for it, then He spared him. Poor L * * *, however, died; but his constant attendant, almost day and night, through an illness of fourteen or fifteen days, was Captain Hammond. He proved in a beautiful manner, how deeply he was actuated by that Christian love whose brightest feature is universality. I am sure his was a love that embraced all he ever met with. On his visit to me, he used to offer up prayer, and repeat suitable passages of Scripture; and, until I was

quite well, he never omitted at any time to come and see me."

One more testimony to this self-denying work from Captain P * * * :—

"I saw him once at the bedside of Mr W * * *; the poor patient in unconscious delirium. Oh! how I admired him, and wondered at the power of Divine grace. His natural strength of character and extreme gentleness, with that intense love of God and man, the spring and centre of his renewed being, rendered him peculiarly fitted for such a labour of love. . . . But God alone, in the fulness of whose smile he now rejoices, knows what he was to our dear friend, that bright and shining light, dear L * * *! He passed whole nights alone with him during the short, but terrible period of his illness."

CHAPTER IX.

Usefulness.

"Go labour on! spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Master's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

"Toil on—faint not—keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderers to come in."

BONAR.

IN the early part of August 1847, the battalion was moved from Montreal to Kingston and Toronto. Soon after their march Captain Hammond writes to one of his intimate friends:—

"*August* 14, 1847.

"MY DEAR P * * *,—I am truly thankful to be once more settled, and the more so as I have felt that the bustle and confusion of the march was not congenial with spiritual things. I speak this to my shame, as no change of outward circumstances ought to interrupt our communion with God. And now I am picturing to myself a nice quiet time, with nothing to interrupt my retirement; but,

I dare say, I shall find as many things to distract here, as at Montreal. After taking leave of you, and the rest of 'the brethren,' we continued our trying march to Lachine. Most trying it was, as I can speak from painful experience, having carried a pack from the time I left you. The day was very close, and the men unaccustomed to marching. The consequence was, they dropped to the rear by scores, unable to go on. We succeeded, however, in getting all safe on board the steamer. . . . .

"I miss you all very much, and now that I am separated from you, I feel how unthankful I have been for so great a privilege as I have enjoyed in being amongst you so long. I look back with pleasant reminiscence to the bright and happy days I have passed in Montreal, and with deep and mournful interest to those that were dark and gloomy; but the promise is true, that 'though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.' You have had weeping days, and so has the little Church at Trinity. The days of joy are not far distant; only let us be faithful in waiting upon God and believing His word. I long to hear of you all, and my heart is often with you; and when I feel cold and lukewarm, I can still say, as dear L * * * did, 'Well! I am sure of this, that I love the brethren.'

"Remember my request, that I may be kept humble and faithful: and now, adieu; my Christian love to all friends, D * * *, G * * *, I * * *, &c. Grace and peace be with you all through Jesus Christ.—Your affectionate friend, M. M. H."

The next letter is addressed to Dr T * * *, the minis-

ter at Halifax, to whose teaching he felt he owed much, and whom he loved and respected as a father in Christ. It will be seen from its perusal, that a struggle was at this time going on in his mind, as to whether he should abandon his present profession for another to which he felt a strong calling. The letter is valuable, as an illustration of Maxy Hammond's entire dependence on God in all his ways. In every difficulty and perplexity he had recourse to prayer; and then, with full assurance that the Lord "would inform him, and teach him in the way wherein he should go," he looked for God's guidance, either in the counsels of his friends, or in the impulse of his own judgment.

"To Dr T * * *.

"*October* 5, 1847.

. . . . . "Our battalion has been removed from Montreal to Kingston and Toronto. I am at the latter place, which are the head-quarters. The remaining three companies are at Kingston. I feel ashamed at not having written you for so long. I must ask your forgiveness for this neglect. But, believe me, I have not and do not forget my gratitude to you, as my friend and spiritual pastor during my stay at Halifax. Nor can I forget your work of faith and labour of love among our poor soldiers. And, especially, I would bless God who made your ministering amongst us so acceptable and so useful. May His grace be vouchsafed to you, my dear sir, in still larger measure; and may you be enabled to devote those talents with which He has endowed you more entirely to His service. May your own soul be abundantly watered

by the dew of His grace, while you are engaged in your laborious and self-denying efforts to win souls to Christ. Though perhaps you may see little of the fruit of your labours here, yet I trust you will find many at the great day who will be your glory and crown of rejoicing in the Lord Jesus."

After alluding to some private matters, he resumes the subject of his letter:—

"And now that I am writing to you, my dear Dr T * * *, I wish to ask your opinion, in strict confidence, on a subject that has been much on my mind for some months past—that is, the idea of entering the ministry. This was first suggested to me by a friend, Mr L * * * (since dead of typhus fever); and though I did not at first think seriously about it, I have done so since. I have also asked the opinion of L * * *, and of the late Mr W * * * (our beloved pastor at Montreal), and Mr B * * * of Montreal; and now I should like to have your opinion, if you could kindly give it. I have thought seriously and prayerfully over the matter in every way, and hope I am desirous to do the will of God, and to follow only that in the way He shall direct. The great lack of ministers in the Church, my belief that the opportunities of usefulness are incomparably greater in the Church, and, if I am not deceiving myself, a desire in my heart of giving myself entirely to the Lord's service, are among some of the reasons I would allege for desiring to enter the sacred ministry. I feel my own insufficiency, but I know that God will give strength to do the work, and wisdom to the

foolish, and understanding to the ignorant, if those things be duly sought of Him in prayer. As to my means, I have sufficient to make me independent as to any expectation, in a pecuniary point of view. The question is, Should I be justified in giving up my present position in life?—*i.e.*, Are the reasons which I can give for my desire to enter the ministry so strong as to enable me to believe that, in so doing, I should be following the Lord's will? If you would kindly give me your judgment, I should be greatly obliged. And now, my dear sir, I must conclude. —With kindest remembrances to Mrs T * * * and all Christian friends in Halifax, believe me, yours affectionately and gratefully,

"M. M. H."

Most of those friends whom Captain Hammond consulted, dissuaded him from taking this step; and he abandoned the idea soon after, as we learn from the following letter:—

"KINGSTON.

"MY DEAR M * * *,—I want to tell you what I had felt, and what I now feel, with regard to my entering the Church. I am so thankful that * * * spoke to you about it, as I very much wished to have your opinion; and, since I have heard it, I am more than ever confirmed in the opinion I have come to respecting it. How graciously does God thus answer prayer, and bring about our desires in a manner the most unlooked for! You are under a wrong impression in thinking that I first thought of entering the ministry during the fatal pestilence at

Montreal, which carried off so many faithful servants and ministers of Christ. It was first pressed upon me in April last; and, being proposed to me in this manner, I felt I was in duty bound to ascertain the Lord's will in so important a matter; lest, on the one hand, I should be shrinking from my duty, as a professed servant of Christ; and lest, on the other, I should blindly follow natural impulse, and the dictates of my own fleshly mind, in opposition to the leadings of God's providence. Accordingly, I wrote to * * * and * * *, after making it a subject of earnest prayer to God. All agree in advising me to remain; so that I cannot, ought not, would not, act in opposition to the advice of so many friends—and my mind is perfectly at rest as to the course I ought to pursue. My way appears plainly marked out by God's providence, and this is all I want to know."

Almost all Maxy Hammond's letters give evidence of the one great prevailing thought ever uppermost in his mind. If that one leading idea was excluded, letter-writing was most irksome to him. He was not, indeed, a bad "general correspondent," for his kind heart prompted him to write frequently to all who had a claim on his pen; but to those to whom he could unburden himself without reserve, with whom he could compare mutual wants, seek for their prayers, ask for or offer a word of seasonable exhortation—to such his pen was a ready one. He spoke out of the abundance of his heart; he felt that "A letter timely writ is the rivet to the chains of affection—the pen flowing with love."

And of such sort are the two or three which follow:—

"To Captain P * * *.

"Toronto, *October* 30, 1847.

"My beloved Brother,—. . . . I long to hear from you about your visit to dear * * *. I am sure you must have enjoyed it. No one can be with him without feeling how good it is for one's soul to be with one who has inherited so much of his Master's spirit, and whose whole walk is so humble and so consistent. Oh, that that meekness, and love, and simple trust in God, which we observe in our fellow-men, were more imitated and more sought after by prayer to God! But, above all, it is the example of Jesus that we should continually set before us (as your friend Stellebras always insists), which alone can be effectual to the transforming our minds and renewing them according to the Divine will. Nevertheless, we may do well to observe the life of Jesus in His faithful followers, and seek to follow them, as they followed Christ. How blessed it is for us to know that Jesus is our wisdom to teach, our righteousness to justify, our sanctification to prepare us for glory, and our redemption, in whom we stand *complete!* . . . . .

"You will have seen my name in the *Gazette.* Pray for me that, with increased influence and responsibility, I may have increased light and grace, with a single eye to the glory of God, that so my promotion may be sanctified and God honoured. . . . . 'Call upon ME in the time of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me' (Psalm l. 15). God is glorified when, in a season of spiritual darkness, the believer calls upon Him.—Ever your affectionate friend, M. M. H."

To his brother E * * *.

"QUEBEC, *October* 1847.

"MY DEAR E * * *,—I often reproach myself with neglect and idleness in not writing to you; but I often, yes always, think of you and dear M * * *; and especially do I delight in pleading for you both when I present my own poor supplications to our common Lord. Nothing brings you so vividly before my eyes as when engaged in prayer; and I am sure that nothing acts so powerfully to increase our love, and strengthen the ties of natural affection. Though we cannot see, hear, or speak to one another, though we are many thousands of miles apart, yet we can pray for one another; and, in so doing, who can estimate the amount of good that we may draw down upon each other's heads. Let us think of this whenever we approach the mercy-seat. Let us ask for a rich supply of spiritual blessings, and as far as we can judge of one another's peculiar wants, trials, difficulties, and temptations, let us ask in faith that these may be bestowed upon us out of the inexhaustible treasures of our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . .

"I am here on a visit to my friend L * * *. This is a lovely place, the most beautiful in Canada, and I can assure you I have been enjoying my holidays not a little. The hill scenery is very fine, the weather has changed—cloudless skies and a refreshing air which add greatly to one's enjoyment, and produce high animal spirits. But my chief pleasure has been derived from my intercourse with L * * *, whose society I always value and delight in, more than any one I know. I look upon a real friend as one of the choicest blessings God has given us to enjoy,

and as such I would thankfully acknowledge them and receive them as His gifts. . . . .

"I fully expect and desire to remain in this country; but it may not be so appointed: all our concerns are in the hands of Him, without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground—whether therefore we remain here or go there is a matter of small moment, for all will be well if we are His, if we are abiding in Him, waiting on Him, trusting on Him, looking to Him. I pray that wherever I am sent I may have grace given me to glorify His name, by living to Him alone. O that our faith was firmer and brighter, and our love to Him more constant and self-denying! that we could always live as seeing Him who is invisible, and have a single eye to His glory in all that we do! This would be happiness indeed; of which we should know more in proportion to the closeness of our walk with Him.

"And now, my beloved brother, farewell.—Believe me, with much love, your affectionate brother,

"M. M. H."

The next letter is to a friend. After alluding to private matters, he says:—

"May you receive grace and wisdom to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things; and, by a humble and consistent walk, to shew forth the praises of Him who has called you out of darkness into His marvellous light! I daresay you will meet with trials in some shape or other, and where is the situation where there are none? But be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and He will bring you safely through all. 'Looking unto Jesus, the

Author and Finisher of your faith,' you will be enabled to hold on your way; and you will daily experience more of the peace which He giveth. But this last will be in proportion to your prayer and constant watchfulness.

"How strange that you and I should be talking together on these subjects, when we look back at ourselves a few years ago! It should fill us with thankfulness and praise to look at the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we have been digged. What maketh us to differ from what we once were? Nothing but the sovereign grace of a merciful God. Oh! let us give Him all the praise, and let us prove our gratitude by giving our whole hearts to Jesus. . . .

"We are getting on comfortably here, and a door of usefulness has been opened to us among the men. On Sunday and Wednesday evenings, we have a meeting in the school-room, for prayer and reading the Scriptures, with a few practical remarks. The meeting has averaged from thirty-five to forty, and we hope some souls will be led to Jesus by this humble means. Help us, dear brother, with your prayers. Go in the strength of Jesus; make Him your all in all—be diligent, be earnest, be watchful; seek a spirit of prayer and a close conformity to Jesus in your mind; and remember in your prayers, for Christ's sake, your affectionate friend,

"M. M. H."

After the battalion was removed from Montreal, the right wing was sent to Toronto, and the left wing, to which Maxy Hammond was soon afterwards transferred on promotion, went to Kingston. Of his usefulness at this time,

we may gather some idea from a communication furnished by a city missionary, who was at that time a private in Captain Hammond's company:—

"Captain Hammond's appearance amongst us," the writer says, "revived all those, both officers and men, who were lovers of the Saviour. An evening-school was established in the fort, where six soldiers, who could neither read nor write, made their first effort. In the course of a month the number gradually increased to fifty, and, eventually to near eighty men, none of whom were at first capable of reading the Word of God. Soon after, a proposal was made that two religious meetings should be held in the school-room every week—on Wednesday and Sunday evenings. On hearing the suggestion, Captain Hammond replied, 'Yes! it is prayer that must bring the blessing down;' and these meetings were soon afterwards established. A bugle sounded the call to the evening-school at half-past six, and the same sound was the summons to the meeting. On the first occasion, the verandah was lined with men and many officers—some of whom viewed this proceeding with significant looks—and those who were not ashamed to confess Christ before men passed on through the barrack square, thus evidencing the sincerity of their faith."

Captain Hammond's attention was next turned to the suppression of drunkenness.

"For this noble purpose," the same writer continues, "he procured competent lecturers on 'temperance,' the result of which was, that many of the men relinquished, and

never resumed the use of intoxicating beverages. In addition to this, reading-rooms were established—a supply of books procured—and prizes were given for the regular attendance of the men at the evening-schools. For all these various objects, funds were provided from Captain Hammond's purse.

"Further," the same pen continues, "the amount of spiritual good among the rich, and temporal good among the poor, effected in the parish and city by Captain Hammond, during our stay there, can only be fully known at the Great Day. Through his instrumentality the church itself, as well as the ground connected with it, was put in order, and the clergyman's house provided, and the school greatly assisted. Captain Hammond rose early, and after spending some time in private, called in his two servants to family prayer. At nine o'clock on Sabbath mornings, he went into the children's school; and, after marching his company to the garrison church, proceeded to the hospital, where he would conduct a service in some one of the wards. His influence probably had considerable effect among the men in checking desertion. Although for nineteen months within a few miles of the frontier, only one man deserted, while desertions were frequent with the men of other corps."

The love of his men, and the influence he possessed over them—of such vital importance to an officer—may be assigned, not less to the spirit that entered into all their interests and wants, difficulties, pleasures, and duties, than to his other sterling qualities. His men were constantly in his thoughts. The army was his profession, and he

regarded it as a mighty organ—as the police of the nation, the end of which was peace. It was in this light he loved to look at it; and thus viewing it, he honoured and valued the men who composed it. They were his inferiors in rank, but part of one great body, and all his sympathies were due to them. Their higher, holier interests absorbed his attention, but not to the exclusion of minor efforts for their pleasure and enjoyment. Thus he writes:—

"KINGSTON, *January* 19, 1848.

"I am going to establish a reading-room, if I can get one, for the men, in the hope of keeping some out of the canteen during the winter evenings. And I have been thinking of getting up singing among them with the same view; but this I have not yet decided upon. Idleness is the great snare of the soldier; and it is a great thing to find anything for them that will occupy and interest them at the same time. The Bible-classes continue to be well attended, and give encouragement to hope that the good seed may not be sown in vain."

And in another letter about the same date:—

"My Christmas was a very pleasant one, &c., &c. Our own men had a grand dinner of capital roast beef and mutton, with plum-pudding in abundance. I wish you could have seen the splendid decorations of some of their rooms, with all kinds of devices in fir round the walls—flags, paintings, &c.; altogether the day passed off quietly, and the poor soldiers were much pleased."

To those who were for the first time entering upon the

"new life," often in doubt, often in despondency, often in weakness, the counsel of such an one as Maxy Hammond must have been invaluable indeed. It was easy to see, in his pleasant ways, in his bright and radiant countenance, that the hope of which he spoke was no unreal, no exclusive thing, but one of which all might be partakers. And this peculiar happiness of manner had no small effect upon those who needed some stay, some encouragement in the outset of their Christian life. Such a helper was he to the writer of the annexed letter:—

"KINGSTON, CANADA, 8*th November* 1856.

. . . . "It was in 1848, when he was stationed at Kingston, that I first met with him. I had been thinking seriously, and was much impressed by the consistency of his walk and conversation. I saw in him the beauty of religion exemplified in a striking manner; and though perhaps not the direct means of my conversion, which I trace to my dear mother, and to the last verse of the first chapter of James, improved on me by the Holy Spirit, yet Captain Hammond's life had undoubtedly a great influence in strengthening my new and weak religious principles and convictions. When I had emerged from darkness into the glorious liberty of the children of God, he was the first one to whom I communicated my changed sentiments on religious subjects. He took me by the hand, encouraged me by his advice, got me installed as a teacher in St James' Sunday-school, over which he was superintendent; and several times in the week did he call at my office; and, after office hours, bring me forth to the bedside of some poor sick or dying fellow-sinner. He would occasionally

make me read the Scriptures, and he would engage in prayer; and so we went from house to house, where he was well known and welcomed. Thus he watched over me, and led me step by step, till, by God's grace, I was enabled to go and do likewise to the extent of my ability and opportunity.

"I thus look back with great thankfulness to the time when I was privileged to be with him. I thank God continually, from the depth of my heart, that He placed providentially so eminent and holy a Christian as Captain Hammond before me as my example, at a time when the Christian character is set and moulded so easily. His words 'were like fire in my soul.' I feel the benefit of them now, and shall do so till I meet him in glory. They stirred me up, and made me run in the divine life. Yet he apparently knew not their secret force. And how do we account for it? It was simply this: he was *full of faith* and the Holy Ghost who spoke by him. His words were with power. Having purged himself with the blood of Jesus, he was 'a vessel,' as the apostle says, 'meet for the Master's use.'

"In my intercourse with Christian friends, I never met with any one whose simple words were so effective. I can recollect the identical spot where we happened to be walking some seven years ago, when he gave utterance to expressions in reference to spiritual truths which are embedded in my heart and memory. The spot, when passed again, brings back with it the truth anew, with its wholesome influences, and all the associated circumstances, as though it had occurred but yesterday. The remark I have felt of most benefit to me was this: '*See that your first*

love does not decline.' When disposed to slacken my pace in the divine life, often has this rung the alarm in my ears, and roused me to wait on the Lord, that my strength might be renewed."

This was not a single instance of his value as a Christian friend. The close of the letter, though diverging from this particular point, bears so strong a testimony to Captain Hammond's life of active usefulness, that it should not be omitted :—

"The Sunday-school, however, occupied his thoughts and attention very much. He was always at his post in time early in the morning, and in all weathers, though his quarters were some three miles distant. He was an admirable teacher, and took much pains in getting missionary and other information to instruct the children in his addresses. On his leaving, the school presented him with a book and address. His visits to the poor were constant and daily; and not only did he feed them with spiritual food, but he ministered to their temporal wants of his substance. He was exceedingly liberal. Much that he did in this way was of course unknown, but from what was known, he must have distributed very largely out of his means. After he left, my mother, on visiting some poor widows, found them lamenting the loss of Captain Hammond, and stating that he had been their best friend, and had supported them. He was a *decided Christian.* He offered his Redeemer no half-hearted service. His whole life and daily walk shewed that he was one of the few in the present low estate of the Church of Christ, who presented themselves a living sacrifice to God, and considered

this a reasonable service (Rom. xii. 1). He was not conformed to this world. His views on this subject were very clear and strong. It was not with him, 'how *little* of the world can I give up in order to save my spiritual life, and attain heaven at last?' but, 'What shall I render unto the Lord in return for His love?'"

The address above mentioned, as presented by the children of the school, is as follows:—

"To Captain Hammond, Rifle Brigade.

"VERY DEAR SIR,—We, the children of the Sunday-school of St James's Church, Stuartville, have learned with great sorrow that you are to leave us.

"We would thank God, who hath in His providence sent you to us; and ascribe praise to His grace, who hath exalted you, during the last year, to be the kind teacher and guide, as well as diligent superintendent, of this Sabbath-school.

"We know Him who, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, perfects praise, who will ever lend a listening ear to the prayers even of children; and to Him will we ever pray that the Lord of all power and might will have you in His keeping, guide you, bless you, and make you a blessing.

"May we respectfully ask you to pray for us, that the seed which you have sown in our minds may take deep root, and spring up, and bear fruit plentifully, to be your future reward, and to the praise and glory of God's grace.

"Signed, on behalf of the children of the Sunday-school, GEORGE COSTER, *Stuartville, Kingston, Canada.*"

We may here add an extract from a letter from the Rev. Mr R * * *, in whose parish this school was situated:—

"Having proposed that Captain Hammond should become a Sunday-school teacher, he at once consented, though pleading his own incapacity. After a short time, his qualifications becoming so apparent, and a vacancy occurring, I requested him to take the superintendence, which he did for two years, and by his indefatigable devotedness raised the school both in numbers and quality. He, in connexion with other teachers, regularly visited absentees, and won the affections of both parents and children. His addresses to the school were marked by great simplicity, faithfulness, and affection, and were therefore very attractive and useful. We all lost much by his departure. The children threw together their mites, and presented him with a present of books. The day of presentation was a scene that did honour to all. Captain Hammond was deeply affected, while the little ones gave audible expression to their griefs in sighs which could not be restrained by the teachers, and were deeply sympathised in by the bystanders."

CHAPTER X.

Choice of Friends.

"One drachma for a good book, and a thousand talents for a true friend;
So standeth the market where scarce is ever costly."

TUPPER.

"Not with the trifler gay,
To whom life seems but sunshine on the wave;
Not with the empty idler of a day—
My lot be with the wise and grave.
With them I'd walk each day;
From them Time's solemn lessons I would learn,
That false from true, and true from false, I may
More faithfully discern."

BONAR.

THE sterling character of Captain Hammond's friendship was especially marked. He was no summer friend. Once given, his love was strong, constant, and invariable. His nature was, it is true, especially affectionate; but it was not to this alone that we may attribute that unchanging, ever-present feeling, which all his letters to his friends exhibit. It was rather, that where he saw the image of his Master reflected, however feebly, *there* he gave his whole heart at once. Hence the number of his friends; hence the many expressions of grief that followed his early removal. He would often dwell on this peculiar

bond of love that unites together the children of the Lord, and contrast it with the hollow, selfish friendship of the world. He frequently referred to the effect of this union in Christ on himself. Once he said—"Before I knew the truth, I used positively to hate * * *. I don't think I used to hate many people, but I confess I really *hated him*—I used to think him such a regular whining Methodist." And yet this very dislike subsequently gave way to a close friendship, founded upon mutual love to the Saviour. What his friends thought of him, a few letters will shew. One says:—

"His friendship I count one of the most precious blessings I have ever received from the hands of my gracious God and Father. He seemed sent, as I loved to think, in answer to the prayer of one just then led, with tottering steps, to try the pathway of light and peace.

"I first met him on the 13th October 1846, soon after my arrival at Montreal from more than a year's sick leave. He was the friend I needed, the companion precisely suited to my wants, and the yearnings of my heart. And during that first year of uninterrupted and close intercourse, I learned to admire, to esteem, and love him, as I never thought I could have loved man. Meekness and wisdom seemed traced in every line of his countenance. Truly did he walk in the light, and brightly did he reflect the light, gladdening and warming the hearts of some, and reproving sin in the consciences of others. There seemed around him an atmosphere of light, and love, and calm joy in believing. He did not hide his light. In his religion was true vitality; it was essentially active and

diffusive. The language of his heart seemed ever to be, "What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" Sweetly, irresistibly, and constantly the love of Christ constrained him. He was to be seen, not only at the sick-bed of the friend and the officer, but beside that of the soldier in the hospital, and the poor stranger. Misery, sorrow, and need of every kind, had for him attraction. Others saw his works, and blessed him, and gave glory to God; while he, in the lowliness and loveliness of unfeigned humility, was ever ready to mourn over felt, confessed unprofitableness. He did much, he loved much; but the Holy Spirit had opened to his heart such views of the love of God in Christ, that every return made seemed to him worse than nothing. And so, while more and more drawn by gratitude and love to work for God, and to aim at entire conformity to His will, in holiness of life, he brought no plea to the bar of God's justice but the atonement and the spotless righteousness of Christ. In these he rested—in these he triumphed. Oh, how he delighted to dwell upon the ever new theme—the love of Christ, and the fulness that is in Him! A remark made by a dear friend at Halifax, in reference to him, has often been felt by me in its realisation—'With grace in that heart, what a lovely Christian he would be!' Yes; a noble form, a lovely natural character, walking in the light of God's reconciled countenance. . . . .

"I have been drawn into writing more than I intended —a poor, imperfect tribute indeed. But I could not bear to send to his brother those precious extracts without adding my feeble voice to the number of those who call his memory blessed. . . . .—Yours ever sincerely,

"W. P * * *"

A second friend writes thus:—

"I have many mercies to tell of since, and one which I feel very grateful for, that, in such a time of need, the Lord should have raised up such a precious friend as Hammond. He who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, knew that a return to a mess-table, and the anniversary of dearest N * * *'s illness and death, would be trying times to me; and He therefore sent one who could fully sympathise with me, and who was, by His blessing, a great comfort to me."

A third officer adds one more testimony:—

"He (Captain Hammond) was the first to take me by the hand, when it pleased the Lord to shew me that I was walking in a road that led to death. I attribute very, very much to dear Hammond as the instrument to my being enabled to cast away every weight, and the pursuits and pleasures which, if partaken of, are liable to choke the good seed. Thus, by making a clear stand, with the affectionate and anxious prayers and entreaties of beloved Maxy, another brand was plucked from the burning, and I thus spared to be another witness to his holy example, his unwearied zeal in the desire to benefit his fellow-men."

All these friends bear witness to the consistent reality and earnest activity of his life. His light was not hid under a bushel. Men saw his good works, and how he glorified his Father in heaven. These letters shew how his friends regarded him. Upon what grounds he himself sought and found intimate ties, the next letter to his brother will shew:—

"My dear H * * *,—It is a good thing to find out and get acquainted with religious people wherever one goes. I hope I shall never forget the advice of a good man, a clergyman in this country, who died this summer of emigrant fever. When I was leaving Montreal, 'Be sure,' he said, 'you lose no time in finding out the good people wherever you go.' I hope I shall always act upon this advice, as I am convinced that, next to the Bible and the instructions from the pulpit, nothing is so good for one as the society of real Christians. God has graciously made this provision for our wants, and so ordered it that we mutually receive and communicate good to one another. And as we are commanded to separate from the society of an ungodly world, we are thus graciously permitted to enjoy the pleasures of society and companionship with those who love the Lord. Nothing struck me more forcibly when my own mind was directed to seek the one thing needful, than the difference between the friendship of the world and that friendship founded on Christian principles, proceeding from our common union in the faith of Jesus. What has become of all those who professed friendship in the days of worldly gaiety and dissipation? Their friendship is like the wind—hollow, empty, and passing away; while that of Christians never fails, and neither time nor distance ever obliterates it. Every day shews me the necessity of making the line of separation between the world and the disciple of Jesus more clear and decided. And while in the estimation of many, one may be set down as morose and unsociable, and over-precise, I am satisfied that every step towards worldly compliance is a step in the wrong direction, and a step

towards the loss of that peace which is the result of keeping the conscience void of offence, and which is the only thing really worth possessing. The opinion of the world is but a light matter, and the friendship of the world is enmity with God. All that is in the world is not of the Father, but is of the world. We cannot do both—serve God and the world together; Christ has declared it to be an impossibility. If you should seek as your friends and companions those who are religious, doubtless you will find some, though their number may be few, and they will be despised by the thoughtless around them; but if you make friends of such, you will find that their friendship is genuine and lasting.

"What I want myself, and what we all want, is more of the love of Christ in the heart. This would make us out of love with the world, and we should then esteem all else but that which is connected with God and eternal things as beneath our proper regard. I am ashamed at feeling so little desire to live for God. When I ask myself, What am I doing, or trying to do, for Him? the answer is, 'Nothing.' Instead of earnestly labouring for others, I am content to sit down selfish and unconcerned, so as I can only feed my own soul. But this is not the spirit of Him who pleased not Himself, and whose meat and drink it was to do the will of His Father.

"I hope you are going on, dear H * * *, in the right way. 'Follow on to know the Lord,' and in 'the knowledge and love of God and of Jesus Christ our Lord.' For my own part, I have often to bewail, with shame and sorrow, that I have backslidden rather than advanced, and often does my ungrateful heart seem altogether to have left its

first love. God will have us to know that our spiritual life is a constant uninterrupted conflict against the powers of darkness and the corruptions of our naturally depraved hearts. He will have us to learn, by sad experience, that without Christ we can do nothing; that our only strength lies in His grace, and that we can only be preserved from falling by constant watching, waiting, praying, and looking at Him. The eye of faith once taken away from Christ, and, like Peter, we shall sink in the waves of temptation. Oh! may we ever look to Him. 'Abide in me,' says Jesus, 'and I in you; so shall ye have much fruit.' Are we abiding in Jesus, and what fruit are we bearing? And now, dear H * * *, good-bye. What subject should we delight to write about and to speak upon so much as 'the things that belong to our eternal peace.' God bless you, dear H * * *. Pray for your affectionate brother, M. M. H."

So he speaks of the blessing of Christian friendship, in a letter to Captain D * * *:—

"*April* 3, 1851.

"Is not the superiority of Christian friendship made to appear in this respect, that it is permanent, while the friendship of the world is transient and uncertain. As members of the same family, we feel that we have all things in common—the same desires, feelings, hopes, joys, temptations; therefore, there is perfect sympathy between all the members of the body."

And so again, in one of his last letters written on his way out to the Crimea:—

"One of the passengers, an invalid lady, is a true Christian, and I look forward to much comfort in her companionship. There is a peculiar pleasure in meeting with a servant of Christ unexpectedly."

And, writing again from Malta, he says:—

"Mr H * * * preached in his usually earnest and striking style. I spent half an hour afterwards with those dear people, and felt what I have often done before—what a depth and warmth there is in Christian friendship which we look in vain for in the world. . . . You may imagine also how much I miss Mrs * * * (a passenger who left them at Malta). To her I could speak of *home*, besides the sympathy we had in spiritual things. Don't you think we ought to look on these unexpected meetings with fellow-Christians, to strengthen and comfort our hearts in times of trial, as special proofs of our heavenly Father's love?"

The motives from whence his friendship sprung extended beyond persons—to places. At Halifax his new life began, and he always spoke of that town with the warmest affection. Writing two years afterwards, in September 1848, to one of his friends there, he says:—

"It is long since I, or any of us, have heard from Halifax. We seem almost to have lost sight of that ever memorable place. But I hope I shall never, as long as I have the breath of life, forget to plead for that place where, as I humbly trust, 'I was born;' and for those kind brethren and sisters to whose love, and counsel, and spiritual existence I owe so much, as the instruments, in

the hand of God, by whom I believed. I love to look back on those blessed days of peace and great joy, of bright hope and heavenly desires, which a God of love gave me to taste on first setting out on the journey homewards. Alas! when I look within, what cause is there for humiliation, sorrow, and self-abasement! . . . Pardon me for writing thus about myself; Halifax so brings back to me the remembrance of the past, that I could not forbear. And oh! may it be said of many souls, as I humbly trust and earnestly pray that it may be said of me, and many others, in that day when the Lord Jesus makes up His jewels, 'Lo, this and that man was born there!'"

In a letter recently quoted, the writer goes on to say:—

"When Captain Hammond was at Kingston, I think he came out most in striving to do what he could for the poor of the town. I remember hearing much of his work from the mouths of many of those who were afflicted, and on whom he spent so much of his time. I have always heard the most delightful expressions of their love for him. Many interesting cases he left for us to look after. One, in particular, I must give you before I conclude. A sweet little girl named Angelina, one of his class in the Sunday-school, was taken ill, and went into a slow consumption. Maxy attended this sweet little patient almost daily; striving to lead the mind of the little sufferer to that Saviour who was waiting to hear her first prayer for pardon and reconciliation through His blood. By little and little the light dawned in upon her soul; and through the instrumentality of our beloved Maxy, with the assistance

of the blessed Spirit, that little one was brought into the fold of Christ. But this was not all; Angelina's father, during her illness, was attacked with dropsy, and endured the most intense suffering. He could not but hear the admonitions and messages of love which Maxy Hammond almost daily gave to his little daughter, and from his own lips he told me that those words addressed to his dying daughter, were the means used to lead him to the same blessed Saviour. He died full of faith; and thus *two* of one family, through Maxy's instrumentality, are now joining him in ascribing praise and glory to Him who had loved them, saved them, and now glorified them."

"He also" (writes Dr M * * *) "took a very warm interest in a poor lad of the name of Fitzgibbon; and was most attentive to him when on his death-bed. He was, I believe, a pupil in the Sunday-school; and his religious impressions, I think it probable, were first received from our dear friend Captain Hammond. I have heard a pious carpenter speak with much affection of his humility in stopping to speak to him when walking with other officers."

CHAPTER XI.

Sympathy.

"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."
—PROVERBS xxvii. 19.

CAPTAIN Hammond's attempts as a public speaker, when special occasions called him into a position very foreign to his modest and retiring disposition, are referred to in the succeeding letters.

"I believe his first attempt at public speaking was made at a meeting for our Church Society. We had resolved to visit during the winter some of our backwood parishes. It was with some difficulty that I persuaded him to make the first attempt. That was so successful, however, that, having arrived at a village twenty-five miles from this, at the meeting held in the church, he again spoke. On our return, he was induced to take the chair at the anniversary of our association in connexion with the Religious Tract Society. Few would have believed how recently he had become, in any sense, a public man. His presiding on that occasion was marked by a dignified self-composure; and when he opened the business of the evening, his language was so appropriate and so fluent, that none

could have imagined their chairman to have been an orator of a week old."

Allusion is also made to Captain Hammond's successful essays on the platform, in a letter dated January 8, 1856:—

"Captain Hammond," the writer says, "was an active member of the Committee of the Auxiliary Bible and Tract Society of Kingston; and he appeared on the platform, at their anniversary meetings, to advocate their claims upon public support and sympathy. He, with a most zealous follower of Christ—Dr M * * *—were, if I remember right, the efficient instruments in resuscitating these societies, which, before then, were comparatively lifeless. He also attended the public meetings of the Church Society in its parochial associations. Wherever he appeared, his speeches were marked for manliness, fluency, and, above all, spirituality of tone and sentiment. He had the gift of speaking in public with freedom and ease—from which, and his devotion to the cause of Christ, many thought that his talents were eminently suited for the ministry of the gospel."

He himself passingly refers to his own feelings on those occasions, in a note from Kingston, February 14, 1848:—

"We get plenty of excellent tracts and books from the Religious Tract Society, of which there is a depository here. The branch society of Kingston has, however, been almost *dead* for the last fourteen years. They have this year been making an effort to revive it. A committee

has been formed, and a public meeting held for the purpose of re-forming it. What do you think of my having had to second a resolution, and make a speech from the platform? Fancy if you could have been there to have heard it! The speech was short, and the speaker's trepidation very painful. We cannot tell, until the collections have been made, how far this effort will succeed; but we trust something may be done—and the object is a very important one—for this society is the only channel through which sound religious publications are brought amongst the people in these backwoods of Canada." . . . .

The letter concludes:—

"I told you of the illness of my friend, Mr Rogers. He is slowly recovering, but not yet able to leave his bed. Poor man! no sooner are the anxieties for his own life concluded, than he is called upon to resign a dear child into the hands of his heavenly Father. The eldest daughter, a lovely girl, caught the scarlet fever, and died after nine days' illness. She was the sweetest child I ever knew, and when I went to call there, she used to meet me with as much affection and delight as if I had been her own brother. But, besides her liveliness of natural disposition, she was evidently a true lamb of Christ's flock, and, young as she was, she had given decided evidence of having received the grace of God into her heart; so that she did not fear to die, but was enabled to believe that Jesus would receive her to Himself. Is it not beautiful to witness a living example of that truth, that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He has ordained strength?"

Like Him who was "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and to whose image Captain Hammond strove to be conformed, he too, in reality, entered into the cares and sorrows of his brethren in Christ. Sympathy was strongly implanted in his nature. Even in the little concerns of daily life he entered readily and heartily into the hopes, pleasures, and wishes of others. He thought no matter too little for an exercise of his affection; and speaking once to a brother, he seriously censured him for being "absent;" saying that nothing chilled people so much as not gaining another's attention, and that few qualities were more productive of influence than the power of real sympathy. Of him it might justly be said that—

"Toujours vivant dans autrui,
Jamais l'Amitié sur la terre
N'eut un plus digne sanctuaire:
Jamais le Malheur n'eut un plus ferme appui."

Guided by such a motive in minor matters, when real sorrow came his heart was touched with the keenest and most genuine feeling, and perhaps it would not be easy to find a more touching expression of genuine sympathy, than that which is breathed throughout a letter written to a friend on the death of a mother, dated Kingston, July 14, 1848. After referring to the accidental way in which the intelligence had reached him, and to his apparent neglect, he says:—

"It would have been cruel indeed not to have sent some expression, however insufficient, of my sympathy for you and your bereaved father and sisters. But what shall I say, what *can* I say? Alas! words are not equal to bind

up the broken heart. We turn in vain to any creature to supply such a gap as that which your family has now to mourn over. Next to a husband or wife, that of a mother to her children is the dearest of all natural ties. Who can supply her place when she is gone? Whose heart yearns so tenderly towards those who are, as it were, part and parcel of her very being—bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh? Whither, then, my beloved brother, can I look with you for consolation in your distress? We must look up to where she is gone before, beyond the world's horizon, to the realms of bliss, where her redeemed soul is now enjoying the fruition of hope; and forward to the day when we also shall see Jesus eye to eye; and, in company with the spirits of the just made perfect, shall unite in the song of praise to Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. We walk by faith and not by sight. The dispensations of our heavenly Father may appear dark and strange to our feeble faith now; the way by which He leads us to the heavenly Canaan is strewed with trials, afflictions, bereavements, losses, sickness, sorrows, and heavinesses; but we shall see hereafter (and in some slight degree we see it even now) how necessary it was for us that we should have passed this way. We must pass through much tribulation; but how light will it appear when we enter into the kingdom of glory! Weeping may endure for a night, but not always—great joy is coming in the morning of the everlasting day. Here, we are too ready to look to creature comforters; there, God will wipe away all tears from our eyes. I feel assured that you will have found Him to have been, and still to be, a very present help in this your time of need.

"I know not how I can better minister to you in your sorrow, than by trying to commend you and yours to Him who wept with Lazarus' friends. Jesus was emphatically the man of sorrows. He drank the cup of grief to the very dregs. You may not find any fellow-creature to enter into the depth of your heart bitterness, but He knows all. He has a fellow-feeling as man—as God-man. He is afflicted in your afflictions. You are members of His body. Does not the head sympathise with the smallest of its own members? Surely He does, for 'he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit.' My prayer for you is, that you may know Him at this time as your comfort, whence you may draw consolation and grace suited to your necessity; that you may so set your affections on the things which are above at His right hand, that present affliction may appear as light when compared with that eternal weight of glory; that you may be enabled to trust Him as a faithful covenant God, in the darkest and most trying hour; and that you may be purified, and rendered more like Him whose name you bear. But, alas, my prayers! How unable am I to pray even for myself, much less for others! I rather need your prayers. Our great High Priest has your name upon His breastplate of love. He knows all your wants, and, doubtless, He will supply all your need, according to the riches of His grace. He delights in dispensing His richest blessings to poor sinners of mankind. To those who come to Him empty, He says, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it;' 'Prove me now, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour down a blessing upon thee, that there will not be room to contain it.' If we only could take Him at His word, how doubly

happy should we be in His service! What is not He to His people? As some one truly remarks, He calls Himself 'I am.' What does any or all require? I am everything. Are you in sorrow? He is the God of all comfort. Are you in grief? He healeth the broken-hearted, and bindeth up their griefs. Are you sorrowing over the grave of a dear relative? He is the husband, father, friend, and brother of His people. His love far exceeds that of a mother to her sucking-child. May He be precious to your soul in this season of trial! May the eternal God be your refuge, and underneath the everlasting arms of His love, to support, strengthen, comfort, and revive you!

"I hope you may be able to send me some more particular account of your dear mother's last illness and death. How blessed to the mourner's heart to have a bright hope of the departed one! To be able to look to the testimony of a life, as well as that of a dying bed, as an evidence of the preparedness of the soul to enter into the presence of God, such has been your happiness in parting from one so dear as your mother. What a sweet ingredient is this in the otherwise bitter cup! You need not sorrow as those who have no hope, for 'if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, those also who sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him.' 'Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and shall not tarry!' In how short a time who can tell? Each month, week, day, hour is lessening the distance between us and our Father's house. 'Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.' A few more years, or perhaps only weeks, of conflict and struggle with sin and Satan; a little more endurance of the burden

and heat of the day; and then farewell, an everlasting farewell, to sin and its accompaniments—pain and sorrow. Oh! may we be stirred up by the warnings of God's afflictive dispensations to make our calling and election sure; and may we be more in earnest in following them, who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises, as they followed Christ; considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' How needful are all these trials to keep us in remembrance of our stranger and pilgrim condition here, and to teach us to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, from which neither death nor life can separate us!

"I trust you have been enabled, not only to submit to the will of God, but to acquiesce in it from a conviction that He doeth all things well. That you can not only say, 'His will be done,' but can also add with Job, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' 'Now, we know in part' only; we do not know the reason for all that befalls. But that day is at hand when we shall know even as we are known; when we shall bless His name for every stroke of His rod, for every dark and trying hour. And, besides this, when the corn is ripe, must it not be gathered? Ought not the Husbandman to lay it up in His barn? Is there not matter of thanksgiving that a beloved object is beyond the reach of sin, and all the misery that is in the world—'taken away from the evil to come?' We could not wish one of those clothed in white robes, who have 'come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,' *back* again to this world, which lieth in wickedness. Death is gain,

indeed, to the child of God. 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is.'

"What a heavy blow this will be to all your family! Your poor father! None but a husband, as he was, can conceive the depth of the wound caused by the taking down of half the tabernacle. Your sisters, too, how much will they feel the loss of her who was their guide and counsellor! How graciously your return home seems to have been ordered, as though you were sent by the Great Shepherd to cheer your beloved mother in the passage through the dark valley! How great must have been your grief, in coming home, to find her so ill; and how thankful must you have been to have been permitted the great privilege of seeing her once more in the land of the living; and, perhaps, of administering to her temporal and spiritual comforts, for Christ's sake!

"But I must draw my letter to a close. I fear my attempt to speak a word in season, in your affliction, will avail but little. Man cannot comfort his brother in sorrow. But Jesus, if He will, may use the feeblest and most unworthy for this purpose. May He speak to your heart, and pour in the balm and oil of His own grace! May He manifest Himself to you as He does not to the world! May He cheer you with the light of His countenance! May He direct your mind to that blessed hope of everlasting life which is before you! And may He enable you to press forward, with renewed vigour, to the obtaining of the prize of your high calling!

"I will write to you again soon, but I do not feel inclined to go on to other subjects now. Remember me in

your prayers, and believe me to be your affectionate friend in the bonds of Jesus Christ,

"M. M. HAMMOND."

At a later period of his life, when his own happiness seemed to be complete in his marriage, and he is writing to a friend, herself a mourner, the power of sympathy, to which we have been referring, springs up, as it were, from the deep fountains of his own joy. Instantly he sees reflected there the widow's sorrow, and he places himself in her place:—

"Do accept our united thanks for your good wishes, for I know the kind of things that you desire for us—even spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. These will outlive the earthly union. For those who are united to Jesus will sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb; and the union begun on earth will be perfected and perpetuated at that great and glorious day of our Lord's appearing. For that day *you* are, doubtless, waiting and longing. The sweet thought of a reunion, at no distant day, with the dearest of all earthly objects, must many a time have afforded a balm to your fainting and sorrowing spirit. I daresay you are familiar with the beautiful lines of Edmonstone's :—

"'The love that seems forsaken
When friends by death depart,
In heaven again shall waken,
And repossess the heart.'"

CHAPTER XII.

Fervent in Spirit.

"Oh! happy rest, if once the race were run!
Oh! blessed slumbers, if the fight were won!
Dreams that were sweet at eve, at noon were sin,
With foes to conquer and a goal to win."

OXFORD PRIZE POEM.

THE year 1848 is fresh in our recollections as ushered in with clouds charged with revolution and disaster to so many states of Europe, while in our own favoured land their shadow was scarcely cast. Canada, too, remained comparatively quiet. But in all countries the political horizon looked gloomy and doubtful. Of those who thought at all, there were doubtless many who discovered in those signs of the times, in those "wars and rumours of wars, and distress of nations," matter for deep and solemn speculation. The next letter is dated Kingston, May 2, 1848.

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—Our English mail came in yesterday. Your letters were full of interest to me, as I wished much to hear your views of the state of affairs in Britain and Europe, and the account you give me is indeed appalling. But while we tremble in looking to the things

which are coming on the earth, how thankful should we be that God has blessed our nation with comparative peace! I trust that, as a people, we shall be preserved from following the godless example of other nations, and that we shall never forget that our safety and strength lies in humble dependence on Jehovah's arm. It is very remarkable that the ten horns in Rev. xiii. 1, which represent the governing powers in Europe, are first described as having ten crowns upon them, while the next time we read of them, in Rev. xvii. 15–17, we meet with the same ten horns, but without the crowns, as if the reins of government had passed from the monarchy into the hands of the people. Is not this a remarkable fact in connexion with the signs of the times in which we live? Already some of the crowns have been taken away, and it seems probable that many others will follow ere long.

"As yet there are no signs of any sympathetic movement among the French Canadians of the Lower Province, and up to this time there seems no cause for apprehension as regards them. They are bigoted Roman Catholics, but they enjoy greater religious liberty than the Papists in Ireland. I believe they are a quiet and respectable people, though inheriting the excitable temperament of their forefathers; so that until a Papineau, or some other kindred spirit, excites them to rebellion, there is no reason to fear. I suspect they have not forgotten the lesson they learned when they failed in their last attempt.

"But in the midst of these 'wars and rumours of wars,' and perplexities and distress of nations, how comforting it is to know that 'all things shall work together for good to them that love God;' for 'the very' hairs of the children's

heads are all 'numbered.' So that, come what may, if we belong to Christ we need not be anxious about the result; for we are assured that all things will be overruled for His glory, and the final blessedness of His Church; while as individuals we can safely commit the keeping of our souls to Him as unto a faithful Creator. . . .

"What better things can I wish for you all than that each succeeding year may be bringing us nearer to that blessed inheritance where, through the merits of our Redeemer, I pray we may all at length meet to go out no more. In this sense the day of our death will be far more blessed than the day of our birth, for that will be our birthday to life eternal.—With love to all, ever your affectionate, M. M. H."

In another letter—

"If we are in Jesus, we may in the midst of storms lift up our head, for our redemption draweth nigh. Who can tell when the storm is to burst that is hanging now over all Europe? But Jesus holds it in His hands. He is King of kings and Lord of lords, and not one grain of His wheat shall fall to the ground. The day of vengeance to His enemies is also 'the year of His redeemed'—'to the one a savour of death unto death, to the other a savour of life unto life.'"

And so again, rather later, the political condition of Europe leads him to advert in general terms to the study of prophecy:—

"KINGSTON, *February* 6, 1849.

"MY DEAR E * * *,—I have lately been reading a

work that struck me much on the subject of the second advent, 'Prophetical Landmarks,' by Bonar. Have you met with it? His argument is very powerful, and his proofs from Scripture very striking. I have been very sceptical on that subject, but I feel much shaken by what Bonar advances. The subject is one of the deepest importance to individual Christians and to the Church at large; and certainly demands one's attention, especially now that the signs of the times seem to portend some mightier convulsion than any that has yet taken place. The great difficulty in the study of unfulfilled prophecy seems to be, to distinguish between what is figurative and what is literal. If this could be satisfactorily determined, it would be comparatively easy to trace the great outlines and leading features of prophetic interpretation."

Very few who have read these letters thus far can doubt that Captain Hammond enjoyed a full assurance of hope; he knew on whom he had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to *keep* that which he had committed unto Him. He rejoiced to feel that he was included in that most precious prayer, "Father, I *will* that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am." And yet he felt not the less strongly the infirmity of our nature. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," was a thought that, constantly present, served to give to him that humble lowly spirit that so especially adorned him; and thus he writes:—

"KINGSTON, *October* 4, 1848.

"MY DEAR J * * *,—. . . . I often think of the sepa-

ration of the little flock which used to meet together in Jesus' name the winter before last. You and * * * are the only two remaining in Montreal. Some are gone to their rest; while some, alas! like Demas, have forsaken us, having loved the present world. May we be warned by these! The greater number are, I trust, treading the narrow path that leadeth to eternal life. Amongst these last, dear J * * *, you and I are, I would humbly trust, still to be found. May we have grace given to us to walk worthy of our high and holy calling; that so 'being faithful to the end, we may receive a crown of glory' in the day of the Lord! . . . .

"Have you called on the * * * yet? You may speak without reserve on the subject of religion; they are a family growing in grace, one and all. I hope you will get intimate with them. . . . .

"It was a great treat to get a peep at you on our way down. How blessed a thing it is that each succeeding meeting and parting is bringing us nearer toward that time when we shall 'go out no more!' But with these carnal and earth-bound hearts, how seldom it is that we can rejoice in anticipation of so glorious a prospect. Alas! it is too true that the cares and riches and pleasures of the world choke the good seed, so that it becomes unfruitful. And we find, from our continual proneness to depart from God and to return to the beggarly elements of the world, that, in order to our being kept from falling, there must be an everyday renewal of the work of grace within us: reanointing of the Spirit; re-baptisms; re-conversions; with the necessity of again and again applying to the blood of Jesus for cleansing from fresh contracted guilt. May we

then not only give earnest diligence to make our calling and election sure, by constant persevering prayer, but may we be also faithful to one another, to assist one another, and 'so much the more as we see the day approaching!' How ready should we be to do this, if our own walk was close with Jesus, and our hearts were in tune to proclaim the praises of redeeming love; and if our own experience could testify more fully to the preciousness and all-sufficiency of Jesus. I feel, for my own part, that I have been easily content to make as low as possible a standard of religion, so long as I might but just be within the walls of the city of refuge. I hardly know when I am to awaken out of this sleep; so fearful is my unbelieving heart, so ungrateful am I, and so little desirous of seeking only the praise that cometh from God. It is well, indeed, for us that salvation is altogether of grace, else how would our little love, when so much has been forgiven, testify against us? Let us, then, strive more than ever to walk as becomes the disciples of Jesus; let us not be ashamed to be known in that character; let us desire to be known under none other; for assuredly, if we honour God, He will honour us. And now as the time is at hand for our meeting with the men, I must conclude this hurried letter. God bless you, dear J * * *."—Ever your affectionate,

"M. M. H."

Of the necessity of daily renewal, Maxy Hammond writes again in the Commentary to the Ephesians before quoted:—

"Religion consists not merely in outward morality and blamelessness of life, for this may be the natural result of

mere amiability of character, or the effect of education. There must be a *renewal of the mind*—a desire after and love of holiness—a hatred of evil—a deadness to the world—a longing after the things that are unseen and eternal. In like manner Paul wrote to the Romans (chap. xii. 2), not merely that they were not to be conformed to the world, but that they were to be transformed by the renewing of their minds. I may be professedly a follower of Christ, be free from outward grosser sins—I may have separated myself from worldly amusements, worldly company—and yet all the time be worldly, covetous, ambitious, vain, and selfish. Oh! how deeply do I need to put up the prayer, 'Renew my will from day to day!' The Holy Spirit must constantly renew and cleanse it, or it will become as a garden overgrown with weeds. I ought, then, constantly to watch and pray—to give all diligence, that my spirit may be renewed day by day, and more entirely conformed to the image and likeness of my Saviour; that so, while living in the world, I may not be of it; and while surrounded by the things that would draw my heart from Jesus, I may be renewed more and more in the spirit of my mind, and thus 'shew forth the praises' of Him 'who hath called me out of darkness into His marvellous light.'"

In the same spirit he writes again, about a year later, to the same friend:—

"KINGSTON, *April* 2, 1849.

. . . . "How much we need to exhort one another, as well as to watch diligently and pray earnestly, lest we grow lukewarm towards our blessed Redeemer, and lest

we get faint and weary in doing His will. Let us seek after Paul's spirit and his fixed resolve, when he determined to forget the things that were behind, and to reach forward to those things which were before, and thus to press, with all earnestness, towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. I think I am discovering, more deeply every day, the hidden springs of iniquity within. What pride, what self-indulgence lurks in the secret recesses of the heart! insinuating themselves into every action, and setting themselves in opposition to God. Oh! to drink into the Spirit of Jesus. To learn of Him who was meek and lowly of heart—who pleased not Himself—who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister—who emptied Himself, and took upon Him the form of a servant—and who washed the feet of His disciples, leaving us an example that we should be followers of His great humility."

Then, again, from Kingston, November 25, 1848:—

"My dear J * * *,—When next you take pen in hand, let there be something in the shape of admonition, that may set me to a deeper search into my heart, and less of those 'pattings on the back,' with which, in your excessive charity, you are so ready to bolster up your friend. I hope that by this time the Saturday-evenings are once more established, not only for the good they are calculated to do to the souls of those who attend them, but as a rallying-point round which the soldiers of Jesus may gather, and set up their banner in the name of the Great Captain of their salvation. If, as you say, there

are many who are decided, surely there would be no difficulty in getting them together, as we used to in former times. The only thing that needs to be done, is for some one to start it. The effort needs only to be made in the name of the Lord Jesus, and you will assuredly find that all difficulties will then disappear.

"I am truly glad that you found your Sunday school in a satisfactory state. You were sent out to them just in time to prevent them from being scattered. You will find the work increasingly interesting. If we knew how to take a proper view of it, we should enter heart and soul into the work. Consider the privilege the great and good Shepherd confers on us—that of feeding His lambs. 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.' Consider the end in view—gathering in souls to Jesus, training up souls for God, polishing the pearls that will adorn the Redeemer's crown—and consider the certainty of success; 'My word shall not return to me void.' 'Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it (it may be) after many days.' Remember it is not us, but God that worketh for us. It is 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit,' that the name of Jesus is magnified, and His strength will be made perfect in weakness. Therefore has He 'ordained strength out of the mouth of babes and sucklings'—that the excellency of the power may appear to be of God, and not of man—that He may get all the glory. Let these considerations, then, animate and encourage you in the trying work

of teaching children. Not that I bring them forward as anything you do not feel; but, by way of remembrance, I would seek to 'stir up the gift of God that is in you,' and call forth from your heart some of those thoughts and feelings which are calculated to encourage and animate you in doing the will of God. If we are to look for success in our Sabbath-school work, the spirit of prayer, patience, and entire dependence on the will of God, must be in constant and active exercise.

"So far from your system being a bad one, I think it is exceedingly good; a regular course of instruction is, I think, desirable, as they learn little in taking scattered lessons in all parts of the Bible. If I was beginning in a school, I think I should take a lesson from the Old and New Testament alternately—beginning at Genesis and Luke, and going through the leading histories and incidents in the Old Testament, omitting those of less consequence —always explaining the Old Testament by the New, unlocking it by the gospel key. Have you any singing? If not, you would find it an excellent thing to introduce; the children delight in it, and it is useful to accustom them to congregational singing.

"What a solemn warning is poor * * *'s case to us; how loudly it sounds in our ears to 'come out and be separate,' and to beware of 'touching the unclean thing!' Alas! that we should love that world which hated and crucified Jesus—that we should seek its friendship, which we know to be enmity against God. Such, however, are our hearts—so prone to earth that nothing short of His grace who has overcame the world can wean and deliver us from its dangerous elements.

"I have seen very little of * * * lately. He still affects to wear the infidel mask. I am constrained to think it is merely a pretext for living an ungodly life. The work of God appears at a stand-still among the men, and there are none to come out as champions for the truth. But we 'plough in hope,' and wait in prayer for the former and latter rain. Help us with yours also. Oh! that our eye were single to God's glory; and our faith in the power, willingness, and all-sufficiency of Jesus unwavering. Let us pray earnestly that the winter may prove a season of showers of blessings from the presence of the Lord, both on our own souls and on the souls of others. Let us look to Jesus, to 'work in us both to will and to do;' and in His strength, relying on His faithfulness, and resting on the promises, let us expect great things.

"Wherefore has He redeemed us? That He might purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Why has He called us out of darkness into His marvellous light; but that we should shew forth His praises who has done so great things for us? For what has He bought us with the price of His own life's blood; if it was not that we should give ourselves, and all belonging to us, to Him as His purchased property? Let us think, then, often seriously of our high and holy calling; children of God, disciples of Christ, lights in the world, purchased men, a 'peculiar people,' a 'royal priesthood,' a 'chosen generation;' and then remember that, as the Father hath sent Him into the world, He hath sent His chosen ones to be His witnesses, His representatives upon the earth. Oh, then, let us desire to be known in no other character than as His disciples; let us be con-

tent to be despised for Him, and that we may be enabled to glorify Him; let us watch unto prayer, constant prayer, secret, earnest prayer, at all times, and under all circumstances! This it is that alone makes effectual and compacts together our Christian armour; without it, the enemy finds many a chink in which to thrust his darts. Do not suppose that I need not myself the same urgent exhortations as I seem to press upon you. My very pen accuses me of many shortcomings, and backslidings, and inconsistencies; but I would not be silent concerning duty, because of my failure in it.

"And now, my brother, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace. Keep near to Jesus, abide in Him, so shall you bring forth much fruit.—Ever your affectionate, M. M. H."

"*P.S.*—Have you been out to the French Canadian Missionary Institute? I am trying to raise something for them at home. M. M. H."

This last letter, as well as several which follow, all written in 1848, while they continue to shew the free run of his pen upon the one dominant thought of his mind, give us as well a considerable insight into the feelings with which he regarded his own inner life.

"KINGSTON, *October* 3, 1848.

"MY DEAR * * *,—I think my desires are less for the things of this world, and that it is my earnest wish to become daily more conformed to Jesus in heart and life. The language of my heart is, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that can be

desired beside thee;' although, alas! when it comes to practice, I fall miserably short. The service of Jesus is indeed a happy one; and I find that my enjoyment of it is proportioned to the spirituality of my life, and that in this way diligence in the performance of my duties is inseparably linked with the peace of my soul. I have been endeavouring to live more in the spirit of prayer, under a more habitual sense of God's presence, and the nearness of eternity. What I want is more humility and brokenness of spirit, a deeper sense of sin. I feel I do not hate sin, or strive against it as I ought. I am too little affected with the love of Christ, without which sin cannot be truly atoned for, or the soul humbled.

"My daily habits are these:—Up about seven; prayer with my servant at a quarter to eight; breakfast at eight; reading Bible and prayer till ten; parade, ten till eleven; read or write till two or three, with prayer for family and friends during this time; out of doors till dusk; reading and prayer before mess; mess till half-past eight; read till eleven; prayer and to bed about half-past eleven. With regard to society, I know only a few. I have determined not to mix with worldly people more than I am obliged.

"On Saturday we have our little meetings in my room, and on Wednesday, also, we have prayer together, more especially for the regiment, and the efforts made for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers, and also for our own Christian friends and families. On Wednesday and Sunday evenings, too, we have our meetings in the schoolroom, which, through the goodness of God, have hitherto been full to overflowing. Last Sunday there were forty-

four men besides ourselves, and women, and children. On Sunday, also, I go to the hospital after church, and have the men in for prayer, &c. At present we are reading the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with some explanations, and plain words, and turning to the Scripture references. We have also got some religious books in circulation among the men, and the Society distribute tracts in the barrack-room every Sunday; so that by these means, humble though they be, we trust that, by the blessing of God, some precious souls will be won to Christ. If only one sinner be turned to God from his evil way, who can estimate the riches of such a reward?

"I tell you all these things, that you may know what we are about, and help us with your prayer to God for His blessing on this work in this corner of His vineyard. I bless the Lord that I am *very, very* happy, and, through His wonderful love, am kept in the enjoyment of a quiet, settled peace, which, though at times ruffled and disturbed by daily trials and conflicts with sin, is, indeed, unspeakably precious. My own sinfulness and unfruitfulness is the only cause of any depression of spirit; and this I need, to keep me humble and self-abased, and to break my proud spirit. And surely, of all people, a Christian ought to be the most happy, since 'all things are theirs, and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' Let us give Him our whole hearts, bodies, souls, and spirits, to be His, and His only. Let it be Christ for us to live, and it will be our unspeakable gain to die, for we shall depart to be with Him. His love to us is an everlasting, unchangeable love, and who shall separate us from it?

"I cannot agree with you in thinking that the soul

sleeps till the day of judgment. Scripture speaks most fully and clearly to the contrary. I refer you to the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; the thief on the cross; Judas Iscariot, Acts i. 25; Stephen, Acts vii. 59—'Receive my spirit;' Paul, 2 Cor. v. 6, 8, and Phil. i. 23; and David, Ps. xlix. 15, with many other passages that might be quoted. The idea that the soul will not be at once admitted into the fulness of glory, when it leaves the body of sin and death, might give rise to many fears and uncertain doubts on a death-bed; and therefore I think it important that we should see daily what Scripture unfolds concerning it. I cannot doubt of its immediate flight to its own place."

The next letter is dated November 1848.

. . . . "F * * * and I are engaged in tract distribution; we have now been nine months at it, going round once a-week to the houses of the villages close by. On the whole, we meet with much to encourage, and in many places the people receive the word gladly. The whole of the town of Kingston, and the environs, is supplied in this manner with tracts through the Society. . . .

"I am now very much interested in 'Keith's Prophecies.' No subject is so calculated to *confirm* me in the truth of God, and also to encourage me to hope in the fulfilment of all His promises; for surely not one word has failed of all He has spoken; not one word will fail with regard to the future glory of the Church; neither will one word fail with regard to our own souls, since they were covenant promises—all, yea and amen, in Christ Jesus. How comforting is the thought, in the midst of the conflict, to

know that Jesus is engaged to carry us through them all, and that He will not suffer a hair of our heads to be touched, for the saints are 'preserved in Jesus Christ'—their 'life is hid with Christ in God.' There is much in keeping ever before the mind the reality of our fellowship with Jesus. Losing sight of this, we sink under the cares and trials of life, and cease to strive against the sins which so easily beset us. Let us, then, press onward, laying aside every weight, and resolving, in the strength of God, to walk more closely with Him in holiness, zeal, humility, and love, making it the great aim and object of our lives to live to the glory of our Redeemer, to sanctify Him in our hearts, to exemplify Him in our lives, to put Him forward in all our actions, and to aim at glorifying Him 'in our bodies and in our spirits, which are His.' Did we remember the price at which we have been redeemed —the sufferings which Jesus underwent to bring his sons to glory—we should feel more deeply that we are not our own, and act more habitually in the spirit and temper of his disciples. . . . .

"This is about the anniversary of God's gracious dealings towards me, in arresting me in my ungodly career four years ago. The recurrence of such seasons seem especially to call me to the duty of self-examination and prayer, as well as to new resolutions for the time to come. Pray for me, that I may be kept faithful unto the end; that sin may not have the dominion over me; that my own corrupt nature may not draw me back again to perdition; that the world may not occupy God's place in my heart; that I may not dishonour my Lord and Master by my evil temper, my pride, and my selfishness. Let us

pray for one another. To keep our own souls must be the first concern; and that we may do so effectually, there must be much prayer, much feeding on the Word, meditation cultivated, and self-examination practised; watching with all perseverance, and ever looking to Jesus as the author and finisher of our faith; putting Him on daily as our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. And there are the souls of others; what are we to do for them—relations, friends, companions, and all over whom our influence extends? In this respect we must seek to have fellowship with Christ in *His life*—setting before us the example of His self-denial, His living for others, His patience, His endurance of reproval and opposition, His spirit of love, His zeal for God, and single eye to His glory. . . . .

"Let us read and meditate on the Scriptures much more than we have hitherto done. Let our attention be especially directed to Him who is the sum and substance of Law, Prophet, and Gospel, even Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. For, in so doing, we shall enjoy much of His presence. He will often draw near to us, and, by His Spirit, will let light into our souls, and will 'open our understandings to understand the Scriptures.' We shall then be often led to exclaim, 'Did not our hearts burn within us while Jesus talked to us by the way?' The Scriptures are the great antidote to sin. 'Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.' They are the great means of our sanctification, for they are the glass or mirror in which we may behold the glory of the Lord Jesus; in which we may study His character, contemplate His glory, and

copy His example; so that, thus beholding the glory of Jesus, we shall be changed insensibly, but really, into His image. . . . . .

"I would seek to encourage you to expect *great things* from God. His glory is concerned, and therefore you may be bold in asking largely of Him for spiritual blessings on yourself, and others also. His will is our sanctification; therefore should we come empty to Jesus, that we may receive out of His fulness abundant supplies of grace; 'grace for grace.' He is glorified by our advancement in holiness; for it is not us, but 'Christ in us' —we are but as vessels. Again, as regarding others, may we not do much for others? Here, too, God's glory is concerned; for He will have all men to be saved; and when we pray to be made instruments of leading others to Him, what is it but that Jesus may 'see the travail of His own soul, and be satisfied,' that more jewels may be added to His glory? If we have not, it is because we ask not; and if we ask and obtain not, it is because we ask amiss. The consideration of the shortness of time, the value of souls, and the Lord's coming, should be motives to stir us up to diligence in the work of Jesus; and the high honour of being associated with Jesus in the work of the Lord, should make us very earnest in seeking to advance His glory. I was much struck on reading a tract by Angell James on Self-renunciation, in which he represents the Christian as *God's representative* in the world; so that, when the world sees a Christian, it should be reminded of God; and in this view take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus. And let us remember, that as the Father sent Christ into the world to seek and

to save the lost, and to glorify Him in the eyes of men, so has He sent us into the world for a like purpose, according to our measure—see John xvii. 18. . . . .—Ever yours affectionately, M. M. H."

In another letter—

"*November* 27, 1848.

. . . "It would be the height of ingratitude towards my heavenly Father, towards Jesus, the purchaser of inestimable gifts to rebellious sinners such as I, and towards the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, who especially bestows *peace* on the Church of Jesus, were I not to acknowledge with adoring love and gratitude the great goodness of God towards me, notwithstanding my numerous shortcomings and daily backslidings in heart. Indeed I have experienced His faithfulness to a degree that it becomes me to praise Him with my whole heart for mercies so undeserved. And you will rejoice on my account, as well as praise His name, when I tell you my peace in Jesus still flows as a river, quietly, gently, but deeply. I trust I am not deceiving myself, thinking that it is from the fountain-head, even Jesus himself, that my peace is derived. Sometimes, indeed, the surface is ruffled through the cares of this life. But, then, peace is again restored with such promises as these:—'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' 'My strength is made perfect in weakness.' . . . When I look to Jesus, this is my warrant, and yours too, for joy. It must be in the way of believing. 'Joy and peace in believing.' Such a joy as does not manifest itself in the exuberance of worldly mirth. It is a joy in God

through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is joined with fear. 'Rejoice with trembling.' It is entirely unknown to the world, and often hid from our fellow-Christians—a joy that a stranger intermeddleth not with, a continual feast, *enough*, satisfying, but never cloying. Such is the Christian's joy. May you and I, and all whom we love, realise its blessedness to a great degree, until at last we enter into the joy of our Lord! . . .

"You speak of the conflict. It is, indeed, a hard fight. 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places,' &c. It is indeed good for us that God sometimes leaves us to ourselves, that we may know our weakness and proneness to evil, that so He may 'humble and prove us, and do us good in our latter end.' . . .

"I will tell you of some of my especial trials, that you may be enabled to pour out your soul in prayer for me. Fear of man, selfishness, pride and slothfulness, and an unhumbled heart. Help us also in prayer for our own regiment, its officers and soldiers, and pray that we who profess to be followers of Christ may be faithful and consistent in our walk. Engage the sympathies of those you know who love the Lord, and ask their prayers for the little Church in our regiment. . . . And now once more I commend you to God. I give you 1st John iii. 1–3 as a Christmas box.—Ever your affectionate,

"M. M. H."

To the idea of being associated with Christ, partners with Him in His ministerial work, and after His departure His representatives on earth, he returns again in his next letter :—

"*December* 12, 1848.

"My very dear * * *,— . . . I have been thinking lately of the honour put upon us, in believers being represented as associated with Christ in the great work of glorifying God in the salvation of souls; as appears from two verses in John xvii., the 18th and the 22d. As the Father sent Christ into the world to glorify Him before men, and to seek and save the lost, so has Christ sent His disciples into the world for a similar purpose; and now that the Lord and Master is no more in the world, they are His representatives upon earth: the head represented by His members. And in verse 22, the glory mentioned cannot be the glory which *shall* be revealed, as He says, 'I *have* given them.' It must therefore be the glory of gathering in lost sinners; wherein especially Jesus was glorified, and the Father in Him, and in which glorious work and gracious purpose His people may be one, even as they are one. If these things be so—if this is indeed the word of truth—what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness? How high and holy is our calling in Christ Jesus! How great and glorious the work in which we are called to engage! . . . And now, goodbye. For a New Year's text I send you Heb. xiii. 20, 21. —Your ever affectionate,

"M. M. H."

There was evidence enough in Captain Hammond's own case of that light which he desired to see burning brightly in others. Those who knew him were able to 'take knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.' It was not only from the natural frankness of his character

that one who afterwards wrote of him said, "It was impossible to be more than a few minutes in his company before it was manifest that he had chosen the better part, and was a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ:" it was also, that he discountenanced that reserve among Christians which too commonly hinders their growth in grace. His heart was full, and he spoke out of its abundance, ever touching on themes so congenial to his spirit as the Saviour's love. Even at the very outset of his Christian life he writes with censure of this backwardness. He would say, "The righteousness which is of faith speaketh in this wise. The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart, that if thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

In this wise he writes, May 17, 1845. He says:—

"I cannot tell you how rejoiced I was to read your delightful and unreserved letter, or what feelings of thankfulness and joy they produced in my mind. We should, indeed, throw off some of that restraint and reserve to which we all seem so inclined. Are we ashamed of our Saviour, who has redeemed us by His blood? Or is it that fear of man, that fear of being thought righteous overmuch, that fear of giving offence and causing disgust to others, that makes us so silent? But surely if God had not first spoken to us, and drawn us by His love to Jesus, we never should have come. For, as He says, "I am sought of them that ask not for me, I am found of them that sought me not;" and does not God himself expressly tell us to speak often one to another? Malachi iii. 16, 17, 'Then

they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.' And how graciously does He assure us of His approbation! It is unnecessary my referring to many texts on the subject, as you are well acquainted with all; but that one in Deuteronomy vi. 7, 'And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up,' seems to me to be a beautiful and comforting warrant to the blessed privilege we possess, of speaking to each other on the things that are uppermost in our hearts, or at least that ought to be.

"My birthday is just passed, too, and I can join with you in thankfulness to the God of mercy that it has been one ever to be remembered by me. There is much that should sadden us in looking back to years and years spent in sin against God, and in my case in open rebellion against Him. And on the other hand, there is very much that should fill us with joy and gratitude when we review His wonderful love and mercy, shewn to us in Christ Jesus. Every day seems to shew me more and more the happiness and peace of mind that must necessarily result from a sincere religion. I feel too cold and indifferent on these momentous subjects. How needful it is to be continually watching and praying lest the light that is in us be darkness!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Prayer.

"There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night—
There is an ear which never shuts
When sink the beams of light—
There is an arm which never tires
When human strength gives way—
There is a love which never fails
When human loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs,
That ear is filled with angels' songs,
That arm upholds the world on high,
That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a power that man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that power to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
That power is *Prayer*—which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky."

It is almost needless to say that Maxy Hammond rested on prayer as one of the mainstays of a Christian life—the most indispensable weapon in his armoury—the weapon with which the Christian's equipment in the sixth of Ephesians is summed up and rendered complete—the last in order, nearly the first in importance. The girding

of the loins, the sandals for the feet, the shield, the helmet, the sword, would all be still incomplete, were not the Christian soldier exhorted to be found "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." It would almost seem that he had special regard to the last clause of the verse just cited, when we find that he had written in his pocket-book the names of his relations and those friends in whom he was particularly interested, and that it was his custom to present them before the Throne of Grace in regular daily rotation. He alludes to this habit in a letter to one of these friends:—

"You propose," he says, "that we should unite in prayer for one another on some particular day. I have done so every day at noon—endeavouring to bring the particular wants and circumstances of each one before our common Father; and, I must say, I have often found it a delightful season, when prayer seemed to bring you all into very close communion. How unlimited are the promises to prayer! Our unbelief would say, that God cannot condescend to hear. But wondrous as is His condescension, He does nevertheless hear and answer; and in answering, abundantly bless. May we all drink more deeply into the spirit of prayer, and thus 'prove God, whether He will not open the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it!' I hope you have some friends and companions with whom you can enjoy Christian fellowship. But you have always with you the Friend which sticketh closer than a

brother; and you have His comforting assurance that He will never leave you nor forsake you. He is the same who tabernacled here on earth in human nature 1800 years ago. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever —His love is the same—His forbearing mercy the same —His sympathy the same—and His grace the same. 'Lo, I am with you always.' He is ever present to our faith—literally present by His Spirit—to keep, sanctify, teach, guide, uphold, and comfort His people. Alas! how little do we love Him, else we should live nearer to Him in prayer and holy meditation. Well, indeed, may we pray, 'Lord, increase our faith.' 'Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.' Soon we shall 'see Him as He is.' Now we walk by faith; soon faith will be exchanged for sight, and hope swallowed up in fruition. May we cherish this hope and these desires more and more—walk more humbly and closely with God—learn daily to sit more loosely to all things earthly, and set our affections more on things which are above—Ever your affectionate, M. M. H."

Some time later, in February 1855, we find him drawing up the following heads for family worship:—

"SUNDAY.

"*The Church of Christ.*—Increase of grace upon all; that believers may adorn His doctrine, and glorify His name; that they may be waiting for His return; for a spirit of love and unity, healing divisions; that they may be of one heart in setting forward the cause of Christ; that they may be *witnesses* in an evil world.

"*Jews.*—Their conversion and restoration.

"*Heathen.*—Progress of the gospel; more labourers fitted for the work. For missionaries—their difficulties, trials, and snares; increase of fruit; love and strength for them. Missionary societies—guidance for those who manage them. Converts—that they may glorify God by their consistent walk.

"*Sunday Schools.*—Teachers and scholars—outpouring of Spirit.

Ministers.—That they may preach Christ fully, and, lifting Him up, may draw all men unto Him.

"MONDAY.

"*Country.*—Thanksgiving for the gospel—prayer that the light of truth may be continued to us. For a blessing on home ministry—for the rising generation—the preservation and better observance of the Sabbath—for a spirit of contentedness among the poor, and consideration amongst the rich. For *Ireland*—reformation there.

"TUESDAY.

"*Bible Society, Schools, and Colleges.*—That the Word may have free course, and be glorified; that the young may be instructed in truth, and educated in sound and Christian learning.

"WEDNESDAY.

"*Ministry.*—That ministers may be qualified for their work, and endowed with faith, patience, meekness, and steadfastness; that they may commend the gospel by their lives, may be preserved from danger of climate, and from

wicked men; praise for what God has already wrought among the heathen; prayer that He would send forth more labourers.

"THURSDAY.

"*Army.*—Officers, soldiers; women, children; Christian soldiers, their trials and temptations—that they may glorify God by their example; chaplains.

"*Religious Societies.*—That God may be glorified, the gospel diffused, and sinners converted; for wisdom and grace for those who have the management of them.

"FRIDAY.

"*The War.*—That it may be prosecuted on principles of justice, humanity, and the fear of God; for the *protection, deliverance,* and *success* of our forces by sea and land; for temperance in victory, perseverance in difficulty, and patience in adversity; for kindness and generosity towards the enemy, returning good for evil; for the *sick, wounded,* and *prisoners,* and *those appointed to die,* also the bereaved; for the Czar, that his way be turned, and inclined to peace; for peace and unity among nations.

"SATURDAY.

"*Ministers.*—That they may be taught of God, endued with the Spirit, love to Christ, zeal for the salvation of souls; that their labours may be blessed in public teaching, and in all their pastoral duties; that they may adorn the gospel by holy and consistent lives."

His own fixed times for private prayer were in the morning, at mid-day, and at night. He believed that he

owed more, in his spiritual life and growth, to this season of mid-day prayer than to any other means of grace. He said that he more often enjoyed communion then than at any other time. He felt the full value of a prayerful spirit—of "continuing instant in prayer"—and many a lonely hour on guard, which to others seemed wearisome in the extreme, was to him a golden season of happy and blessed communion with God. He used, he has said, to walk up and down the guardroom praying *for all his friends;* and who can say how many hearts may not have been turned, how many blessings may not have been poured forth, in answer to those prayers!

In his study of Scripture he established a habit of writing a short daily comment upon what he had read; meditating on it, and eliciting some reflections, and gathering up some fruit from each separate verse. In this way he went through St Paul's Epistles, from the Ephesians to Philemon inclusive; taking them verse by verse, and writing down some short comments on each verse, or on each paragraph. This habit was continued from June 1851 to February 1853. The Epistle to the Romans was commenced later; and was resumed and nearly completed during the campaign of 1854 in Bulgaria. These materials form a volume of considerable size, in very closely-written MS. — a volume containing much variety of thought, evincing very strongly the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and, above all, remarkable for its closely *practical* character. It has seemed advisable, in a publication of this nature, to introduce a selection from the Commentary —not less as a specimen of the scriptural exercise which it was Maxy Hammond's habit to engage in, than for its

value as a pattern, or example, to those who may wish to adopt a similar course.

"NOVEMBER 13.

"Col. i. 9.—The duty of intercessory prayer is enforced or implied in many places throughout the Scriptures. And here is an example of it in Paul and Timotheus—'*We do not cease to pray for you.*' Elias is mentioned elsewhere (James v. 17, 18) as an instance of the power of fervent, effectual, intercessory prayer; and Jesus himself, when upon earth, left us that sublime and beautiful example of His intercession for His people, recorded in the 17th of St John. Intercession for others ought to be regarded by Christians as a duty and a privilege; and it will be found that the practice brings down a double blessing—a blessing upon him who offers up the prayer, and a blessing upon him, also, for whom the prayer is offered up. I feel, alas! how often I engage in this duty with a cold and careless heart; how often I am tempted to give up praying, because the answer is delayed; how much my prayers are shut in to the narrow limit of those persons and things in which I am immediately interested, instead of reaching out to God's cause and people in every place! Oh, for an increase of faith, for greater fervency, for more constant perseverance in this holy duty, and greater delight and enjoyment in the blessed privilege of prayer for others!"

"NOVEMBER 14.

"Col. i. 9.—Paul prayed for particular blessings for these Christians. Prayer ought to be *specific*, and not

merely *general.* To ask for things in the *general,* is a lazy mode of prayer; and perhaps this is one reason why our prayers seem often to be unheard and unheeded, and why our own hearts are so cold and formal whilst engaged in prayer. *Special* prayer requires some forethought and preparation of heart; and it is on this account that Christians fail in this duty, because it calls for *self-denial.* I feel that this has been a fault and an easily besetting sin with me, against which I ought to watch, pray, and seek grace to deny myself.

"Paul prayed for them as follows: 1*st* (ver. 9), That they might have a scriptural and enlightened understanding of His work and will. 2*dly* (ver. 10), That their spiritual life might be holy, fruitful, and growing. 3*dly* (ver. 11), That they might be endued with strength and patience to endure temptation or sufferings. 4*thly* (ver. 12, 13), That their hearts might abound with thanksgivings for redeeming love and mercy.

"1*st*, That they might have a scriptural and enlightened understanding of His word and will. This is to be obtained by a diligent and prayerful study of the Scriptures. Those who drink deepest at the fountain will *grow* most rapidly, and enjoy most peace.

"It should be our desire, as Christians, not only to know His will, but to 'be *filled*' with His heavenly knowledge. To think that we know all that we need to know, is the height of folly and presumption; and the greater advances we make in grace, the more constantly shall we be found sitting (like Mary) at the feet of Jesus, and listening to His word. Two things are essential to our comfort, growth, and usefulness; that we should possess an

enlightened and spiritual *understanding*, and a matured and sound *judgment*, even that '*wisdom* which is from above.'"

"NOVEMBER 17.

"Col. i. 10.—Here is the second subject of Paul's prayer to the Colossians—'That their spiritual life might be *holy, fruitful*, and *growing*.' 'That they might *walk worthy* of the Lord unto all pleasing, being *fruitful* in every good work, and *increasing* in the knowledge of God.' There may be—and there often is, alas!—an understanding of the truth of God, which produces no practical result in the life and conversation. The Bible may be studied as any other science, and the head may be filled whilst the heart remains unhumbled, unenlightened, unsanctified; but a spiritual understanding of the word and will of God, through the influence of the Spirit of truth upon the heart, is always accompanied by holiness and consistency of life. The real Christian feels (so to speak) that his honour is at stake, and bound up in his duty towards his Lord and Master; he serves a great, a glorious, and a holy Being; and, professing himself to be His disciple, it is his sincere desire and constant aim to 'walk worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing.' He remembers the example left him by his heavenly Master, and the testimony which He gave for the imitation of His disciples—'I do always those things which please Him.' Is this *my* aim—to please my God and Saviour in all things? Is my walk *worthy* of Him whose name I bear, and whose disciple I profess to be? Does my light *shine* before men, or is it dim and imperceptible, so that the image of Christ cannot be discerned in me? Which

am I seeking most—my own ease, comfort, and profit, or the glory of Jesus, and the honour of His name? Alas! I feel that I am but an unprofitable servant—that my walk is very *un*worthy of my Lord. Help me, then, O Jesus! 'to strengthen the things that remain, and are ready to die.' Help me to follow thee implicitly, fully, faithfully.

"NOVEMBER 19.

"Col. i. 10.—The second subject of prayer continued—'That they might be fruitful in every good work.' 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' This was said with reference to the false teachers, but it is equally applicable to all men. A barren Christian is a contradiction in terms. Such an one is fit only to be cut down as a cumberer of the ground. The disciple of Him 'who went about doing good' (Acts x. 38), and whose 'meat it was to do His Father's will' (John iv. 34), must, in like manner, be fruitful according to their measure and capacity, in every good work. 'Herein,' said Jesus (John xv. 8), 'is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. So shall ye be my disciples.' None can be said to 'live in the Spirit,' but those who 'walk in the Spirit' (Gal. v. 25), and who are bringing forth the fruit of the Spirit. Now, 'the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' Are these fruits apparent in *me?* or am I only a dry and barren branch? Let me remember those solemn words of Jesus (John xv. 2), 'Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth (pruneth) it, that it may bring forth more fruit; and every branch that beareth not fruit, he *taketh away.*'

"NOVEMBER 20.

"Col. i. 10.—Joined to holiness and fruitfulness, is growth in grace, and in the knowledge of God—'INCREASING in the knowledge of God.' The knowledge of God is life eternal (John xvii. 3)—'This is life eternal, that they might *know* thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' It is of the utmost importance, then, to have a right and scriptural knowledge of God—to know Him savingly, spiritually, influentially. This knowledge is to be attained and increased through His Holy Scriptures, for 'they are they which testify of Christ,' and Christ is 'the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person.' To know Jesus, therefore, is to know God; for 'He that hath seen me,' said Christ, 'hath seen the Father' (John xiv. 9). This knowledge of God, then, must be increased by studying the character of Jesus, as revealed in the gospel. In so doing, new discoveries will be made of the glory, grace, and power of God—His willingness to save, His readiness to give, His power to help, His condescending grace to sympathise in affliction. There will also be new discoveries of the holiness of God, as seen in the life and sufferings of Jesus; especially in viewing Him nailed to the cross, as the great atoning sacrifice for sin. For how must God hate sin, to require such a ransom as the blood of His dear Son! Oh, blessed Spirit! teach me more of God, as He is revealed and manifested in Jesus; and grant that I may not only increase *in the knowledge of Him*, but that I may increase also in all holiness of heart and life, and in conformity to His image, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

"NOVEMBER 24.

"Col. i. 11.—Paul prays further for these Colossians, that they might be endued with strength under trial, and with patience under suffering. 'Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power.' This agrees with Eph. vi. 10—'Be *strong* in the Lord, and in the power of *His might.*' The believer must be endued with strength from above, to enable him to withstand the many temptations and trials he will surely meet with, living in a world that 'lieth in the wicked one,' and carrying about with him a body of sin, an evil heart of unbelief, prone to depart from the living God. But, blessed be God, we are not called to engage in this warfare at our own charge, to fight in our own strength. We have One mighty to save; One who has already triumphed over all the powers of darkness; One who is 'Al-Shaddai,' God Almighty, who will be with His people in every strait or difficulty; and who will abundantly deliver us, and give us power over every spiritual Goliath which would seek to take away our life. 'His glorious power' is engaged in our behalf, and by it His people shall be 'kept through faith unto salvation' (1 Peter i. 5).

"Col. i. 11.—'Unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness.' This has respect to the Christian's bearing under suffering and affliction. If the hand of the Lord be upon our persons, our families, our property, there is a call for patient submission and resignation to His holy will. All murmuring must be instantly silenced, for He who smites is holy, just, and good. 'Why, then, should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?' 'Shall we receive good at the hands of

the Lord, and shall we not also receive evil?' (Lam. iii. 39; Job ii. 10). Let our afflictions be compared with our deservings, and then how shall we complain? The true source of support and comfort, under trial, will be found in '*considering Him who endured*' *for us* (Heb. xii. 3). If our trial be from man—from the opposition, scorn, or contempt of the world, or from the unkindness and ingratitude of others—this, too, must be borne with long-suffering, remembering 'Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself.' If our conscience is void of offence towards God and man; if we are walking by faith in Jesus, abiding in Him, and 'looking at the things that are unseen'—then may we know that there is such a thing as joyfulness in the midst of temptation and suffering. The Christian is described as one who can 'rejoice in tribulation'—who, though sometimes sorrowful, yet is 'always rejoicing.' Oh! let me seek earnestly strength for the time of temptation, and patience and long-suffering in the day of adversity and affliction; and, in every such season, may I be found 'looking unto Jesus.'

"NOVEMBER 25.

"Col. i. 12.—Paul further prays for these Christians, that their hearts and their lips might abound with thanksgiving for redeeming love and mercy. Giving thanks unto the Father for all the blessings which he hath freely given to us in His Son Jesus Christ. How beautiful is the thanksgiving prayer in our Liturgy, when we use these words, 'We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but, *above all*, for thine *inestimable* love, in the redemption of the world by

our Lord Jesus Christ.' In like manner, Paul breaks forth into praise in the commencement of his Epistle to the Ephesians (i. 3), 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.' We are to trace back the source and fountain of our mercies and blessings to the electing love of the Father, 'according as He hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world.' 'Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.' This is indeed a sufficient cause for thankfulness, which may call forth our admiration and our praise. St John seemed to have been deeply impressed with this feeling in contemplating the love of the Father, in those beautiful and wondrous words which he wrote (1 John iii. 1), '*Behold what manner of love* the *Father* hath bestowed upon *us*, that *we* should be called the sons of God!' In what does the 'meetness' here spoken of consist? What do I need in order that I may be made a fit partaker of the inheritance of the Lamb? (1.) The justification and acceptance of my person through the blood and righteousness of Jesus; union in Christ, being engrafted into Him by the new birth; faith in Him, and participation by faith, in all the benefits which He hath purchased for us. (2.) Sanctification by the word and spirit of Christ. Heart-holiness, heavenly-mindedness, conformity to Jesus, through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. 'The inheritance of the saints in light.' This is that 'inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away' (1 Pet. i.) He who is 'heir of all things is Himself' the in-

heritance and portion of His people throughout eternity. The saints long to be with Him; for when with Him they shall be made like Him. Oh! to live more in the light of that day, when He shall be revealed to give to every one of His people their everlasting inheritance.

"NOVEMBER 26.

"Col. i. 13.—'Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.' The deliverance and translation here spoken of are ascribed to the Father. Let us notice more particularly what is comprehended under these two terms, 'delivered' and 'translated.'

"1*st, The Deliverance.*—The *Deliverer* is none other than God himself, 'the Father of mercies,' whose compassions are moved for the weak and helpless sons of men whom Satan keeps fast bound and tied by the chain of their sins. Out of His rich and free mercy, He is pleased to deliver such by His own Divine power and energy. The power which He exerts in the spiritual deliverance of His people is called by Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians (i. 19, 20), 'The exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, *which He wrought in Christ,* when He raised Him from the dead.'

"The *delivered* are sinners of mankind. The slaves of sin and Satan, led captive by him at his will. They are the true subjects of 'the god of this world,' and rebels against 'the Prince of Life.' They are delivered from 'the power of darkness,' *i.e.* Satan himself, 'the prince of darkness,' and the fallen and corrupt nature by which

the mind is darkened, the affections alienated, and the will perverted.

"Surely there is here deep cause for gratitude; much that should lead me to 'give thanks unto the Father,' when I consider the Deliv*erer*, the Deliv*ered*, and the Deliv*erance*. 'What can I render unto the Lord for all His mercies and for all His benefits towards me?' Oh, may I 'take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord,' rejoicing in my *deliverance* from the power of *darkness*, with a thankful heart, and continually watching over my heart, lest I should have any 'fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness' (Eph. v. 11) in thought, word, or deed.

"November 27.

"Col. i. 13.—'And hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.' Or, according to the marginal reading, 'into the kingdom of the Son of His love.' Having considered the 'deliverance' spoken of in the first part of the verse, we are here called to contemplate the 'translation.' The state of honour and privilege, with the innumerable blessings connected with it, into which the new-born child of God is adopted. And in this respect the translation of Enoch may be regarded as a type in figure of the spiritual translation of all the children of God. It is said of Enoch (Heb. xi. 5), that 'by faith he was translated that he should not see death; and he was not, because God had translated him.' He was suddenly caught up by the power of God, removed for ever from this lower world of sin, sorrow, and death; delivered from the burden of sin, and from the body of sin with which he was encompassed; and was translated by the angels into heaven, into the very

presence of God himself, and of that Saviour whom he had so faithfully served, and so manfully confessed on earth. And thus it is with the believer. Born again of the Holy Ghost, engrafted by faith into Jesus, made a new creature in Him, he is at once translated into His kingdom of grace on earth, and he will at length, like Enoch, be literally translated to His kingdom of glory above.

"'The kingdom of the Son of His love.'

"This reminds us of the amazing love of the Father, in giving "His dear Son" as the ransom for us poor perishing sinners. Blessed, indeed, are they who have a place in that kingdom on earth, but how far more blessed will be the translation to that kingdom of glory and everlasting felicity which He shall set up in the day of His glorious appearing. Oh, to be enabled from the heart to use the prayer of the hymn,

"'Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth is sweet,
What must thy glory be!'"

The selection of this passage, though perhaps less striking than others which might have been found, seems particularly to recommend itself, not only because its subject, "Prayer," is immediately connected with the commencement of this chapter, but because its conclusion seems to bear a peculiar significance as regards its author. Might we not ourselves, anticipating a little the sequel of this narrative, while we dwell with chastened sorrow on his sudden translation, take up his own words; and using them in their full force as *coming* FROM *him*, apply them

for our own especial comfort TO him—to him, as 'a believer, by faith translated, that he should not see death' —'suddenly caught up by the power of God, removed from this lower world of sin, and sorrow, and death, delivered from the burden of sin, and translated by the angels into heaven, into the very presence of God himself, and of that Saviour whom he had so faithfully served and so manfully confessed when on earth.'

CHAPTER XIV.

Return to England.

"Here on our native soil we breathe once more—
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, the sound
Of bells; those boys who in yon meadow ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore—
All, all are English! oft have I looked around
With joy on Kent's green vales; but never found
Myself so satisfied with life before."

WORDSWORTH.

A CHANGE having occurred in the battalion arrangements, Captain Hammond was unexpectedly posted to the command of the depôt, then at the Isle of Wight; and he very soon after quitted America for the last time. To this alteration in his position, he briefly refers in a letter to one of his friends:—

"KINGSTON, *April* 2, 1849.

"You will perhaps be much surprised to hear me speak of returning to England. Such, however, is my expectation. I am recommended by the colonel for the command of the depôt; W * * * having declined the offer, which was first made to him. I suppose I shall go as soon as the sanction of the Horse Guards is obtained. I shall probably bid a final farewell to Canada, as it is not

likely I shall be moved before the regiment returns to England."

The appointment was soon confirmed, and in June 1849, we find him stationed at Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight, in charge of the depôt.

Soon after his arrival, his youngest brother, in whom he had taken so lively an interest, as we have already gathered from his letters, and who first received him when he returned home in 1847, went down to see him on his arrival, and thus describes his first interview:—

"The heavenliness of his whole deportment struck me much; we read and prayed together, and all our conversation was about the inheritance, and the service, I was just then beginning to feel after, and which he had found for four or five years. Mrs H * * * gave me the 'Sinners' Friend,' and N. H * * *, 'Come to Jesus,' and we used to read the latter together on the grass banks of Carisbrooke Castle, and in our expeditions to the Needles, and in his room in barracks. Coming up from the H * * *'s one day, I remember his alluding to his boyish days, and saying, 'he thought there were no sinners so great as boys.'"

To this brother, Captain Hammond writes:—

"PARKHURST, *June* 8, 1849.

"I enjoyed your short visit. . . . . What reason have you and I to be filled with gratitude and adoring wonder at the grace which has enabled us, in some degree, to taste that the Lord is gracious, and to feel, however slightly, that Jesus is precious. He is the 'chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.' Such is He in the eyes of

His redeemed Church, and such should He be in ours. Yet, alas! I feel at times as if I had no love—as if my religion were mere hypocrisy, the form of godliness, but destitute of its vital power. Indeed, we ought to be ashamed that we love Him so little; that we are doing so little for Him. I find this especially the case when thrown amongst worldly men. Then it is not an easy thing to walk as a Christian, desiring to be known in no other character than as a disciple of Jesus; content to wear the reproach of the cross; to be thought a weak-spirited fellow for His sake; confessing Him before men, and setting up our banner in His name; studying to adorn His gospel in all things with 'meekness of wisdom.' I don't know when I have felt my own weakness and utter helplessness more than since I have been here. How blessed a thing it is for us that we are not kept by ourselves, but by the Keeper of Israel—by Him who prayed, 'Holy Father, keep, through thine own name, those whom thou hast given me,' and again, 'I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.' Here, then, is our security—the intercession of Jesus, as engaged in our behalf. Covenant love is pledged for our encouragement —all the promises are for us weak sinners, all secured to us in Jesus, for 'all the promises of God' are 'yea and amen' in Christ Jesus. . . . Grace be with you. Let our prayer for each other be 2 Thess. i. 11, 12.—Ever your affectionate, M. M. HAMMOND."

Probably one especial cause of the serenity and inward peace, as well as the consistent holiness of outward life

that marked Captain Hammond's character, was his entire dependence on the all-sufficiency of Christ, the habit of looking *out of* himself unto Christ for everything; conscious of the weakness of the natural man, yet rejoicing in the knowledge that the Lord's "strength is made perfect in weakness." This view of the Christian's relation to the Saviour is thus most happily expressed in a short fragment written by him in a friend's common-place book:—

"There are two things which the Christian ought ever to keep in view; his own nothingness, and the all-sufficiency of Jesus; the one to keep him humble, the other to inspire him with confidence and hope. Having nothing in himself (Rev. iii. 17), yet possessing all things in Jesus (2 Cor. vi. 10); without any righteousness of his own (Isa. lxiv. 6), yet complete in the righteousness of Immanuel (Col. ii. 10; Jer. xxiii. 6); without strength (Rom. v. 6), yet strong in the Lord and in the power of His might (Eph. vi. 10); without holiness (Rom. iii. 12), yet having the promise of sanctification through Jesus (1 Cor. i. 30); without power to keep himself (2 Cor. iii. 5), yet kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation (1 Pet. i. 5; John xvii. 11–15); preserved in Jesus Christ (Jude i.). It hath pleased the Father that in Christ should all fulness dwell (Col. i. 19), that out of that fulness empty sinners may receive all that their souls may require for time and eternity (John i. 16). Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift (2 Cor. ix. 15).

"M. M. HAMMOND."

"NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT, *July 14th*, 1849."

Among the letters which we have brought together in this volume, perhaps we shall find none which more forciby illustrates the completeness of the change which the writer had undergone, none certainly which has a better claim to the consideration of the reader, than that which follows. It was written in the course of some correspondence which had taken place on the lawfulness of many worldly amusements. Let us compare it with those letters introduced in our earlier pages; those, for example, written from Newport and from Dover, in 1842. Do we not perceive in that comparison something more than a natural change from the tone of boyish levity to the grave thoughtfulness of manhood? Can we fail to see in the deep conviction which calmly, but decidedly, condemns all that "is not of the Father but of the world;" in the wisdom, which, uttering her warning voice, would cry imploringly, "How long, ye simple ones;" in the earnest concern of one, who, experiencing in the better part which he had chosen, that "godliness is profitable" in "the life which now is," would desire that others might share it; can we fail to perceive in all this, the effect of the Holy Spirit's work? In those first letters we have the natural man speaking. In this, the renewed spirit.

"*October* 18, 1849.

"MY DEAR * * *,—Very many thanks for your letter, and for the book which accompanied it. A more pernicious production I never met with, but which, happily, can be so easily refuted in all its pretended arguments, that it is likely to do less harm to the earnest Christian than it might otherwise do. So far from convincing the Bible-

taught Christian that it is wrong to 'come out and be separate' from the world, it would more than ever confirm him in the fundamental principle; and it is only a further proof that 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither *can* he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' Bishop Hackett's disciple, whoever he may be, is plainly devoid of the Spirit of Christ, destitute of the mark of the true believer, love to the brethren, and victory over the world; and, therefore, it is vain to argue with such a person, since he sets aside the truth of God, and vainly endeavours to invent a system of religion diametrically opposite to the eternal truth. How shall one speak of spiritual things to one who denies the depravity of our nature (notwithstanding the words of the Holy Ghost—Rom. viii. 7), who tells of the merit of faith and good works, rejects the doctrine of the new birth, and, finally, scoffs at and holds up to ridicule all that is really vital, spiritual, and experimental in the religion of Jesus?

"What a mistaken notion of what is termed cheerfulness, to suppose that it is to be found in those broken cisterns which the men of this world would in vain apply to, in order to drown the voice of conscience, 'kill time,' and shut out the thoughts of God and eternity from the mind! The soul that has been plucked as a brand from the burning, dreads the taint of those pleasures from which it has been snatched by sovereign grace. Having travelled with the multitude along the broad road to destruction, now that his eyes have been opened to see his own imminent danger, and the danger of his fellow-travellers, and having been warned by the Angel of the Cove-

nant not to look behind, the awakened and sin-convinced penitent trembles with fear of returning to the devoted city, and flies for his life, believing the word of the Most High, that he cannot serve God and Mammon. 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven.' What was it that rendered the good seed unfruitful, and even choked it in one class of hearers?—the *pleasures* of this life (Luke viii. 14). Truly, indeed, may these be called *thorns*. The child of God will find them sharp and piercing, wounding the conscience, dimming the hope, and dragging down the soul to earth, deadening the spiritual affections, and estranging him from his God. Is not Christ enough? Is He not infinitely precious and all-sufficient? and ought we not to be cheerful in Him? He is our all in all; 'as He is, so are we in this world.' What can give such solid peace, such permanent happiness, as communion with Him, our unseen Friend? And shall we yet hanker after communion with those who know and love Him not, and have their portion in this life? If we seek happiness *out of Him*, surely we shall have our reward.

"I was much struck with a remark of a dear Christian brother, in a letter from Canada received not long ago, that is so much to the point, that I shall quote it here: 'Why,' he writes, 'are we not contented with Christ? Why have we a hankering after something, a little worldly communion out of Christ, to fill up, as it were, our daily measure of happiness? This little empty corner ought to be filled up also out of Christ, and our joy would be *complete*. How often do we meet with the injunction, Rejoice evermore! My prayer each day is, that God would

hedge me about with thorns, and drive me closer to Him.' Such is the language of one who has been taught by the Spirit, and who has drunk deeply of the Spirit of Christ, on the other side of the Atlantic; and may we not learn a lesson of this babe in Christ, who has had little more than twelve months' experience of the things of God?

"Referring again to the book, how weak and puerile are the arguments brought forward—Dancing sanctioned, because David danced and sung praises before the Lord! Is such the practice of our Christian ball-rooms? And again—The Almighty Father meeting his repentant son with music and dancing. Are balls, then, ordained of God as the expression of our joy over repenting sinners? And because the father of the prodigal is represented as meeting his son in the way described, is this to teach us that God approves of dancing all night, as in our day? or does it simply mean that, as the earthly father rejoiced over his lost, erring child, so our heavenly Father rejoices over the poor repentant sinner, and freely forgives him? Doubtless there is joy in such a case—joy in heaven, rejoicing, and hymns of praise, among the angels there; but what has this to do with the unholy mirth of a London ball-room, where 'the lust of the eye, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life' there exhibited, do but remind us that such assemblies are 'not of the Father, but of the world?' I cannot dwell further on the profane and unhallowed subject brought forward by Bishop Hackett's disciple. What would the same author say with regard to theatres, and places of that description (the nurseries of vice, as admitted by all)?

"And where are we to stop? The further we keep

from the edge of the precipice, the safer we must be, and not incur the risk of seeing how far we can go without falling over. But, on all these points, argument is powerless, unless the judgment is convinced; and, therefore, 'let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.' For my own part, I have tried both; and now every day's experience tells me, that both for our own peace and happiness, and for the real good of others, the Christian's duty is clear, 'to come out and be separate' from the vain pursuits, unsanctified pleasures, and sinful practices of the world. There are now, as there ever were, two classes, and two only—the children of the world, and the children of God; the converted, and the unconverted; those treading the broad way, and those walking along the narrow. These opposite principles cannot amalgamate. The child of God must not mingle with the children of the wicked one, just as the Jews were forbidden to form alliances with the heathen, *lest they should learn their practices.* See how they fell through these very things; and 'these things were written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world have come.' Thus we gather from types what is more fully explained in the New Testament.

"Once more, how awful is the woe denounced against those who offend (*i.e.*, cause to stumble) one of Christ's 'little ones.' May we not fear that, in conforming to the usages and practices of the world, we shall be giving countenance to many, who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, and thus cast a stumbling-block before their feet, over which they might *fall eternally.* On the other hand, if we shew plainly that we are 'strangers and pilgrims here;' that we are 'crucified to the world, and the

world crucified to us' (that is, held up to our view as an object loathsome and disgusting, from which we would turn away); 'that this is not our rest;' that we are 'seeking a better country, that is, a heavenly,' and higher hopes and purer pleasures than this world can boast of; that we derive our joys and our peace from a totally different source; then, I think, we should be doing more towards awakening a spirit of inquiry, and deeper concern, for the welfare of the soul in those around us, than in quietly going down the stream with them, with little observable difference between our principles, pleasures, and pursuits, and theirs. Let us remember our high and holy calling; called out from the world, witnesses *for* Christ and *against* sin and ungodliness, in whatever form it may present itself. Citizens of the new Jerusalem, having our conversation in heaven, partakers of the Divine nature, temples of the Holy Ghost, may our constant and fervent prayer be that of Paul for the Philippians, that (i. 9–11) we may 'try' things 'that differ.' Lord increase our faith.—Your affectionate, M. M. H."

"*P.S.*—'Is any afflicted? let him pray; is any merry among you? let him *sing psalms;* let your moderation be known unto all men. *The Lord is at hand.*' See also Jer. xv. 19, 'Let them return unto thee; but return not thou unto them.'"

In reply to his younger brother, who had asked his opinion as to the lawfulness of shooting, he thus expresses himself:—

"I hardly know how to answer your question about

shooting. With regard to those things that are not *particularly* mentioned in the Bible, we must be guided by the general rules and commands laid down in Scripture; and in determining what is, and what is not lawful, each one must be guided by the measure of light which God has given him. The general rule is plain. 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world;' 'be not conformed to this world;' and, 'do all to the glory of God.' By this standard we must judge all things, and be judged by it in all our occupations and pursuits.

"I agree with you, as a general rule, in thinking that what is not right for a clergyman, cannot be any more so for a layman. But I think there are many exceptions to this rule. For instance, I cannot conceive there being anything actually wrong in an individual fishing or shooting. At the same time, I think such entirely worldly pursuits are unbecoming the character and duties of one who is set over souls. The same may be said of many things. Our great object in life is to glorify our Father who is in heaven, and to seek to please Him in all things, and to devote all we possess to His service. Whatever hinders us in doing these things, ought certainly to be given up.

"I feel ill able to advise, but would say to you, if you are in doubt about anything, ask of God to guide your judgment, and incline your will to that course which He approves. Whatever appears right (God's word being the test), do not hesitate to engage in it. If, on the contrary, there is any doubt, give it up at once. God will guide you aright, if you lean upon Him. See the promise, Phil. iv. 6, 7."

If there was one thing more impressed on Captain Hammond's mind than another, it was this deep sense of the necessity of separation from the world. All his correspondence shews this; and a remark that he made to a younger brother, in reference to this subject, deserves mention. They were dining together, after Captain Hammond's return from Canada, with another friend. The latter said, "I wonder, if I was to go to the theatre now, whether I should enjoy it?" Captain Hammond replied, "If you found yourself there, a sight of the Saviour on His cross would take away all relish for it."

That he felt the necessity of living "out of the world" as far as its pleasures and follies go, and above it and beyond it, even in its duties, occupations, and ties of every nature, may be gathered from the next letter.

"*December* 6, 1849.

"I am praying for a greater measure of contentment. We need this much; there is a natural craving after something earthly which we think would fill up our cup of happiness. Oh, to be a weaned child! in whatever state we are therewith to be content; anxious only to please our Lord and Master; to glorify Him in our bodies and spirits. I have been thinking more lately on the subject of the Lord's second appearing. The more I meditate on it, the more deeply practical does it appear. Did we live in the light of His second coming, how detached would our hearts be from all that now binds them to earth. How jealous should we be of taking too much thought for the cares, and the pleasures, and the schemes of this world, seeing that all these things shall be dissolved. With one

precious word I say, good-night. 'Abide in Him that when He shall appear we may have confidence' (1 John ii. 28).—In the love of Jesus, your most affectionate,

"M. M. H."

The next extracts were written to a lady, whose husband fell a self-sacrifice to his ministering zeal during the fatal fever at Montreal, and whose loss was deeply felt by his congregation at Trinity.

"My dear Mrs W * * *,—I was much grieved to hear from D * * * so bad an account of dear Trinity. My heart yearns with peculiar affection to those walls, so hallowed in my remembrance. What a lesson is taught us from the history of that little church, during the last two years, to 'cease from men.' You must doubtless feel the sad change very keenly. Who would have thought in the spring of 1847, that a cloud so dark would have burst on that then flourishing little church. But blessed be God, the believer in Jesus does not sorrow as those without hope. Soon will sorrow be exchanged for unclouded bliss, and all tears wiped away. Soon shall we join the company who have reached the heavenly Jerusalem, and join our voices with those loved ones who have gone before us, and with them take up the notes of eternal praise. 'To him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' 'Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and shall not tarry.' Indeed, these are words of comfort with which to cheer and comfort one another as we journey through this lonely wilderness. Some are called upon to pass through the deeper waters, and to

drink a larger measure of the cup of sorrow. But how precious to them is He who bears them up; how deep is that joy which succeeds the night of weeping. . . . .

"I have seen Mr H * * * more than once, and have been much pleased with the little I have seen of him; such earnestness, such charity, such humility—with love to Christ such as one does not often meet with. He seems to realise the promise, that those who give up all for Christ shall receive a hundredfold for all they lose for His sake. . . .

"What of Montreal? and other spots so hallowed in my recollection in Canada? I cannot refrain from writing at greater length than perhaps I ought: yet why should apology be necessary when it is of the Lord's people and the Lord's work that we speak? Surely it is our privilege to speak of common interests, common hopes, common joys, and common sorrows, and then to realise our communion in Jesus."

CHAPTER XV.

Marriage.

"There is an outer world, and there is an inner centre;
And many varying rings concentric round the self.
For first about a man—after his communion with heaven—
Is found the helpmate even as himself; the wife of his vows and affections.
Wheel in wheel, and world in world, come the band of children,
And tender nest of young soft hearts; each to be separately studied;
And a man blest with these hath made his own society."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

IT was natural to a mind daily increasing in spiritual growth, daily sitting looser to the things of the world, that the ordinary habits of barrack life, and the tone and conversation of a mess-room should become less and less congenial. It could not well be otherwise; and at Parkhurst, where the depôt of several regiments were united, and the society of the mess-room was not even that of his own regiment, Maxy Hammond began to feel strongly the chilling influences around him, and to yearn for a home of his own. He remembered, with a grateful heart, how, in the home of a brother officer, he had first drunk in those truths which had been the pole-star of his after-life; and he longed to have an opportunity of offering to others a welcome, which had conferred so great a blessing on himself. It was his ardent desire to be the head of a

Christian household. The text that he used often to allude to as describing this was Psalm cxviii. 15, "The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous." Captain Hammond looked forward to marriage, therefore, as the means of realising this happiness. He had a very high view of its blessedness, as illustrating the union between Christ and His Church. In a note to his brother, he says, "I trust, if it be the Lord's will, there will be a way opened up in His providence towards the attainment of my wishes. But I desire to remember that the time is short, and that we must learn to sit loosely to earthly hopes and prospects, though it is lawful to desire a Christian companion, coupling the desire with 'if the Lord will.' Oh! for a more realising sense of the presence and all-sufficiency of Jesus! we should then look less to the creature, and feel that He is enough." At an earlier time, speaking of another's marriage, he said, "The great thing is 'character;' such a character, I mean, as is described in the last chapter of Proverbs." Accordingly, early in June 1850, he writes to announce to his numerous friends the happy change which awaited him:—

June 12, 1850.

"My dear Mrs H * * *,—I am resolved not to let another day pass without announcing to you an event of great importance as regards myself—that I am going to be married (if the Lord will). . . . . I feel sure that you and your dear husband will unite with us in the earnest prayer, that our union may be in the Lord; that it may be our first and great desire that the name of Jesus may be glorified in it."

To one of his brothers, he says:—

"*June* 11, 1850.

"Our prayer is, that we may be His, that our union may be in Him, and to Him; that our one desire and aim may be to glorify Him in our bodies, and in our spirits, which are His."

In another letter, dated

"PARKHURST, *June* 15, 1850.

"I desire to recognise the hand of my gracious and loving Father, in this great instance of His goodness, for I cannot doubt that the gift is from Him. I feel that His blessing will rest upon our union. What a mercy to have been permitted to secure the affections of one who will lead me on, and help me forward in the journey homewards!"

To a brother officer—

"PARKHURST, *July* 9, 1850.

"Now do make haste, and find your way across the great pond which is between us, as soon as possible, for I want you to be in time for my marriage! I am in hopes there will be a great gathering of the original brethren on the eventful occasion. L * * *, W * * *, G * * *, and yourself. How I wish that dear J * * * might also be of the number. . . . . Ought I not to be thankful! I am thankful, though not sufficiently so. God has granted me all the desires of my heart. My happiness appears greater each day, and the prospect before me bright indeed. But I feel what special need there is to watch

and be sober; for if we look for rest on earth, we are surely deceiving ourselves. I do rejoice; but it is with trembling, knowing that the dream of earthly happiness may pass away in a moment, and then what has the soul to rest on if the creature has been made an idol. Christ must be all in all. His love must be supreme in the heart, or earthly blessings will be turned to a curse. Do pray for me, that I may receive this gift from the Lord, as a talent to be used to His glory."

In August 1850, his marriage with Rosa Anne, second daughter of C. Pennington, Esq., was solemnised; and the happy couple started for the Cumberland Lakes. There, among the sweet ferns and craggy rocks of Borradaile, with a thankful heart he considered whose hand it was that fashioned the soft slopes of Skiddaw, and cleft the slaty precipices of Honiston. He delighted to remember that "the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." After this tour he returned to the Isle of Wight, and took a house, with his wife, at Newport; very near to which town the barracks of Parkhurst are situated.

Here he soon resumed his active habits. He took the entire charge of the depôt schools, in the week as well as on Sundays. He also established a Sunday school there, and conducted a service at the hospital on Sunday afternoons. Here he was permitted to see one blessed instance of a heart given to God, apparently through his instrumentality. A little girl, the daughter of a sergeant in the

Rifles, had been a troublesome and unruly child. She had not long attended the school when she became very attentive, and evidently interested; and it was perceptible that the truth was reaching her. Her conduct at home soon changed entirely, and she became a comfort and help to her parents. When the regiment was removed to Chatham, the child was attacked with scarlet fever; and, her illness increasing, she was visited by the clergyman. He found her on her deathbed. The only words that she had strength to utter, were "My precious Saviour." The following day she had joined the ransomed host above. Captain Hammond was a very diligent district visitor among the poor during the time he remained at Newport. Here he also formed a friendship with a family, which was among his strongest and most enduring.

His home, at this time, was the picture of happiness; and pleasant, indeed, were those excursions to the Needles, or to Alum Bay, when, with a face beaming with delight, he would join the party with some fossil he had found; or with some wild flower, over which, as he examined it with his lens, he would dwell with admiring wonder at the wisdom which had formed it, and would see in it a Father's love. He used to say that he regarded a love of nature, and a capacity for enjoying the works of God's hands, as manifestations of His power and greatness, as a high Christian privilege, and a specially lawful source of delight—

"Birds and beasts,
And the mute fish that glances in the stream;
And harmless reptile, coiling in the sun;

And gorgeous insect, hovering in the air;
The fowl domestic, and the household dog;
In his capacious mind, he loved them all."

He was very fond of those lines of Cowper's, ending with, "My Father made them all;" and, frequently, in his drives through the beautiful parts of the island, would ask his wife to repeat them. After one of these botanising excursions, he came into the room with a flower, saying that, as he picked it, the words came forcibly into his mind—

"For that Thy name is *near*, O Lord,
Thy wondrous works declare;"

and added, "What delight it gives to the believer to feel the *nearness* of God, as displayed in the care bestowed upon each insect and flower."

In the midst of all this happiness, he learned that the wife of his very dearest friend had been taken from him. While his own cup of happiness was overflowing, he felt more tenderly for the grief of another.

"But what a change!" he writes in a letter to his mother, "to put off the vile body, to be made like unto His glorious body! Scarcely had she tasted the sweetness of the marriage-tie on earth, before she was called to sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. 'I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Blessed are they which are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb' (Rev. xix. 9). This was the chapter on which I heard such a beautiful exposition, by Capel Molyneux, the day before the wedding. A year and five days have passed since then,

and the bridal wreath has been exchanged for the crown of glory. For her, we cannot but rejoice and praise. Her works testify that she was ripe for glory. So the heavenly reaper put in His sickle, and gathered her into His garner. But the poor mourner, 'the desolate widower;' the bereaved and smitten mother! these call forth our sympathy and our heartfelt prayers."

And in another letter, he says again—

"This seems, indeed, a mysterious providence, but doubtless it is a loving one. How it should teach us to sit loose to earthly objects, seeing that the most precious of them may be removed from our embrace. I feel this especially; for I tremble lest I make an idol of my wife."

Captain Hammond's altered position in life, as a married man, with the increased expense of an establishment, induced him, at this time, to consider a more systematic course in distributing his general charities. Hitherto, having had none but himself to provide for, they had been large. But he was now obliged to reduce them; and, knowing that God accepts according to the "willing mind," he set a minimum to his expenditure in alms at one-tenth of his income. Still he did not adhere to this sum; but rejoiced in giving up to his means, and sometimes beyond, when objects of interest were brought before him. Some texts, which he wrote on this subject in a MS. book, are characteristic of his feeling on this head:—

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, how

he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35).

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor; that ye, through his poverty, might be rich" (2 Cor. viii. 9).

"For even Christ pleased not himself" (Rom. xv. 3).

At this time he expected to be removed to Chatham:—

"There is no doubt, I fear, of Chatham being our final destination; a vile place in itself; truly a place where Satan's seat is. But what a comfort to know that our God shall choose our inheritance for us, which settles and quiets the mind. It is enough to have the promise, 'Lo! I am with you always.' The presence of Jesus is sufficient to make glad 'the wilderness,' and the desert to rejoice and blossom like the rose."

He had chosen a text, on the occasion of his marriage, looking forward to a wandering life. He had it engraved on his seal, and often used to allude to it when people condoled with him on being sent to disagreeable quarters. It was Ps. xlvii. 4—"He shall choose our inheritance for us." We can trace this same feeling in a letter, written to a friend, who had been ordered to another quarter:—

"*May* 24, 1852.

"I do feel very sorry for you, both in having to break up your comfortable and happy present home, and to leave so many friends and objects of interest at Woolwich. But we must look higher: to Him that appoints for

us the bounds of our habitation, and who chooseth out for His people their inheritance. This is a blessed thought to the Christian, that all his steps are ordered by the Lord, and that it is He who directs his way. It will be our earnest prayer that His presence and blessing may go with you, that you may have grace to carry the seed of the gospel with you, and to diffuse the blessings you have yourself found, as you have opportunity. In this act of our life, as soldiers and missionaries, how deep is the responsibility that rests upon us; and how great the privilege and honour of being called upon to witness for Him, whose name we bear, and whom we profess to serve."

CHAPTER XVI.

Conscientiousness.

"And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."—Acts xxiv. 16.

See Preface to Third Edition.

The change of quarters to Chatham very soon occurred, and in September following we find Captain Hammond dating a letter from thence on the subject of the establishment of an Army Prayer Union. This suggestion had been put forward by Captain T * * *, formerly of the 2d Life Guards; and, in reply to a communication on the subject, Captain Hammond writes:—

"Chatham, *September* 15, 1851.

"I have to thank you, as well as some other friend, for your having sent me your proposal for an Army Prayer Union. Most cordially do I unite with you in the object proposed; and I bless God that He has put it in your heart to undertake it. To me it appears very singular that this object should have been contemplated and carried into effect by some of God's servants, who feel an interest in the spiritual welfare of the army, at this particular time.

For it so happens, that I had been thinking upon this very same subject for several weeks past; and it was my intention to take immediate steps towards forming such a Prayer Union. I had thought of the names of about forty friends, to whom I was going to write, when, to my surprise and great delight, your proposal was put into my hands last evening by my friend Captain J * * *, and I was rejoiced to find that the desire of my heart had been anticipated and accomplished already. Your name had been suggested to my mind as one who might well undertake to receive names, &c.; but amidst your multiplied engagements in various Christian objects, I hardly imagined you could have undertaken it. God grant that the proposal may commend itself to very many dear brethren in the army who love the Lord Jesus! Allow me to suggest some slight alterations in addition to the prayer you have already drawn up:—

"1. As to the *time*. That it be once a week, say every Thursday, instead of once a month only.

"2. That chaplains should be invited to join.

"3. That the following subjects for prayer be specified: (1.) Officers of high rank and authority. (2.) Military chaplains. (3.) Regimental Day and Sunday schools.

"4. That all who profess themselves followers of Christ may adorn the gospel by holy and consistent lives; that they may be enabled to walk in wisdom towards those who are without; and that they may be endued with sound wisdom and boldness in confessing Christ before men.

"5. That the cause of missions to the heathen and the interests of pure religion in the colonies may be advanced by means of God's servants in the army.

"I remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours in the bonds of the gospel, "M. M. H."

He adds on this subject, Nov. 17, 1851:—

"It was suggested to me the other day, that it would be desirable that the Union should embrace the navy also. Perhaps such a person as Admiral * * * or Sir * * * would take up the matter. Have you thought anything further of publishing the names for *private* circulation among the members? It might tend to the advantage and convenience of knowing to whom one might look for Christian sympathy, when brought into contact with any portion of the army or fleet. I feel sure that very many Christian officers, now in the Crimea, are unknown to each other even by name. It might be of the greatest benefit to some young Christians could they have the advantage of intercourse with others like-minded."

Three years later he writes to Captain T * * * on the same subject:—

"DOVER, *December* 5, 1854.

"I am thankful to learn that you have as many as 300 names, including non-commissioned officers. It is also gratifying to know that a similar Union already exists in the navy. A circular at this time would be very useful when the Lord's chastening is upon us as a nation."

At the request of the gentleman who was the originator of the Army Prayer Union, we introduce here a printed statement of its objects:—

ARMY PRAYER UNION,

FOR BOTH OFFICERS AND MEN.

"'Again, I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven' (Matt. xviii. 19).

"'And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us' (1 John v. 14).

"You are invited to unite on the 1st of each month specially, and also every Sunday morning, with others of the Lord's people, formerly in the army, or now serving at home or abroad, in either social or private prayer, as may be convenient in *each locality*. The following objects are suggested:—

"1. That we may have a deeper sense of our own sinfulness, failure, and neglect in watching unto prayer for opportunities to serve and glorify our God.

"2. That, as children of God, we may increasingly manifest our union with Jesus, our risen Lord, by a life more simply devoted to His service, a more watchful, subdued, and prayerful spirit, with greater delight in His Word; more oneness with His people, and love for the souls of others; greater self-denial and victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil; and that we may energetically seek to honour and use the Lord's-day.

"3. That, in dependence on the Holy Spirit, more energy may be used for the spread of the truth, as it is in Jesus, in the army; and that God may be pleased to bless the efforts already made, to the conversion of many, and the strengthening of those converted to stand out as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

"4. That our hearts may be raised up in praise and *thanksgiving* to God for His loving-kindness and long-suffering towards us, sparing us till now, and giving us *any* desire to use those open doors of service which He still graciously affords us; as well as for every measure of blessing which has followed the means already used.

"5. That we fail not to remember the Queen, and all those who are in positions of authority and responsibility, danger, or difficulty, as well

as all ministers, schoolmasters, schools, hospitals, widows, wives, and children connected with the service.

"NAMES.

"6. That we acknowledge with thankfulness, that within two or three months of the issuing of the first edition of this paper, a Union for Prayer for the Royal Navy, and another for the Corps of Royal Engineers, were circulated in a similar manner to our own. The day and hour fixed by the former is every Sunday, from 7 to 11 A.M., and the latter every Monday. Within six months 300 names were recorded on our list.

"Any suggestions, as well as the names and addresses, NOW, and from time to time, of any who wish to join in this object, will be thankfully received, post-paid, by Captain TROTTER, late 2d Life Guards. It is intended, occasionally, to communicate by way of remembrance with every person who shall give an address in the United Kingdom, whence letters can be forwarded if they are abroad.

"DYRHAM PARK, BARNET, HERTS,

"ENGLAND, *June* 1851."

At Chatham, as usual, Captain Hammond sought immediate occasion for usefulness, and lent his zealous co-operation towards another institution at that time projected—The Naval and Military Scripture Readers' Association:—

"The proposed Naval and Military Scripture Readers' Association," he says, in a letter to an officer, "is a delightful idea. May the Lord bring good out of it! I am strongly of opinion that it would be better to act quite independently of any other existing society. If it is distinctly a naval and military thing, many more supporters may be reckoned upon than if it were connected with anything else. I have written to ask W * * * if he would not take part in such a movement."

And, writing again to the same officer, December 19, 1851:—

"I am glad you have been so successful about your missions. Our income for the first year is nearly raised, and a pious and altogether promising man is engaged for the work, to commence operations on the 1st January. He is to have £60 a-year, which, I think, is reasonable."

In connexion with this, he writes:—

"CANTERBURY, *April* 23, 1853.

"I wrote on behalf of the Kent Scripture Readers' Association, to confirm the appointment of Mr B * * * as the agent to be employed at Brompton—the parent society to continue the same grant towards assisting the payment of the salary as they made before, viz., £25 per annum."

Yet, with his hands always employed in some useful work, he still felt that he was doing too little—less than he might, and less than others. "I envy those men," he says, "who find time for everything, and who get through all that they mean to do. I believe we might do more than we have any idea of, if we are only *resolved* to do it; and this is true in spiritual as well as natural things. The indolent Christian cannot be a faithful one. The soul will and does languish, if we cease from active and self-denying diligence in all things. Oh, to have the film removed from our eyes, and to see the ruined and miserable condition of those who are without Christ; and to

behold also the glory, the fulness, and the freeness of grace that there is in Jesus! I feel how easy it is to become careless and indifferent about the souls of others, from a want of the realisation of these two things."

And, a very short time before, he wrote (March 3, Newport)—"I send you a short letter from Rev. Mr C * * *, thinking that you may find it calculated to stir up and animate your heart in the great work of 'pressing towards the mark for the prize of' your 'high calling in Christ Jesus.' . . . . I feel ashamed and humbled at my stunted growth, when one who set out long after me has so outstripped me in the heavenly race. This ought not, and need not to be. The fulness of Jesus is not exhausted, neither are His promises limited. I feel that my spiritual leanness is because of my indolence; 'Ye have not, because ye ask not.' Let our motto be henceforth, 'Looking unto Jesus.'"

At Chatham, Captain Hammond formed, with an officer of the Royal Engineers, one of those close friendships which seemed to spring up and to cling round him wherever his footsteps fell. This officer, recurring to that happy acquaintance, says:—

"We had known each other but a very short time before we became intimate friends. I have found a delight in intercourse with him such as I have seldom experienced; and in our rides and walks together, and evenings very often spent at each other's houses, we enjoyed a hearty, friendly sympathy, which I look back upon as one of the greatest blessings of my life. Whilst at Chatham, he was ever thinking of doing good. The

first scheme of usefulness he set on foot there, was a Sunday school for the children of the soldiers of the garrison, which he superintended and managed, with the assistance of his wife, Mrs J * * *, and other friends. There was some opposition to the establishment of this school; but he was not thereby discouraged in the work, but continued it during the whole time he was at Chatham, until ordered to Canterbury in the following year. He used to have a Bible class in the week at the boys' school in Chatham Barracks; and he took the greatest delight in making arrangements for their school feasts, making up the decorations of the room, and distributing Scripture prints among them. He was, besides, instrumental in inducing several officers with their families, and young officers, with two clergymen, to meet every fortnight at each other's houses, for reading the Bible and prayer. There was one friend of ours, a lieutenant in the * * *th, to whom he was of especial use in enlightening him with respect to his views of Christianity. Mrs * * * told me in Malta, not long since, that she longed to write to express her gratitude for the incalculable benefit in spiritual things that Captain Hammond had, in a great measure, been the means of producing in her son."

There are probably few persons by whom the leading anniversaries of the year—such as Christmas, New Year's Day, our birth-days, or other regularly recurring periods —are altogether passed unheeded. We most of us cling to them, with more or less observance, as marked points in the passage of time—as resting-places in the journey of life, where we can pause and look back, each with such

mingled feelings as belong to our own individual selves, but each, in common with the rest, looking forward with some measure of hope to the future. Maxy Hammond seems very constantly to have used these seasons as opportunities for an interchange of thought, sympathy, encouragement, or exhortation, with those friends with whom he corresponded; and on one of these occasions he writes the next two letters:—

"*December* 24, 1851.

"My dear Friend,—I cannot pass by this joyous season—the eve of Christmas, and the anniversary of the year—without sending you the assurances of my earnest wishes and prayers for your welfare, both temporally and spiritually. It is a happy recurring period of the year, when our hearts seem peculiarly drawn forth towards those whom we consider as our *friends;* and among them I reckon you as one of the dearest and most attached which my gracious God has given me. . . . . At present, let us dwell for a little on the glad tidings of great joy which were at this time announced in the song of the heavenly host, when the birth of the Babe at Bethlehem was made known to the shepherds.

"Blessed be God, then, glad tidings have come to you and to me; so that we, too, may rejoice in the wondrous event which we at this time commemorate. And as the wise men declared that they had seen his star in the east, so may we, too, be enabled to testify that the midnight shadows have passed away; that the day has dawned, and that the day-star has arisen up in our darkened and foolish hearts. Yes, my dear brother, I would wish you a merry

Christmas, not in the worldly sense which is used to desecrate this holy season, and to dishonour Him whom we profess to remember, but in a sense of a holy rejoicing in the blessed fact which is revealed to us in the gospel, that *unto us* a child is born, *unto us* a son is given, whose name is called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the *Prince* of *Peace.* And since He came into the flesh, and endured a life of suffering such as none other ever underwent, until He finally ended it by becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, *for our sins,* we may at this season look forward with humble, yet joyful hope to the period of His second coming, when He will gather His elect from the four corners of the earth, and shall give them a name and a place better than of sons and of daughters in the kingdom above. This is that blessed hope which, if more fully realised and more habitually meditated upon, would afford comfort in sorrow, support in trial, strength in weakness, and soberness in prosperity.

"'"The Lord is at hand." Then, sorrowing believer, lift up your head, for your redemption draweth nigh; you shall soon reach the place where sorrow and sighing shall for ever flee away, and where God will wipe away all tears from off all faces. "The Lord is at hand." Then, tried and afflicted believer, rejoice that the period has arrived when it will be seen that your light affliction, which was but for a moment, has been working out for you a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. "The Lord is at hand." Then, weak and fainting believer, take courage. The fight is over, the conflict done with; the world, self, and Satan overcome; the shout of victory is

already heard, and you will soon be numbered with those who came out of great tribulation, but who are now arrayed in white linen, with palms in their hands. "The Lord is at hand." Then let your moderation be known to all men, O believer! if tempted by prosperity, if satisfied by thy earthly rest.*' I hope to be enabled to pour out my heart in prayer for you at this time, and I know I need not ask you to do the same for me; nor need I remind you how deeply I need your prayers, for my wants and my shortcomings are enough to exhaust the patience of the God of patience Himself, did we not know that His compassions fail not, and that He hateth putting away. I know some of your trials, and, therefore, I would ask that you may find repose in resting your soul on the faithfulness of your covenant God, that you may find that it is indeed—

'Sweet to be passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.'

May Jesus be felt by you as all-sufficient, whatever trials you may be called to endure! May His grace be found sufficient and His presence a full compensation for the loss of earthly comforts! I cannot ask more for you than to turn Phil. iii. 10 into prayer, and to pray that you may know Christ in the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death.

"And now, let me tell you some of my manifold wants and deficiencies, that you may act accordingly. More love to God, more realising faith, more of the spirit of prayer, more self-denial, more faithfulness in confessing Christ before men, and more zeal to promote the glory of

* This passage appears to have been quoted from a published tract.

God. How sad it is that at the close of a year, or at the close of a single day, we should find that our resolutions have been so seldom fulfilled, and our progress heavenward so slow! I often think of these lines in Keble's 'Morning Hymn'—

'Lord, teach us this, and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.'

How much I long to see you again in the flesh; but the prospect of doing so seems very remote. Perhaps we may not be permitted to meet until we reach the heavenly city, and tread the streets of gold together. But how glorious will that meeting be, when we shall have done with sin, and when these vile and perishable bodies shall have been made like unto Christ's glorious body. Oh! to be enabled to say with Paul, 'I have a desire to depart and be with Christ.' If this desire is faint and difficult to trace, alas, I often feel it must be because communion with Him on earth is so little cultivated. The soul that lives nearest to Him will long most to be with Him where He is. . . . .

"What a state France is in! Who can tell what may come of all that has happened? It is our comfort and our happiness to know that 'the Lord reigneth.' Every Christian ought to be upon his watch-tower, that so he may be prepared to meet any storm that may arise. What a memorable night was that, when the first coming of Jesus was announced to the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks. It may be that the cry, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh,' will be also raised at midnight—may we be found, like the shepherds, watching likewise.—With much love, believe me, most affectionately yours in the Lord, M. M. H."

"My very dear Friend,—'Grace to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.' I cannot let the old year pass away, and the new year arrive, without sending you a word or two of greeting. We thought of you on Christmas-day, and felt peculiar pleasure in calling to remembrance the happy evening we spent together a year ago, when we sang together, 'Glory to the new-born king.' How hallowed is the recollection of such intercourse, and how different from that of the world. If the soul is indeed alive and near to God, how bright and pleasant are even earthly scenes, when sanctified by the Word of God and prayer. The passing away of the old year seems a peculiarly solemn season; reminding us of broken vows, lost opportunities, and neglected privileges. Oh! what could we do if the Lord were extreme to mark iniquities. But blessed be His name! He is a God who delighteth in mercy, and it is our unspeakable comfort to know that the fountain for sin and uncleanness is ever open, ever full, ever fresh. God grant that the coming year may find us growing in grace, cultivating holiness of heart and life, and constantly striving to attain to that spirituality of mind which is life and peace. I feel that the spring and secret of growth lies in communion with God in prayer, and we shall be found advancing or declining just as we are diligent or remiss in this holy exercise. I feel how sadly I come short in this respect myself, and I know that this is the cause why my soul so often cleaves to the dust. Let us pray one for another, that we may stand perfect and complete, lacking nothing.—With our united Christian love, believe me ever your affectionate friend, M. M. H."

Perhaps in connexion with the subject of special seasons, whether of Christian joy or humiliation, it may not be out of place to mention one circumstance relating to Captain Hammond's private practice and habits. Very jealous as he was of anything approaching to substitution of outward ordinances for spiritual religion and the vital energy of the heart, yet he did not undervalue, nay, highly esteemed, every ordinance rightly regarded. And in this light he occcasionally used fasting as a means of grace, with prayer. He thought it beneficial to the Christian on particular occasions, when he desired especially to call his sins to remembrance, and to humble himself before God.

The next letter, to a friend who had been ordered away, is remarkable as an instance of the direct and effectual working of a tract:—

"CHATHAM, *March* 22, 1852.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . You have left many friends behind who lament you. But this must be the way of our pilgrim life. Our tent is pitched for a little time, and then we remove it again to some other place. Sweet is the assurance of our covenant God. 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest' (Ex. xxxiii. 14). May our rest ever be found in abiding in Jesus: looking unto Him we may be assured that He will be to us as a cloudy pillar by day and of fire by night, to guide and protect us by His providence, until at length He conducts us to the perfect rest above. . . .

"The reading of Ryle's Tract on the Cross made a deep impression upon * * *. The Thursday following I received a note from him asking for another tract. 'I have

to thank you much,' he says, 'for having put it in my way. Your reading, I firmly believe, kindled a new light in me; and has, through God, I fervently trust, saved me from falling into an error of which I was, until then, really unconscious, I mean the sin of Unitarianism: for I cannot now conceal from myself the painful fact, that hitherto I have been more a nominal than a real Christian, praying to God Almighty, but not leaning for support on Christ.' I know you will feel deeply interested in such glad tidings. . . . . I purpose asking him to join our Thursday evening parties. . . . May the Lord the Spirit abundantly bless you, and make you faithful in every good word and work!—Yours ever in the best of bonds, M. M. H."

From Portsmouth Captain Hammond replies to a friend, who had requested him to become sponsor to his child:—

"My dear Friend,—Let me say how much I felt your affection in wishing me to be one of the sponsors to your little son, and with what true pleasure it gives me to be able to accept this responsible trust. . . . I feel deeply humbled under the consciousness of my utter unworthiness. Indeed you little know the vileness and depravity of my heart, and how hard it is to keep the flame of spiritual life alive in my soul. But it is our unspeakable comfort to know, that while we dare not presume to come before the Lord trusting in our own righteousness, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; whose blood can cleanse the iniquity of our holy things, and who is ever at the right hand of God to present our vile sacrifices, through the sweet incense of his own righteousness and

intercession. This blessed assurance emboldens me to undertake the office; and I pray God that I may have grace in fulfilling it, and that I may be preserved from sinning against the Lord in ceasing to pray for him. May He indeed number your little one among His jewels, and give him a name and a place better than of sons and of daughters, by writing upon him his new name, and sealing him as His own from his earliest days."

In the same letter, alluding to some afflictive dispensation that had befallen some friends at Toronto, he says:—

"How deeply afflicted that family have been! Wave after wave has fallen upon them, and were it not that we know that the Judge of all the earth cannot err, we might be tempted to think that He dealt too severely. We must wait until we land upon the shore where tears shall be wiped away from all faces, and where we shall know even as we are known, before we can understand the mysteries of all His providential dealings."

The next letter is to his youngest brother, who had now entered the ministry:—

"CANTERBURY, *June* 8, 1853.

"MY DEAR H * * *,—. . . . . By this time you will be getting accustomed to the new duties and new mode of life in which you have entered; for, although you have been preparing for this work for months, and even for years past, and have, to some extent, been engaged in the kind of work which now occupies you, yet it is a different

thing really to enter upon the work of a minister of Christ—the most blessed and the most arduous which can engage a man. And who is sufficient for these things? You, indeed, are not. But, blessed be God, your sufficiency is of God; and His grace shall be sufficient to you in every time of need. We thought of and prayed for you on Sunday, as you were, for the first time, publicly lifting up your voice as an ambassador of Christ, and witnessing for Him to perishing sinners. I long to hear how you got through; though I doubt not the Lord stood by and strengthened you. It must be indeed difficult, perhaps impossible, to human nature, on such occasions, so far to forget *self* as to desire only the glory of God, and that His word might be blessed in the souls of the hearers—we are so much more prone to seek to please men, than God who trieth the hearts. May the Lord Almighty, by His Spirit, keep you humble and prayerful; enabling you at all times to remember that you are but the earthen vessel, the instrument; that you can neither supply yourself with oil, nor communicate effectually to others, without the vital energy of the Holy Ghost. How different are our callings in life! I am sure we are both rightly placed, and that we may both live and die to His glory, if only we possess a single eye and an undivided heart. . . . . May you be endued with the manifold gifts and graces of the Spirit, and be made wise to win souls to Christ! We expect to move into camp on Tuesday.—Ever, &c., M. M. H."

In the autumn of 1852, the whole battalion returned from Canada, and Maxy Hammond was ordered from the

depôt at Chatham to join the head-quarters at Canterbury. His delight at re-joining his own company was fully reciprocated by his men, who greeted him with repeated and prolonged cheers in a manner most impressive, and strongly exhibiting the estimation in which they held him. Those who were about him at this time were specially struck by the depth of his interest in the good behaviour and welfare of his company. On one occasion, when a non-commissioned officer of high responsibility had been guilty of grave misconduct, Maxy Hammond's distress was extreme. One who knew him best described his grief at that occurrence as acute, and that he seemed to feel it as keenly as if a family affliction had befallen him. At this time the colonel of the regiment gave him the entire charge of both the week-day and Sunday schools. He had also charge of the band, and took great pains with the buglers, always speaking of them as "his boys." He induced them to attend the Sunday school, by getting up for them a class in a separate room, that their dignity might not be offended by being classed with the rest.

While he was at Canterbury, in the spring of 1853, he employed himself in getting up lectures for the men on general subjects; and he wrote, and prepared maps for this purpose, "on the Opening of the Peninsular Campaigns of 1812, including the Battle of Salamanca." To the preparation of this lecture he gave infinite pains, yet he never delivered it, being prevented by a temporary indisposition. The lecture concludes thus:—

"Surely we cannot fail to have been struck with the daring intrepidity, the cool bravery, and the patient en-

durance of the British soldier in the history of these campaigns. In the surprise of Almaraz, we have seen what resolution and valour can effect in the face of almost insuperable difficulties; and, in the operations around Salamanca, we have seen that the skill and prudence of the general, and the quickness and the steadiness of his troops, completely baffled the designs of one of Napoleon's commanders. Surely, as soldiers, we may learn many lessons from our gallant comrades who fought England's battles in years gone by. That generation has passed away, but they have left behind them the records of their gallantry in many a hard-fought field. If our turn should come (and who shall say that it will not come?) to fight for our Queen and country, let it be our fixed determination to equal the Peninsular veterans in steadiness and bravery before the enemy; and let us hope and pray that the British army may be as distinguished for its steadiness of conduct and its high tone of morality, as it ever has been for its gallantry in the field."

"To do all to the glory of God," was the principle that pervaded Maxy Hammond's life, and influenced all his habits. Hence many occupations, to which he was by nature rather disinclined than otherwise, were at once seen in a new light, and adopted with the pleasure which accompanies the performance of a duty. He was not naturally studious, nor even fond of any kind of reading: yet, obeying the precept, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," he studied with much attention books of a professional character. So, from the

same feeling, he kept up and increased the elementary knowledge of military surveying which he had acquired at Sandhurst; and, while he was quartered at Canterbury, he made a careful military survey of the adjacent district. He had a very decided taste, however, for the practical part of his profession, both in the details of its internal economy, and in the work of the regiment in the field. When the Rifles were at Canterbury, a sham fight was projected, and came off in a neighbouring park. The Rifle Battalion was formed into two divisions—one, of course, representing the enemy—with three squadrons of the Carbiniers, and a troop of horse artillery acting in combination and support. The ground was well adapted for one of those mimic actions with which we have become familiar, both at Chobham and at Aldershott; and the writer well remembers the thorough spirit of enjoyment with which Captain Hammond entered into the arrangement of the programme, and its subsequent execution.

During the summer of 1853, his eldest child was born —an event of no little happiness and cause for thankfulness to him.

"Our precious child," he says, in a letter to a friend, "was baptized yesterday (Sunday); the service was impressively performed by my brother E * * *; and we may hope and believe that the blessing of the Most High accompanied the outward sign. She is named 'Nina Charlotte.'

"By the bye," he adds, when writing to a friend in

Canada, "I don't think I have written to you since the birth of our little one. She is now more than four months old, and is a dear little thing, a precious gift from the Lord, lent to us by Him, to be trained up for Him, and, we trust, to be His to all eternity."

The remaining months of 1853 were passed quietly enough in camp at Chobham; and, at the close of the autumn, the 2d battalion of the Rifles was ordered to Portsmouth.

It was in the beginning of the year 1853 that a little cloud arose in the East, by many scarcely heeded, as soon to pass away, but whose dark folds, drifting heavily over the Euxine, burst forth at last in a peal of thunder upon the Danube. Before May, the Cossacks of the Don and the Oural were in movement. Gortschakoff crossed the Pruth, and occupied Wallachia with a powerful army, and Europe was roused from her long slumber of peace by the cannon of Oltenitza. In England, our troops were startled in the midst of sham-fights and field-days upon the Chobham heather, by the prospect of actual warfare. To us, who calmly and sadly review the speculative excitements of that period, how charged with mournful thoughts, yet how full of sweet comfort, are the closing sentences of this letter of December!

"The opening of the new year is very dark and threatening. I should tremble, in looking forward, were it not that I know that the Lord reigneth. Humanly speaking, there is now little probability of escaping a terrible war.

If so, I may never see the close of 1854! But what a peace-giving consideration is it, that all events shall issue in the furtherance of God's purposes for His own glory, and the glory of His Church! And I humbly hope that, come life or come death, I may lay claim to the promises of my covenant-God, and may be assured that nothing will separate me from His love in Christ Jesus."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Bulgarian Campaign.

"And there was mustering in hot haste; the steed,
The glittering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispered with white lips, 'The foe—they come! they come.'"

In the spring of 1854 all hope that a war might be avoided was at an end; and early in February several regiments received orders to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation for foreign service. Among the first which received orders was the 2d battalion of the Rifle Brigade. On the 16th of February 1854, Captain Hammond writes to his mother from Portsmouth:—

"*February* 16, 1854.

"My dearest Mother,—I had scarcely reached the barracks before a message arrived from the captain of the *Vulcan* steamer, to say that he had just received orders to embark the Rifle Brigade, and to sail for Malta on the 24th,

so we shall be off sooner than we expected. It seems extremely doubtful whether the troops will disembark at Malta at all. The general impression seems to be that they will only rendezvous there, and proceed together at once to Turkey. . . . .

"We are not allowed to take any boxes with us, and our baggage is not to be more than can be carried on the back of a mule, *i.e.*, a couple of trunks. I think of getting, for this purpose, a pair of bullock-trunks, such as they use in India. I have got everything necessary. . . . . I got a telescope at Harris's; an excellent field-glass. I shall wish, when I use it, that it could give me a long sight of your much loved faces and of the dear old home which I have left behind me. But I see you all with the eye of the mind; and I delight to think that our spirits will often be together, when we bend before the throne of grace, and pour out our prayers for each other's welfare. God grant that these separations in time may lead us to long and look for that better inheritance which is above. Pray for me, dearest mother, and all of you, that my faith may not fail; that whatever scenes may be before me, I may so live in the love and fear of God, that I may ever glorify His holy name, and may bear witness for Him before my fellow-men.—With fondest love to all, ever your most affectionate,

"M. M. H."

Essentially a soldier, an ardent and intelligent lover of his profession, Captain Hammond would have hailed with an interest, second to none, the prospects of an actual campaign, had no other stake than his own been risked

by the claims of war. But there were thoughts at such a time, that repressed the throb of pride, which may lawfully rise in a soldier's breast when ordered to take the field. The desolate wife, the sweet unconscious child, the broken-up home; these might well bring sadness to his heart. Yet, in such trials—for who can doubt *how* sore such trials were to such a nature?—he knew where to look for support—"Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee, because he trusteth in thee." To this approaching separation he alludes often.

To his father, he says:—

"The trial is a bitter one, but we are silenced, in remembering that it is the will of that tender and loving Saviour, who has said that 'the very hairs of our head are all numbered.'"

And to another friend, he writes:—

"13 PORTLAND TERRACE, SOUTHSEA,
February 20, 1854.

"It is indeed quite true that we are to sail in a few days to the East. . . . . How true it is that we know not what a day may bring forth. I feel your sympathy. It is indeed a heavy trial, to have to separate for an indefinite time from wife and child, it may be never to return. But, blessed be God, we know that 'if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Oh! how infinite is that grace and mercy, which plucked you and me as brands from the burning, and which has given

us a good hope through Him who died for sinners, even the chief. In this hope and confidence I go forth, leaving all in His hands, praying only that I may glorify Him in my body and my spirit, which are His, under all circumstances and in all positions.

"Farewell, my very dear and faithful friend.—With Christian love to your dear wife from us both, your affectionate in the Lord Jesus, M. M. H."

To his mother, he says:—

"Oh how precious are the consolations and hopes of the gospel, at such a time as the present when the heart-strings of natural affection are so violently wrenched, and the future looks dark and boding! I trust we can all say, 'It is well.' I feel that it is so, dearest mother; for I know that the path of duty is one of safety. I go away in the hope of a safe return, if the Lord will; but let us all long and look for that union *above* where we shall see Christ as He is, and be made like unto Him. God has been very gracious to me. I never enjoyed more perfect peace or rest of mind than at this present time. To Him only be the praise."

On the 27th of February, the 2d battalion of the Rifle Brigade embarked at Portsmouth, and on the 2d of March he writes to his wife:—

"*Off Lisbon.*—Thus far has the Lord graciously brought us. . . . . We left the dockyard very shortly after I got down to the vessel, and steamed out to Spithead, taking with us * * * and * * * who were unable to get from the vessel to the wharf, before they discovered that the

ship was under weigh. At Spithead, we waited till the powder was on board, and then up anchor and away, taking the Needles passage to sea. I felt thankful that you were not there; and I found comfort in commending you and our sweet little Nina to our one God and Father. Oh! may this trial lead us both nearer to Himself, and teach us to seek our happiness, not so much in the creature as I feel that I have done—but in Him who is our Redeemer, God over all, blessed for evermore. I know I shall hear that you have been sustained and comforted, This makes me happy in thinking of you; and in knowing that to us both this shall turn to our salvation, through our prayers, and the sufficiency of the Spirit of Christ.

"My miseries commenced soon after we left the Needles; and the roll of the Atlantic began to be felt, and increased as we crossed the Bay of Biscay, but the wind was fair, and we soon reached the coast of Portugal. We expect to pass Gibraltar on Saturday, and if all goes well, to reach Malta about the end of next week. I never before felt so well at sea.

"*Monday the 6th, off the coast of Barbary.*—Here we are in the Mediterranean, and in sight of the bold outline of mountains which run along the coast of Africa. The wind changed before we reached Gibraltar, and so retarded us, that instead of reaching 'the Gut' early on Saturday, we did not come abreast of the Rock till midnight. When it came, we saw no more than the dark outline. We had, however, a fine view of the beautiful coast before entering the strait, including Cadiz, and the Bay and Cape of Trafalgar, and passed over the spot where the action was fought. Here we hailed a Spanish fishing-boat. The

picturesque crew, who were hauling up small fish as fast as they could throw in their lines, were so intent on their own business, that they seemed hardly to notice the monstrous ship, with its armed freight, which almost ran them down.

"Yesterday we skirted the coast of Spain with the wind in our teeth, and had a glorious view of the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada high up in the clouds. . . . . The wind still a-head; but we are steaming against it. Yesterday we could make nothing against it; so that the captain let the fires out, and beat up against it under double reefed topsails. I enjoyed seeing them take in the reefs, and work the ship; but it was too rough to be comfortable."

"*Tuesday, off the coast of Algiers.*—We have had a lovely sail to-day in close view of this lonely and desolate coast. The mountains rise to a considerable height and seem covered with a low brushwood. We saw a village this morning. The whole country looks arid and unproductive, and not likely to contain any population. B * * * is longing to be on shore to hunt the lions, which, no doubt, are to be found in those barren hills. I must say I feel with him a much stronger desire to shoot an Algerian lion than a hundred Russians."

"*Thursday evening, off Tunis.*—Two days have passed since I wrote last. It will not make you sad, I hope, to tell you that you are never away from my thoughts. Each day I feel more keenly the reality of our separation; but let not one murmur, or one hard thought of the tenderness of our heavenly Father, be harboured in our hearts. Let this word of Jesus suffice us—'The cup that my Father gives me to drink, shall I not drink it?'

When my heart is overwhelmed within me, then I long to look to the 'Rock that is higher than I.' . . . . Just after I wrote yesterday, we descried huts, and people ploughing with oxen some miles farther, within view of a town (Tennery), built on a flat rock, about 100 feet above the sea. The houses were white; and, with the background of noble hills, some thousands of feet high, and the fine bluff, which forms the headland of the cape, the scene was beautiful. We hoisted an ensign as we approached, and were answered by the tricolor of the French. . . . . As the sun rose yesterday, we came within view of Algiers, but at such a distance that we could only get a general idea. . . . . In the afternoon we sighted, and presently passed between, the Rock Islands of Galita, which rise abruptly to the height of 1200 feet. Fifteen miles to the south of this spot, the *Avenger*, steam-frigate, struck a sunken rock, in a dark night, blowing a gale, and all hands but six perished. This was in 1848. We expect to reach Malta on Saturday morning. . . . .

"How often have I longed to have you at my side, to enjoy all this lovely scenery with me, and to trace out, with me, the glorious works of our Creator and Redeemer.

"*Malta Harbour, Saturday morning, 11th.*—Here we are arrived alongside the dockyard. We know nothing yet of our plans until Lord Raglan arrives.

"God bless and keep you."

The next letter was written, from on board the *Vulcan*, to an old brother officer, who had been one of Captain Hammond's most intimate companions, when they were

both young subalterns in the Rifles. The letter is introduced here, as illustrating Maxy Hammond's faithfulness, both to his Master and to his friend. For some years past their intercourse had been quite broken off. The officer in question had retired from the service. But when an accidental circumstance led to a correspondence, Maxy Hammond avails himself instantly of the opportunity of urging upon his friend, with no less delicacy than earnestness, the acceptance of that free offer which had brought such settled peace to his own soul. Reverting to the war, and to their present expedition, he says:—

"I must say I have no desire for bloodshed, and should be glad enough to be sent back again in peace to my wife and home. But these things are in higher hands than ours; and it is a matter of unspeakable comfort to feel that we have a Father in heaven, under whose protection and guidance all must be well. You and I have experienced great mercies at the hand of God. It is a solemn question to ask ourselves, What effect have these mercies produced in our hearts? Forgive me for asking you whether you have found pardon and peace through the cross of Christ. If you have not, delay no longer to cast yourself upon Him for salvation, and remember that He is able to save to the *uttermost* those who come to Him. I would entreat you, my dear friend, to remember what a tremendous *reality* religion is—a reality upon which hangs our destiny for eternity. As far as I have practised it for the last nine or ten years, I have experienced its blessedness under all the changing circumstances of life; and it is that which induces me now to press the sub-

ject on you. That you, too, may experience the peace and happiness of Christ's service, is the earnest prayer of your sincere friend, M. M. HAMMOND."

To his wife:—

"MALTA, *March* 15.

"I must write you a few words of love, and tell you how happy I was made, on Monday evening, by the receipt of your precious letter. Tears of mingled joy and sorrow coursed freely down my cheek. I could not but rejoice and bless my God for the calm and contented spirit in which you write. I do earnestly pray for you; and I know that you will pray for me; but whatever may befall either of us, may we be enabled to say, heartily and unreservedly, 'Thy will be done.' This spirit will glorify Jesus. My dearest wife, pray for me, that my lamp may be kept trimmed; and, amidst all excitements and earthward tendencies, that it may burn brightly, receiving new supplies of grace each day and hour. . . . . I am sure that you are right in asking and expecting that the Lord, in His mercy, will bring me back again to you in peace, provided that you are willing that He should give or withhold this blessing as it seems good to Him. 'Be careful for nothing; but, in everything with prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God.' How I long to see again that darling little Nina. I love to think of her, and to recall her bright face; and I often thank God that He has given you this precious child to cheer and gladden your heart. . . .

"The prevailing opinion seems to be, that we shall not move from here until the cavalry comes up, which may

not be before the beginning of next month, and then we are quite ignorant of our destination—whether Constantinople, the Bay of Enos, or Adrianople. There seems to be little hope of a pacific arrangement. If we are to be plunged into war, we may pray, 'Bless Thou our sword' in going forth to maintain the cause of right against might. And surely we may hope that the Lord will be on our side in the contest, though He may justly chasten us for our many national and individual sins." . . . .

From Malta, March 16th, to his father:—

"My dearest Father,— . . . We reached this island early on the 11th. Before breakfast we all turned out to have a look at our destination. The scene, to me, was most curious and novel. The island, generally speaking, is low; the highest part being at the opposite side to this (Valetta). The ground, however, is much undulated, and covered with stone walls, enclosing fields of luxuriant growth, wherever there is any earth on which vegetation may take root. There is no natural soil in the whole island; but almost every spot is cultivated, the earth being conveyed in vessels from Sicily and elsewhere. It is said that the knights of Malta allowed no vessel to come into the harbour without paying the dues in soil. As we approached, we passed fleets of fishing boats; and very picturesque they were, with their high bows and sterns, and swarthy occupants, busily engaged in putting out their nets, or throwing in their lines. Here, too, we saw the pretty latteen-rigged boats; some of them running

before the scanty breeze, with such a crowd of canvas, that I could not have conceived it possible. This sketch, enclosed, will give you some idea of the shape of the harbour, and situation of the different towns. Here are boats innumerable, to convey you from one part of the town to another, with two men to pull you, an awning to cover you from rain, and a lantern at night, for which you pay 2d."

"Our ship went straight to the dock-yard; and the men walked on shore after their dinner, and took up their quarters in the rope-walk, a piece of matting and a straw mattress with a blanket being provided for each man. Our quarters are in a battery immediately above the men. We are provided with nothing but the bare walls, ceiling, and stone floor. As we waited to go on shore, numbers of boats pulled off to the ship, laden with provisions, oranges, dates, figs, eggs, cigars, &c. Among the rest was a diver, who was glad enough to plunge in for a penny, and immediately to bring it up.

"We have established ourselves pretty comfortably, as we divided ourselves in small messes of three or four, drawing and making our servants cook our rations. I am in mess with the Colonel, I * * *, and R * * *. Our dinner generally consists of broil and stew, sometimes varied by a mutton-chop, and occasionally fish. I assure you we eat it with as much gusto as if we were sitting down to an array of French side-dishes, and perhaps enjoy it really much more. Those who are more particular about their food, and don't mind paying for it, go to the hotels; but we prefer the cheap-and-easy system, and it is more in keeping with our present mode of life; besides that, it is excellent practice for our servants,

before they may have to cook and forage for us in the field. . . . .

"The appearance of the streets is truly picturesque. There are the various costumes—Maltese, Turkish, Albanian, Egyptian, Arabian, and Nubian; swarms of priests and Jesuits, and friars of orders gray; and in contrast with all these are the Europeans and red-coated English soldiers, who crowd the wine-shops and fill the streets.

"The barley is now in ear, and the beans full-grown. The people feed their cattle with green wheat fodder, and get three growths in the year. The fig, palm, date, and lotus and cactus, seem the chief trees of the island. The cactuses look very singular: whole gardens are filled with them. They grow to a height of ten or twelve feet, and their thick fleshy leaves measure six or eight inches in diameter. The fields are irrigated by small aqueducts, the water being brought from the numerous rain-tanks which abound throughout the island. The wild-flowers are very pretty, and I hope to preserve some for M * * *. The mules and asses are very fine. They tell me that in Gozo you can find asses sixteen hands high; and there are some very fine ones in Malta. The price of a first-rate mule now is from £25 to £30.

"Popery is, as you know, rampant in this place. The churches are very numerous: that of the Old Knights of St John is a very handsome building. From morning to night the bells do not cease to ring; and wretched bells they are. They are so superstitious as to ring them all if a thunder-storm approaches, to keep off the lightning. In all the gates there are pictures or images of the Virgin or some patron saints. The other day I saw an image of

some saint with a gridiron by his side, and with a notice underneath, that an indulgence of forty days would be given to any person who would repeat an ave and a paternoster before him. Oh, that the people of England could see and know what Popery is in its full development as here! . . . . I must say farewell.—With best love to you all, your affectionate son, M. M. H."

To his wife:—

"*March* 25, 1854.

. . . . "We are to embark on board the *Golden Fleece* on Wednesday, so as to be ready to sail when Sir G. Brown arrives. There are no other troops going at present but 200 Sappers. It is believed that our destination is Gallipoli, and that we are going with the Sappers to prepare the encampment for the army. . . . . It is better for the men to get fairly into the field, where they will learn to accommodate themselves to their future style of life. At the same time, it is better to have been here, both for officers and men, to enable us to make more perfect arrangements for landing on a foreign shore, and being thrown on our own resources. . . . .

"I have been thinking much of you this day, and have spent some time in earnest prayer for you. What a privilege is prayer at such a time! We had a delightful sermon on prayer this morning from Mr Hare (Eph. iii. 12)—'In whom we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him.' He described the feelings of Jacob under circumstances very similar to those in which we are placed, when he lay down to sleep in a foreign country, with new scenes, new trials, and un-

known dangers before him; when he had the vision of the ladder, and the angels ascending and descending. And as he dwelt upon the blessedness of being permitted to hold intercourse with God, under every circumstance in which we can possibly be placed in this world, I felt almost overcome with the thought of the tenderness and loving-kindness of our God in thus permitting us to cast every care upon Him. Yes, though we be separated by hundreds of miles, yet our spirits can meet at the same throne of grace, and we can enjoy that holy fellowship on earth which we shall enjoy fully for ever in heaven. I love to think of you *specially* in the quietness of the Sabbath-day. My heart seems with you, and I do not try to restrain those tears of deep love which freely fall. But I am not sad, for I feel it is good for us both that this trial should be laid upon us. How often have we sung together—

'Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!'

And now this prayer is being answered. . . . . I should like to send you the calendar of Psalms according to Bickersteth, that we may be reading the same, and feeding together on the same parts of the bread of life. . . . .

"Fancy the excitement of three French transports coming into this harbour *en route* for Gallipoli. General Canrobert, and two other generals; 50 staff horses, and 800 soldiers. We had a review for them of three battalions Guards, 33d, 93d, and Rifle Brigade."

To his wife:—

"On Board the 'Golden Fleece,'
"*March* 30.

. . . . "I have deep need of increase of faith. There is so much to distract and disturb the soul in this bustling, exciting life that it needs much watchfulness and discipline to keep the heart fixed on eternal things. We seem like a set of people carried down a current, and nobody has time to be quiet, or to think a moment. I have brought with me the store of tracts which Miss B * * * sent, and we are keeping them in reserve against the time when the men will be cut off from the usual means of grace. It has been a great blessing that the word of life has been so faithfully preached to them since they have been here. Who can tell but that some of those 'appointed unto death' may have received the message of love which will give them peace in a dying hour. . . . . We cannot tell what may be the will of God; but if we are in Christ, come life, come death, all must be well. I am sure, dearest, we are warranted in praying for temporal deliverance, and that we may be permitted to meet again in peace, and we may cheer each other by this hope, in the Lord's good time. . . . .

"Sir J. Burgoyne has just arrived from Turkey. It is said that the ground selected for the camp at Gallipoli is not supplied with water, and that we shall have to bore wells when we get there. You may imagine all the reports which are afloat in this place. I never pay the slightest attention to them, and generally walk away whenever they are discussed."

"MALTA, *March* 28, 1854.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,— . . . . We know nothing as yet, except that we are to go to Gallipoli, probably to occupy ourselves with spade and pick-axe, in throwing up works which it is said are to be made across that narrow neck of land. . . . . How precious, at such a time, is the belief in the special providence of God. This is my comfort in thinking of those from whom I am separated, and this, I know, is your comfort in thinking of me. 'He doeth all things well.' We hear that a siege-train of eighty heavy guns is preparing at Woolwich. The Sappers arrived yesterday; Captain B * * * is to follow with pontoons. All this looks sadly like war. But the French officers here say that it is '*une affaire finie.*' There have been five or six transports in here. We had a grand turnout for General Canrobert, who was particularly pleased with the Rifle battalion. Many of the officers and men have been on shore, and have been fraternising with our people.

"*March* 30.—Yesterday we attempted to embark, but the arrangements were so blundered, that all, except one company, had to march back again to their barracks for the night. They attempted to put all the stores on board —a month's provision for 3000 men, camp equipage, ammunition, engineering tools, &c., and about 25 horses and 1200 men at the same time.

"General Brown arrived yesterday."

To his wife:—

"'GOLDEN FLEECE,' . . . .

"AT ANCHOR OFF CAPE SERVI, *April* 3, 1854.

"It is such a comfort and privilege having dear

G * * * on board. His natural character suits me, and he is so full of affection and sympathy. I had a delightful talk with him last evening, before going to bed, and I felt how blessed is that bond of union which unites us in Christ. I have been thinking over the verse in 1st John, 'No man hath seen God at any time. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.' Does it not mean that as we cannot *see* God so as to love him, He has represented Himself in His people, so that, in loving them, we may love Himself. . . . .

"I had an interesting walk with young A * * *, of the Engineers, on deck this evening. He seems very desirous of following the Lord fully, and took, in very good part, a word of advice from G * * *, about cards. * * * is well disposed, but his indolence, poor fellow, is a fearful barrier to his spiritual growth. . . . .

"Have you heard anything about the poor women from Mr B * * * lately? Poor creatures! I fear they must be in a wretched state. Let us help them as much as we can, and let us give to some of the societies, if the funds will admit.

"*Thursday morning, April* 6, 8 A.M., *Gallipoli.*—Arrived safe last night."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Camp.

"And now down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain."
SCOTT.

THE transports which had conveyed the first division of the British army had now reached their destination, and were lying at their moorings, preparatory to disembarking their troops upon Turkish territory. Never before had English troops formed up upon those shores. The first appearance, therefore, of the Rifles and Sappers must have roused, to some degree of excitement, the almost immovable and phlegmatic Turks. The formation of the strong lines, which were to serve as a basis of future operations, had already been determined by the engineer officers, who had previously surveyed the ground for that purpose. And as soon as it was possible, the disembarkation was effected, and the troops proceeded to entrench themselves in their position. Maxy Hammond's next letter is to his wife:—

"*April* 11.

. . . . "It is time I should tell you something of our proceedings. Two days were taken up in reconnoitering

the ground for our camp, so that we did not disembark till Saturday, when we marched to our encamping ground, about nine miles from Gallipoli, and about two from a Turkish village called Bulair.

"The town of Gallipoli baffles description. It is built on the side of a hill, a mass of low built houses with tile roofs, and here and there some minarets pointing upwards above the houses, from the top of which the priests call the faithful to prayer morning and evening. In the centre of the town is a fine ruin of an old Byzantine castle, now the depository of all the filth of the town. At the water's edge you see something in the shape of ricketty, crazy piers, and above the spot a basin, full of the grey masts and yards of antiquated and unpainted boats. We are entirely dependent on these boats to carry our luggage on shore, and fine work we have to make the sluggish Turks move. We soon found out that the only way was to take them by the shoulder and make them work. You would laugh to have seen me take possession of a boat, with four Sappers, and begin to get the sails up. Unfortunately we ran aground before we could get off, which enabled the Turks, with frantic gesticulations, to reach us, and get on board, and then we forced them to take us on. The narrow streets are paved with large stones that appear to have been thrown down a hundred years, and which have arranged themselves in all conceivable forms. Here you meet a bullock-cart of the rudest description, bumping and shaking, first on the top of one of these rocks, and then down into the valley beneath. There you see a cavalcade of pack horses coming in from the country, escorted by horsemen with a long gun slung across the shoulders,

a pair of elaborately ornamented pistols, and a yataghan stuck in the girdle. The house windows are latticed to conceal the unhappy women, who are rarely seen abroad. The houses cannot be said to be built, but stuck together anyhow. Everything looks neglected and deserted. Even the graveyards are trampled under foot; and we were horrified at seeing the holes where the dogs had been burrowing out the graves. Of a piece with the people are the storks, which sit motionless on the tops of the houses, and the tortoises, which abound and typify the crawling indolence of the inhabitants.

"And now for our encampment. We are on the left of the position, which is to be fortified by a continuous line of field works across the isthmus. The ground is undulating, and rising to a height of about 500 feet. There is but a poor supply of water; and that could be obtained only with great labour, by digging wells, making reservoirs, &c., which will probably be dry all the summer. Every stick of wood which we require for cooking has to be fetched upon the miserable bullock-waggons. We have the utmost difficulty in obtaining supplies, and think ourselves fortunate if we can get a few onions and a little rice to add to our ration beef. Green coffee is our staple drink. It seems to be a country without resources. The people themselves are almost starving. How an army is to move in this country I cannot imagine. We are told to provide ourselves with baggage animals. Captains are allowed one animal on which their own luggage, tent, camp kettle, &c., are to be carried. Field officers no more. Subalterns have one animal and a tent. I have got two ponies, Jack and Gill. . . . .

"Within the last few days the 28th, 44th, 77th, and 93d have arrived. The 33d and 41st have gone to Constantinople. There are also 5000 or 6000 French, including several regiments of Zouaves. These form an African corps. They are all Frenchmen, dressed *à la mode d'Afrique*—Fez cap, green turban, *en grande tenue*, blue jacket, open, with socks of red embroidery, waistcoat, no stock or neckcloth, coarse Turkish trousers hanging below the knees, yellow-coloured gaiters on the calf, and white shoe gaiters. They are splendid-looking fellows, and I believe as active and daring as they look. They are armed with the tige rifle, and carry their tents on their backs. . . . .

"The God of peace be with you."

To his wife:—

"CAMP NEAR GALLIPOLI, SUNDAY,
April 23, 1854.

. . . . "I never felt more deeply the blessing of a Christian Sabbath than in this far land, when we are cut off from the means of grace in our own favoured country, and are in this dark and benighted part of the globe. The Sabbath is especially welcome in camp life—to have a day set apart for God, to be able to spend some time in quietness, in communing with one's own breast, and seeking God in prayer. We have had a chaplain here to-day. He preached on—'Prepare to meet thy God:' good, as far as it went. He spoke nicely to the men, at the close, of his desire to be of service to them, and his readiness to attend them in sickness, or any other time when they were in need of the consolations of the gospel.

"This afternoon I gave H * * * a bundle of tracts to take round to the tents. I wish we could keep a supply in hand. I should like you to send me out by post a dozen copies of the *Leisure Hour*, and *Churchman's Penny Magazine*. . . . .

"And now, I commend you to Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above that we can ask or think."

To his wife:—

"CAMP NEAR GALLIPOLI,
May 1, 1854.

. . . . . "Lord Raglan arrived on the 28th, and, after an interview with General Brown, went the same evening to Constantinople. The works here are progressing rapidly, and will probably be completed in a few weeks. . . . . .

"One feels lost in trying to conjecture as to what may happen; but there is peace in leaving all in His hands, whose wisdom cannot err, and whose love cannot fail. . . . . What should we do if we had not this hope full of immortality, to comfort and sustain our hands at such a time as this? I sometimes wonder how those people can endure it who have not this source of consolation. We have just heard of the bombardment and destruction of Odessa. How awful are these beginnings of the horrors of war! How it should make us pray for peace; and long for the beginning of the reign of peace and righteousness, which shall at length dawn upon our sin-smitten world! . . . .

"We enjoy our Saturday evenings so much—they are

so refreshing in this place, where one is constrained so often to say, 'Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar.' The language of the men is awful; but I am thankful to say that the officers have been unanimous in trying to repress it. One has been painfully reminded of David's description of the wicked—'Their mouths are full of cursing.' Notwithstanding this apparent godlessness, it is strange with what avidity tracts are received. I wish I had a large supply. I am in hopes that some depôt will be established at Constantinople for this purpose. The Bible Society have an agent there, and they have determined to issue a copy of the New Testament to every soldier and sailor in these parts, if possible. . . . .

"We are to embark on Saturday for Scutari. The 1st Royals arrived to-day, and the 38th are expected in a few days. The *Melita* also arrived with staff-officers, including dear J * * * F * * *: dear fellow, you may conceive the joy it was to us both to meet again. This is another of the mercies mingled in our cup. 'He stayeth the rough wind in the day of his east wind.' . . . . God bless you."

The profane language of the men, upon which Captain Hammond dwells in this last letter, caused him very deep pain; and in more than one other letter he refers to the same subject. In a letter to his wife, he remarks: "I like what you say about contact with sin, and the pain which it must cost the holy Jesus to endure this contradiction of sinners. If I was indeed filled with the Spirit, the words of sin would pierce and wound my

heart more than they do. But I am thankful to say there has been a marked difference in the language used by the men of my own company." At another time he says: "The most painful part of this kind of life is, the being obliged to hear the horrible oaths and bad language that the men use. This morning I spoke to my company on the subject, and I trust there may be some improvement outwardly. But, oh! one's heart sinks at the thought of so many souls dead in sins—sold under sin to Satan."

An officer of the Engineers, speaking of the delight he found in Captain Hammond's society at this period, mentions a fact which is illustrative of his boldness in confessing Christ before men, and of his love and anxiety for others. He says, "There is one passage in * * *'s letter that I must mention. It is that of having prayers with his servant. I am sure he was the first officer in camp in Turkey who did so. In May 1854, I remember well talking about it to him; I was so glad, and felt it so good of him, amid our excitement, and the excessive work of our new lines at Boulair."

To his wife:—

"SCUTARI, *May* 9, 1854.

. . . . "We left our encampment on Saturday morning early, and, for the first time, loaded our mules with baggage for the march. About half-way, the whole force was reviewed by General Brown, in presence of all the French Generals and their staffs. The morning was excessively hot, and the men over-weighted. Many poor fellows fainted in the ranks. It is very painful to see men

fairly sinking under the heavy loads on their backs, and very humiliating to be obliged to confess that the French are so superior to us in the equipment of their soldiers.

"We arrived here on Sunday morning. The view of Constantinople, as you get near, is certainly very beautiful; and the tents of our army on the Scutari side add much to the picturesque effect. The town is built on a slope, and the Golden Horn divides Stamboul from the French districts. On the opposite side of the water stands Scutari. Stamboul is very striking, with its many domes, and minarets, and cypresses; and the Sultan's seraglio, occupying a large space of ground at the corner next to the Golden Horn. . . . .

"The ground which the army occupies here is rather pretty. The camps are close to the water's edge, in a grassy slope, backed by a splendid grove of cypress, which shades the tombs of the departed who lie beneath. . . . . The barracks and the hospital are magnificent buildings as to space. It is said the barracks will hold 10,000 men; but they have managed so to fill it with the staff that at present there are only four regiments in it. . . . .

"I had a visit yesterday from Mr T * * *, the Free Church missionary to the Jews in Constantinople. He appears to be a very nice and good man. There are 80,000 Spanish Jews in Constantinople. They were expelled from Spain by Philip III. at the end of the sixteenth century. I believe they speak a compound of Arabic and Spanish; but they cannot read the Roman character, so the books are in the Spanish language, with the Hebrew character. Little more has been done among them than the establishment of schools, and the awakening

a spirit of inquiry. Mr T * * * told us that the American missionaries are doing a great deal of good among the Armenians. There are very many Protestant congregations of them scattered throughout Turkey, both in Europe and Asia. There is perfect toleration here given to all religions, and the Bible may be freely circulated to all but the Mahometans. With them the spirit of persecution is still as strong as ever. Mr T * * * told us that a Mahometan was put to death at Adrianople about three months ago for becoming a Christian. I trust that France and ourselves will *insist* on religious liberty to all, before we leave this country."

To his wife:—

"SCUTARI, *May* 22, 1854.

. . . . "Never before have I felt so much need of putting on the armour of God; and it seems sometimes as if this is the place where Satan's seat is; and my soul longs for the perfect purity above, where there will be no sights and sounds of sin, and where we shall no longer be made wretched by the corruption within, which, after all, is our worst enemy. . . . .

"Amidst so much that is trying from within and without, I have found that the good Shepherd who is leading us along these rugged paths can give songs in the wilderness, and that He does provide rills of comfort and refreshment such as the world knows not of. Such a stream of mercy was the communion which was administered yesterday in one of the passages of the barracks. I felt it to be a peculiarly solemn and affecting season. The circumstances under which we were met together in this

foreign and heathen land, where we have been assembled for the purpose of war, produced a feeling in my mind such as I never before remember. The love of Christ did appear to be inexpressibly precious, and His words of love in John vi. melted me to tears. I think the thoughts of His love filled my heart above everything else. In the afternoon I went with F * * * and J * * * to the service of the Embassy. The chaplain is a truly good and very superior man. He preached on Psalm xxiii. 4—'The shadow of death,' a beautiful sermon. I was particularly struck with his searching address to believers on the *fear of evil*, the cause of which was to be found in our practical unbelief. He bade us look to the state of our spiritual affections, and to find out the source of this root of bitterness. The realised presence of the Lord can alone cast out this fear.

"And now, good night. May the angel of God's presence watch over thee and preserve thee from evil by night and by day! . . .

"*May* 23.—I believe it is pretty certain now that the Light Division is to move to Varna on Saturday; and the remainder of the army will follow as soon as possible. The report is that Silistria is invested by 70,000 Russians, and cannot hold out; so that, perhaps, we shall be pushed on to relieve the place, if it has not already fallen, in concert with the French and Turks. These things, uncertain as they are, make one feel that the realities of war may be near at hand. But, dearest, this is one of the numbered waves, that we trust are wafting us to the haven of rest where we would be. May we both have grace to take hold of the words which were addressed to Joshua, and

which seem so peculiarly applicable to us now (Josh. i. 7–9). There is a connexion here between *obedience* and *safety*. If we, too, are living by faith in Jesus, the promise will assuredly be fulfilled to us both (ver. 9), 'for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest.'

"I should like much to be able to adopt your suggestion, of securing a clear half-hour, the first thing in the morning, for prayer. I shall try to do so. But with our early parades, at half-past six, it is rather hard work getting up in time; but I shall make an effort, for I feel with you that there never was a time when I needed so much to seek strength by prayer.

"10 P.M.—The order has come out for the Light Division to embark on Friday the 26th for Varna. So, by the time this reaches you, I shall probably be in our new encampment somewhere between Varna and Shumla. Farewell."

To his wife:—

"CAMP AT VARNA, *June* 1, 1854.

. . . . "We are encamped just outside the town till the disembarkation of the horses and troops has taken place; and we are then to march to Devna, at the head of the lake, and await the arrival of the other divisions. The regiments composing the Light Division, the 7th, 29th, 23d, 33d, 77th, 88th, Rifle Brigade, and 8th Hussars, and a troop of Horse Artillery, are here. The others will follow as soon as possible.

"*Camp eight miles west of Varna, on the road to Shumla, June* 7.—I wish you could see our present camp, it is so pretty, situated in the lake district, surrounded by lovely hills, off-shoots from the Balkan. It is

a shame that such a lovely country should lie waste; and I must own I hope it will pass into other hands, for the Turks have had it too long, and it is time that the ground should be cultivated and the people civilised and Christianised. The whole division is encamped on this spot except the Hussars and the 17th Lancers, who have gone on to Devna, seven miles further. We have fairly commenced the routine of an army in the field, and have an outlying picquet to cover the camp by day and night. I was sent with half my company, for the first time since I have been a soldier, on this duty the day that we marched in. This is more for practice than necessity, as there are no Russians within fifty miles of us. . . .

"I dined with A * * * on Sunday, the night before we left Varna, and met * * *. I don't think I ever came across a more earnest and zealous Christian, or a more fearless one. 'Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke' the whole evening, and he urged upon us to read and pray together before parting. I envied his holy boldness and single-hearted zeal for God and the salvation of souls; and I felt deeply humbled by such an example. It is difficult to know what to do, but the chief difficulty lies in the coldness of my heart and want of love towards my Saviour. Some would say that * * * is incautious. But I am convinced that such a witness for Christ must be blessed, wherever he goes. . . . . The God of peace be with you."

To his wife:—

"CAMP, EIGHT MILES FROM VARNA,
June 9, 1854.

. . . . "We are to move our camp to-morrow. The

order in which we move is as follows: 1, A squadron of Hussars; 2, Advanced guard of Rifles (two companies); 3, Horse Artillery; 4, Battalion of Rifles; 5, Regiment of Line; 6, Baggage animals; 7, Slaughter animals; 8, Rear-guard of one company.

"*Sunday,* 11*th.*—What a curious Sunday this has been to me! I am writing on out-lying picquet, in a little hut made of boughs, with my waterproof sheet spread over the roof. We go on picquet at half-past two A.M.! and are relieved at that hour; so you may imagine I was very sleepy this morning, and did not feel at all in a Sabbath spirit. . . . .

"I love to read the Church Service, and to join in spirit with all Christ's people, who are using these beautiful forms of prayer, on this holy day. Soon, dearest, we shall join the Church above, having 'washed our robes, and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb.' I found much comfort to-day in the Psalms, especially the 60th; it seemed so applicable to present circumstances: driven out to this horrid war on account of national and individual sins. The heavy hand of God laid upon me, not altogether in judgment, but in love; for are we not told to look upon chastisements as a token of His love? . . . .

"*Saturday night, June* 17*th.*—I have just got back to my tent, after our Saturday evening reading with * * *, * * * , * * *. How singular that *we* should be permitted still to meet together in this changing world, as we used to do in dearest N * * *'s drawing-room, at Halifax, nearly ten years ago. Do you think the saints in heaven know at all what is taking place on earth? If

they do, how must she rejoice in seeing the same little party still feeding together among the green pastures and still waters of the blessed Word. It is such a comfort to refresh and animate each other's hearts, by spiritual communion, in this time of bustle and unrest. We were saying, to-night, what peculiar sweetness, what consideration for the darkness of our hearts, there is in the admonition, 'not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together.' . . . .

"There are rumours of a forward move to Silistria. I believe few people have any idea of the difficulties of moving an army in such a country. You may have some idea of this from the single fact, that it is said that it will require 12,000 horses to carry up the food and necessary stores for the troops on the march to Silistria. All supplies must be brought up from the rear." . . . .

To his wife:—

"CAMP ALADYN, OUTLYING PICQUET,
June 20th.

"You see we have not moved yet. . . . . I had such a nice dream last night, about seeing you and our sweet little Nina. I thought she was grown so enormously, and had come on so in mind and manners, and looked most lovely. I like such dreams of home; though my heart aches when I remember that I am in this strange and far-off land. I am, at times, very very sad; and the bitterness of separation is, if possible, more keenly felt than ever. Is it not hard to our poor weak natures to learn the lesson that God has been teaching us, to cease from seeking repose here on earth. My heart

does cling to home, and the hope of meeting those I love dearest on earth again. Do you think this is wrong? I hope not; for this sustains and keeps me up when I might almost sink, 'because of the way.' If we are, indeed, setting our affections on things above, I don't think we need fear letting our earthly affections have their full and natural sway. . . . .

"Various reports and rumours are afloat; some say the Russians, dishcartened by frequent repulses, have retired from Silistria; and I believe it is a fact, that Omar Pacha has thrown 12,000 additional troops into the place. My impression is, that if transport, sufficient for ourselves and the French, can be procured, we shall move forward; and, as a soldier, I think we ought to do so. . . . .

"I have been amusing and instructing myself by surveying the ground around the camp, and have finished my sketch to-day. I like the work, and it may be useful. . . The wild flowers are lovely; most of them are in our gardens at home. There are beautiful insects, too, which I delight in, and long to preserve; but this is impossible. . . . Farewell.

"*June* 28*th*.—By the time this reaches you, you will have heard of the retreat of the Russians from Silistria. . . . . We march to Devna to-morrow for certain."

To his wife:—

"CAMP, DEVNA, *July* 3,
Sunday.

"I have wandered to the top of the high range of hills in rear of our camp, that I might find a solitary place,

far from the haunts of men, where I might seek alone the presence and blessing of my heavenly Father, in lifting up my heart to Him, and spreading my wants and cares before Him. And here, too, have I in spirit held communion with my wife, at our common mercy seat. I am most thankful that you have been enabled to cast all your cares on Him. Let us both pray for faith for each day as it comes; and let us not attempt to look beyond, into the unknown future. To-day is ours; to-morrow is the Lord's; and we may safely leave it to Him to dispose of it as He sees best. With me, the uncertainty is so great as to what is going to take place, that I am, of necessity, driven to leave all in His hands.

"*July* 10*th.*—The communion was celebrated yesterday morning, in the open air, under a burning sun. I felt the heat so much, that it deprived me of the power of fixing my mind; and I did not, therefore, find that enjoyment in the ordinance that I did the last time at Scutari; though the occasion, yesterday, was equally solemn; and it was deeply interesting to see so many humbly kneeling before the cross of Jesus. . . . . I was thinking yesterday, of the duty of Christian love, as expressed in those words of our Lord (John xv. 12)—'This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.' This, no doubt, refers, in the first place, to the love of the brethren. But does it not extend to the love of our fellow-men generally, for *Christ's sake?* I feel that I have come far short of this exercise of love. It is one of the peculiar temptations of camp life, where there is so much gossip and evil speaking, and so much laughing at other people. I know that you will pray that I may

overcome this besetting sin, and possess more of the mind of Christ. That is no unmeaning term used to describe His character—'harmless.' . . . . The hospital tent is a sad place for a dying man. One feels how almost hopeless it is for any one to begin to seek Christ there."

To his wife:—

"CAMP, DEVNA, *July* 20.

. . . . "We shall all be glad to get away from this place. The ground is low and marshy, and it cannot be healthy; not that there is any serious sickness among the troops, but there have been a good many cases of remittent fever. . . . . Various rumours are afloat as to our future movements, and a council of war has been called at Varna. The transports are assembling at Varna, and the fleet is to be there on the 29th. Some say they are to take us to the Crimea, and others, to Anapa in Circassia. . . . . I cannot think we are in a position to make an attack on Sebastopol at present; and I must confess I do not feel eager for such a hazardous attempt. . . . . We are likely to move a few miles on Monday, for change of air. General Brown is on a cruise in the Black Sea; but no one knows where he is gone, or what is contemplated. The more I think of Sebastopol, the more convinced I feel that we cannot attempt any attack upon it this year: we have neither the men nor the material. This life is becoming very weary; there is not even any excitement to keep one up. Sometimes I long to beat my sword into a pruning-hook, it is so uncongenial to all my tastes and feelings. But I must not allow myself to indulge in such feelings. It ought to be enough to know

that I am following in the path of duty, leaving my wife and child behind me; and I know there is no position in which I may not glorify God. . . . .

"10.30 P.M.—Just come back from A * * *'s tent: these occasions are very refreshing to one's spirit. We were reading 1 Thess. iii. St Paul's prayer that the Lord would direct his way to them, is an encouragement to *us*, I think, in asking that we may be permitted to meet again in peace by the will of God.

"What a rest will be that above, when we shall serve and praise our Redeemer, without weary bodies to drag down our souls, and without the still heavier clog of sin to prevent our hearts ascending to God! 'His servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face.'"

"CAMP AT DEVNA, *July* 8, 1854.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . . What a comfort it is, in such troublous times as these, amid wars and rumours of wars, to turn to the promises of the gospel; and to feel that, when these things come to pass, we may lift up our hands, and recognise, above the storm of human commotions, and the intrigues of politicians and statesmen, the hand that is directing and overruling all! And we know that it is the same Hand that was once pierced for us, and which was once stretched over the troubled sea, 'and there was a great calm.' God grant that out of all these things showers of blessings may come down, and the gospel be promoted in the East!"

"CAMP, MONASTIR, *July* 28, 1854.

"MY DEAREST FATHER,— . . . . I have told R * * *—

and you will probably see in the papers—that the cholera has broken out among the troops within the last five days, and there have been between forty and fifty deaths in the division. We immediately removed our camp from Devna to this beautiful and airy spot. Our regiment has hitherto escaped, most mercifully, with only two deaths. . . . . The 7th, 23d, and 88th, have been the chief sufferers. The situation of our camp at Devna was decidedly unhealthy, being close to an extensive marsh at the head of the lake. We are now encamped in a Turkish village a short distance from Pravady. There is generally a delightful breeze coming from the sea. The weather has been hot—generally between 80° and 90° in the shade; but we have all built bowers in front of our tents. The ride from here to Pravady is across a large plain, on which are several tumuli, where the Russians are said to have buried six thousand, who died of the plague in 1828." . . . .

"CAMP, MONASTIR, *August* 8, 1854.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,— . . . . I am afraid you will be made anxious by accounts of the sickness amongst us. In some regiments it is abating, in others there are still some fatal cases. We have been mercifully dealt with, and have not lost so many as other regiments. Our poor old paymaster, N * * *, died last Friday, after four days' illness. He was a good man, and died, I believe, in humble dependence on the merits of his Redeemer. My patience is getting very much tried, being kept month after month in this stationary camp. We are now a little revived by rumours of an expedition somewhere in the

Black Sea. The general opinion is that it is to be Sebastopol, and that we are to attempt it by a *coup-de-main.* Of course, our generals must have well weighed the probabilities of success, and the disastrous consequences of failure, before they decided on risking such an attempt. Strange as it is to say, though I hate war, and have no desire to see bullets fly, I shall be glad if the path of duty leads me to more active operations. This stand-still, do-nothing existence is most trying, especially now that sickness is in our camp. It is a time for setting our house in order; but blessed be God there is strong consolation, if, as guilty sinners, we can rest upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus, and embrace the gracious invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' . . . .

"Soon they must consider the question of winter quarters for our army; and I have a dim and shadowy vision of getting two months' leave and seeing *home.* But there have been too many lessons, lately, of the uncertainty of all human events, to set my heart on such an air-castle. How quieting to the mind is that little clause, which ought to precede all our plans for the future, 'If the Lord will' we will do this or that!—Your affectionate

"MAX."

To his wife:—

"CAMP, MONASTIR, *July* 26.

. . . . "I am sorry to say cholera has appeared among us within the last few days. There is a quantity of unripe fruit about, plums and apricots; and the men *will* eat it, notwithstanding a positive prohibition, and their being

punished if caught. The division was moved in consequence. This is such a beautiful healthy-looking place that I trust the awful disease may abate. But after all, though we may talk about second causes, it is the finger of God that is upon us, justly punishing us for our sins. The wonder is, not that He should punish us for our offences, but that we are not utterly consumed. What comfort there is in what David said, when he chose the judgment of pestilence in preference to famine or the sword of the enemy—'Let us now fall into the hands of the Lord, for his *mercies are great.*' The saddest part of all is to think of the unpreparedness of those poor souls to meet their God, when they are suddenly cut down in a moment. And yet you hear the same words of cursing and ungodliness as ever. . . . .

"General Brown has returned from his cruise in the Black Sea. The fleet went to Sebastopol with an equal number of ships to the Russian fleet; and they threw down the gauntlet to them, but they could not be induced to come out. The *Furious*, in which Brown was, went rather close to the batteries and fired a shot in defiance; which was instantly returned by eight shots from the enemy, three of which fell on board the *Furious*, without, however, doing any other damage than playing havoc among the bottles in the midshipmen's mess-room.

To his wife:—

"CAMP, MONASTIR, *August 5.*

"Trial is the furnace in which the dross must be purged away, and the soul made to reflect more clearly the image of Jesus. Let us, then, wait patiently and constantly upon the Lord, as Paul did, when he besought Him that the

thorn might be removed. May we, too, be satisfied with the same answer—'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and may it be given to us gladly to suffer infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us. May we be enabled more fully to enter into 1 Pet. i. 8.

"To-morrow is the Sabbath. I shall try, by God's grace, to make these things special subjects of prayer for us both."

To his wife:—

"MONASTIR, *August* 10, 1854.

. . . "I am afraid you and the St Alban's people will have thought my letters very *triste*. But it is not easy to keep up a cheerful countenance when there is sadness within; and I must own to have felt very sad and unhappy for a few days, with so much sickness amongst us, and a gloom, in consequence, over the whole camp. But we have been most mercifully dealt with. I have felt more peace lately.

. . . At times I have been brought very low; but the Lord has graciously lifted me up again, and I have been enabled to hope in His mercy, and to feel that in the most trying dispensations He is doing all well. Would that I could indeed long more earnestly for that glory which is to be revealed. Yet, notwithstanding the many lessons I have had, of the uncertainty of human things, and the folly of setting the heart upon them, I find myself still cleaving to earth, nor can I say I have a desire to depart and be with Christ; my prayer rather is, Lord spare me to see, once more, those dearest to me on earth, and if not, help me to acquiesce in thy holy will. How much more blessed is the hope of the coming of Christ. For then we shall all be gathered unto Him—then 'we which

are alive shall be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be ever with the Lord.' I suppose that if the heart were filled with the love of Jesus, as Paul's was, even death would seem desirable, for the joy of being with Him. 'Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.'

"My faith has been sorely tried of late, and there have been times when I could not cast myself upon God, or trust the keeping of my soul and body to Him—when the enemy seemed saying to me, 'Where is now thy God?' (What a precious soul-comforting psalm is that forty-second!) The thought of home made me fear death; but now, through the mercy of the Lord, the cloud has passed away, and I hope I can trust in the love and wisdom and faithfulness of my Saviour God."

From the foregoing letters, we may infer how intense was the trial which Captain Hammond was called upon to undergo during this period of sickness and inaction in camp. There can be no doubt, more especially from his own statements afterwards, that the bitterness of separation from his wife and child was, to the highest degree, increased by the fear of death. Not in the sense applicable to those who fear because they have no hope—no other prospect than "a certain fearful looking for of judgment." His was a hope, blessed be God, sure and steadfast. But there was a deep longing for life—a burning thirst for a return, that, if it were possible, he might once more see his wife, his child, and the home that he loved. He looked for a prolongation of life, in order that this reluctance to

acquiesce so completely in God's will, as to desire, notwithstanding, that he might depart and be with Christ, might be entirely overcome; that he might, from his heart and without reservation, say, 'O death, where is thy sting?' That this prayer was abundantly answered, the sequel will shew. His wife, to whom these letters were addressed, has added, at the close of one of them, this note:—

"When he came home in October 1854, he alluded to this time as one of much inward conflict—much more than he had expressed in his letters. His desires after home were painfully strong; and it was a source of deep humility to him, that for many days he could not bring his will into subjection to God's will. He could not feel willing to be taken away then, without seeing those he loved once more. He used, at this season, frequently to rise and pray in the middle of the night—pray, not for life, but for entire submission. He several times alluded to it as the time of severest conflict of soul that he had ever passed through."

To his wife:—

"CAMP, MONASTIR, *August* 25.

"We are rather in a bustle to-day, in expectation of a march to-morrow. They talk of our marching in two days, and carrying the whole of the men's knapsacks in waggons. The few sick are to go also. I have good reason to hope that cholera is disappearing. . . . . What is the object of our march to Varna? I cannot tell you. It is said the generals are determined on Sebastopol. If it is so, you will join us in the prayer—'God speed us.'

May the same all-sufficient Saviour, who has sustained you in peace in many a dark and trying hour, enable you now to glorify Him by trusting in His unchanging love. I send you Isa. xli. 14, compared with 2 Cor. xii. 9—'the worm' and the 'weakness.' . . . . We are borne out by Scripture, I think, in believing that a special providence watches over believers, else what is the meaning of Ps. xci.; Ps. cxxi.; Matt. x. 29, 30; 1 Tim. iv. 10. And *how* do the angels minister to the heirs of salvation, if not in temporal deliverances, or other little mercies? It was the 'angel of God' who stood before Paul before the shipwreck, promising that God would save them (Acts xxvii. 23, 24). And is it not reasonable to suppose that the angel directed the course of the tempest-tossed ship, and brought about all the circumstances which led to the safe landing of them all? So comfort yourself with the word of the Lord, if your heart is filled with anxiety and apprehension about coming events; and forget not that He, who in mercy hath delivered your husband from the pestilence, can equally deliver him from the sword.

"It is believed that we shall embark on Thursday, so all doubt is now at an end about the grand expedition. 'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.' The details are not fully known, but it is said that we shall embark some 60,000 or 70,000 men, including 10,000 Turks; effect a landing about five miles from Sebastopol; besiege Fort Constantine, which commands the town and batteries, and which, if taken, would put us in possession of the place. . . . .

"It was a great comfort to be left in quietness on this holy day. The communion was celebrated. It was a

hallowed season and my soul enjoyed some of the sweetness of that fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ which He so delights to impart. To Him I commend you."

"VARNA HARBOUR,
"ON BOARD THE 'PRIDE OF THE OCEAN,'
"*August* 29, 1854.

"Scarcely had the letters left the camp, the day before yesterday, when an order arrived for the Rifle Brigade to move into Varna, and to embark next day. It is difficult to realise this, after all the doubts one has had on the subject. Varna is in a state of the most extraordinary confusion. Everywhere you see the material of war. The shore is strewed with gabions, fascines, rafts, carts in pieces, &c. &c. The large bay is filled with shipping, men-of-war, and transports. The Guards and Highlanders embarked yesterday, and the Artillery are all at Baltshik. More troops are going on board to-day. . . . .

"I pray that you may be kept from sinking. Where the path of duty is so plainly marked out, we must do all we can not to give way. I was reading, this morning, Ps. lvii. The first verse came with special comfort to my heart—'Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

The Hospital.

"Fountain of life and living breath,
Whose mercies cannot fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death;
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days,
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise."

In the first days of September 1854, took place that extraordinary scene in Baltshik Bay, the rendezvous of the allied armies. Swarming like midges upon the quiet surface of the Euxine, the transports poured in, and took up their positions; and above them all towered the mighty forms of the ships of war, bearing the flags of France and England. Suspense was at an end; and the troops, full of hope and excitement, were at last on the very eve of a mighty enterprise. But, while the fresh sea breeze brought health, and while excitement raised the spirits of the army, Captain Hammond fell ill. A fever, caught from the stagnant marshes of Devna, had stricken him down, at the very moment when health was most needed; and, by the time the expedition had reached Eupatoria, he was prostrated with a dangerous illness. He writes from on board the *Pride of the Ocean*, 2d September:—

"We have not yet left Varna Bay. I have not been quite well; but I think, however, that I am a little better to-day; and I trust that, by J * * * F * * *'s quinine and the sea air, I may be set up before the work begins. I began to feel unwell on the line of march, and since then have continued very weak. At this particular time, anything in the shape of illness is more than usually trying, when one wishes to be in full possession of all his bodily powers. But it is part of the discipline my heavenly Father sees fit to lay upon me; and I have been enabled to submit myself to His will, without doubting His wisdom or love."

To his father he writes on September 3d; and at the close of the letter, in a tremulous hand, says:—

"I shall send this note, shaky though it is. The fact is, I have been far from well for some days, with slight remittent fever, and am very weak. I hope, however, to be set up by the time the work begins. The Lord teach us all to trust in Him at this anxious time."

When the troops reached their destination, and their disembarkation took place, Captain Hammond's accompanying them was impossible. He afterwards described his bodily sufferings as very great; but, he said, they were nothing to the intense anguish of mind he felt at being unable to accompany his men, when the hour for action had come. When visiting a friend, after his return to England in January 1855, he was congratulated on his having been prevented by fever from landing with his men; when he replied, with an earnestness never forgotten by the hearer, "Oh! don't say that. You don't

know *what it was to me* not to be able to go with my men." As his mind was wandering, under the effects of fever, he was not aware of his own weakness, and more than once insisted upon trying to dress, and to make preparations for the landing with the troops; and he was with difficulty prevailed upon to remain quiet in his berth. He was ordered to remain on board; and the next mail brought the following letter from the colonel of the battalion:—

"My dear Mr Hammond,—Maxy's last letter will have told you that he had not been feeling well. A fortnight ago, he was obliged to put himself into Dr F * * *'s hands. We have discouraged him from making the least effort; and it is necessary to keep him as quiet as possible; and, as he may not write for himself, I have thought it best to send a few lines. . . . . It is, indeed, a source of additional regret, that we are to lose the services of so good a soldier, when we are about to undertake so important an enterprise; and dear Maxy feels it as much as we do. But his landing is out of the question. . . . . Fortunately F * * * accompanied me; which gave Maxy not only a tender friend, but a skilful physician."

As soon as the army had disembarked, Captain Hammond was sent down to Scutari, on board the *Kangaroo*, with a large number of sick. During that voyage, the wretched condition of the unhappy men, who were crowded to suffocation, and most insufficiently provided with medical aid and necessaries of the most ordinary kind, excited his sympathy and indignation; and, when sufficiently recovered, he thought it his duty to make an official representation on the subject.

His next letter, in a hand scarcely legible, is dated Scutari, September 19th:—

"Don't be frightened at my 'infantine' style of writing. This is my first attempt since my illness. The Lord has been very gracious to me and to you in having raised me up again. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' I pray that the life which He has spared may be more devoted to Him henceforth. I went with the expedition to the Crimea, and stayed there until the troops landed, when the whole of the sick got an order to go to Constantinople. I am so much better, and gaining strength every day—Lady E * * * has been so kind to me. Oh, how I longed to have you near me in my illness! but the Lord was my stay, and the everlasting arms underneath. . . . . How wonderful the providence of God, that this illness should have been sent to save me from the dangers of Sebastopol! He answers prayer in a way we looked not for."

To his mother he says:—

"SCUTARI, *September* 23, 1854.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am just recovering from the fever, which commenced on the line of march about 1st September, and which I carried with me on board ship. It all seems like a dream; but this I know, that the Lord has mercifully raised me up again, and spared my life. Blessed be His holy name! I am sure I have been very ill; but, though I was not delirious, I have

hardly any recollection of anything, except that I felt peace in the love of my Saviour; and, though I could not lift up my heart to Him, I felt that all was well, and that underneath were the everlasting arms. . . . . I have no fever now, but am very weak both in mind and body, as you will see by my writing. I wish they would send me home. L * * * K * * * is here sick of fever. There are a great number of sick officers and men.—Your most affectionate MAX."

The sad scenes in the hospital at Scutari, the mismanagement of that miserable winter of 1854–55, are no new tale. Still it is scarcely possible, in these extracts from the letters of one who was himself a sufferer there, to omit all reference to the deplorable neglect which existed:—

"SCUTARI, *September* 28.

. . . . . "I am certainly getting stronger, but I feel great difficulty in writing; and in the afternoon my feet get numbed, as if they had been crushed under a roller. What they mean to do with us, I don't know. There are hardly any medical officers to attend us. I have not seen a doctor for three days. The hospital and barracks are filled with sick and wounded men. Fancy 90 officers, and about 1900 men, killed and wounded in the engagement. The poor fellows are sadly neglected. A man of my company, with a grape-shot through his calf, has been eight days in hospital, and no doctor has been near him to dress his wound. It is a sad sight to see the poor fellows lying there. The passages, as well as the wards, are all filled. Oh, the scourge of war! Lord, send us

peace, in thy great mercy. I have some hopes of being sent home, but the doctors seem too busy to attend to anything. . . . .

"I have been enabled to speak a word to several of the sick officers, and I find that their hearts are much softened, and ready to hear. Pray for me, that I may not be ashamed to confess my dear Lord and Saviour, who loved me, and gave Himself for me. I hope I can truly say He *is* precious to me. In my weakness, I have felt Him near me, though I could not pray, or raise my thoughts above.

"*September* 29.—I have seen my doctor, who says that he shall recommend me to appear before a medical board, for the purpose of being sent home. There may be, and possibly will be, great delay, or I may be disappointed altogether; so don't set your heart on seeing me, but be content patiently to wait on the Lord, who will order my steps aright whether I go or remain. I dare not let myself think of meeting; such joy seems too great to be fulfilled. My feet are very weak. I lose all sensation in them about the middle of the day, and they ache most acutely.

"W * * * is here with a wound in the leg; the ball entered the knee, and came out about half-way up the underside of the thigh. Providentially, no bone is touched, and he is doing very well. Tell C * * * this. War is a horrible reality. . . . . Words cannot express how I long to see you and our sweet little Nina. . . . . There are almost 2500 sick and wounded in the hospital and barracks, and not more than 20 doctors to attend them. . . . . Farewell.

To his wife:—

"BARRACKS, SCUTARI, *October* 2.

. . . . . "Since I last wrote, another sick officer has arrived. It has been quite a providential thing his being sent here, for I found out the first evening that he was under deep concern about his soul, the Lord having touched his heart during his illness. I have had many deeply interesting conversations with him, and he seems most eager to receive the truth, and to give his heart to God. He is, as might be expected, very ignorant of the gospel scheme. I have read with him, and he listens eagerly to the Word of God. He has had cholera, which has reduced him very low. Yesterday (Sunday) the chaplain came to us a little before ten, and gave us a faithful exhortation to repentance—the difference between the repentance of fear, and the repentance of love. . . . .

"I had a visit to-day from Mr T * * *, the Free Kirk missionary to the Jews here. He read the first part of Rom. v. to us, and commented very beautifully and clearly upon it, and prayed with us. . . . .

"The doctors say I am to go before a board to-morrow. If so, I may perhaps get home by the packet of the 10th. But we must not build our hopes on such a joyful prospect, nor be unprepared for disappointment. . . . ,

"*October* 3.—The Board has examined me, and pronounce me to be a fit case to go home! God grant that we may meet in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, with the one supreme desire that we may glorify God, and live more wholly to Him. . . . . My companion improves in health, I think, slowly. I read to him, and

last night offered to pray with him; and I have got him a reference Bible from the depôt of the Bible Society at Constantinople. God grant that the good work may go forward in him. Oh, how I shall rejoice to leave the wards of this barrack! Yet, God be praised, goodness and mercy have followed me even here. . . . ."

"SCUTARI, *October* 4, 1854.

"MY DEAREST FATHER,— . . . . The board of medical officers examined me yesterday, and pronounced me a fit case to go home; to which I did not object. I trust and believe I am in the path of duty pointed out by the providence of God; for the matter has been so completely settled for me, that I do feel it has not been my own choice or doing. I am sure I cannot be fit for duty with my regiment in the Crimea this autumn; nor am I likely to be fit for work for some time, if I remain in this country. I am much better; my feet are my chief trouble, but improving daily. Still I am kept lying down, and not yet able to walk beyond a few steps. For some days the suffering was acute day and night; but I have been mercifully relieved of pain. Oh, the joy of returning home to you all! I can scarcely realise it; it seems too good to be possible. What abundant cause have I for thankfulness to the Father of mercies! . . . .

"By the latest accounts from the army, our battalion and the 88th have taken the fort and town where they landed the siege train. The attack on Sebastopol was to commence on the 3d. The battalion has been always to *the front*, and without much loss."

A little delay occurred after the sitting of the Board,

and Captain Hammond could not avail himself of the packet of the 10th.

"BARRACKS, SCUTARI, *October* 9, 1854.

"I feel you will be sadly disappointed at receiving only my writing instead of myself. . . . . And now I hope to be able to go by the steamer of the 15th. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' Nevertheless, this little disappointment may be good to chasten our joy, and keep us from being over-elated. Let us always try to trace the hand of God in every event of our lives; this will sweeten every pleasure, and give comfort and peace in sorrow. . . .

"There is a delightful spirit of Christian union and love among all the evangelical ministers at Constantinople —a lovely exhibition of the oneness of Christ's Church, however differing in outward things—a true and practical 'Evangelical Alliance.'

"My comrade * * * has gone over to Pera, and I don't think he will return here. He is much better as to bodily health; and I trust that what seemed to be a work of grace begun in him will go on unto perfection. If it is the Lord's work, it will. . . . . Among other reasons which reconcile me to staying here a few days longer is this, that I am now well enough to be able to look a little after our poor sick and wounded men, many of whom are without any change of linen, and even without soap. Owing to the want of system and arrangement, many poor fellows have been kept for days without food; and I verily believe that a large number have died from exhaustion, from want of feeding and proper nursing. . . . Farewell. The Lord give us both patience to wait His will."

Captain Hammond got a passage on board the steamer of the 15th, and landed in England early in October. His delight at returning home is expressed in a letter to a friend:—

. . . . . "Great indeed have been the Lord's tender mercies to me. I feel that words cannot express all I owe; and when I say, 'What shall I render unto the Lord?' I feel I cannot make Him any other return than thankfully to receive the cup of salvation and call upon His name. What a mercy to have been spared the dreadful scenes and deeds that have been and are still going on at the seat of war!—though sometimes I feel anxious to be sharing those dangers with my friends and comrades. At the same time, I cannot but feel thankful to be removed from the dreadful realities of war, and to find myself restored to my precious wife and all my dear friends and relations at home. . . . .

"It is said that * * * has become a decided Christian lately. God grant that it may indeed be so. We must not limit the Holy One of Israel. The remembrance that such were some of us, should silence every difficulty with regard to others being brought into the fold.

"Did you know poor T * * *? What a glorious change for him, from the din and tumult of battle to the realms of peace and the immediate presence of Jesus! He has left a lasting remembrance of his Christian labours in this place, where he was quartered for four years. Our dear colonel had a providential escape at Inkermann: two shots through his coat. Who says that 'man is immortal till his work is done?' It is doubly

true of the believer. 'There shall not an hair of your head perish.'"

And to his brother:—

"DOVER, *Sunday Night.*

"MY DEAREST H * * *,—I have written to tell you of my safe arrival here on Friday evening. Imagine my joy and deep gratitude to the Father of all mercies. He has indeed 'brought me up out of an horrible pit and the miry clay,' and 'has put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto my God.' The feeling that I cannot praise and thank Him enough is almost oppressive. . . . . I bless His holy name for the love and sympathy of so many of His dear people, whose prayers have been offered for me continually; and I feel assured that my return in safety and in peace is in answer to those prayers."

Thus, even through a rough and stony road, through sickness and suffering, God graciously answered the prayer that constantly rose to Maxy Hammond's lips, and from his heart, during the long days of that Bulgarian summer. He looked himself upon that sickness, in connexion with his fear of death, which we have before alluded to, as experienced by him in Bulgaria; and contrasting it with the inward peace which he felt during his illness, he believed it was sent in order to manifest to him the Lord's grace as sufficient for him in his weakness.

Home, his wife, and his child were before him once more. "Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips." Joyful indeed was that return to his father's roof. Yet but a little

longer, a few short months, and another home would be his. "In my Father's house are many mansions;" and with that one family already gathered there, his place would soon be found. But, short as the time was, there was trial yet for the Christian soldier, sore enough, to come.

On Captain Hammond's recovery from his illness, his first thought was to devote himself more entirely than ever to the Lord. "What shall I say?" was the outpouring of his soul; "he hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years. Thou hast, in love to my soul, delivered it from the pit of corruption. The living, the living he shall praise thee, as I do this day." Many years before, as we have mentioned, he had conceived the idea of entering the ministry. Now that desire returned with tenfold force. For some time past he had felt the deadening pressure of camp life. Like just Lot, his soul was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked. He loathed war in itself; and he longed to withdraw from the red field of slaughter, that he might preach the gospel of peace. From Monastir, he had written, in the August previous, "I must confess to you that I feel sick of my profession, and long to be otherwise employed. Camp life is uphill work for a Christian; and, though the fault lies mainly with myself, there are so many difficulties and impediments to doing good that it seems next to impossible to do anything." There was also in his nature an innate repugnance to the scenes of the battle-field. Long before the war, while once talking of the battle of Waterloo, and of the numbers that fell, he said, "He hoped that there were many who went to glory

from that field of battle," and then added, "It was not a desirable death for a Christian, since the excitement was calculated to stir up the evil passions of the heart." This idea seems to have retained a hold upon his mind for a considerable period. He recurred to the same subject on subsequent occasions, expressing himself in very nearly similar terms. And on his return from Scutari, when one said that a field of battle must be an opportunity for the exercise of a Christian state of mind, he replied, "He thought not. It would be a letting loose of all the evil of the natural man." Then came the struggle—"Is this the path of duty? Ought I, at such a time, upon any call, however strong, to leave those with whom I have cast in my lot? Bitter, indeed, repugnant to my very nature, these scenes of suffering, of horror, and of sin; and yet 'The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?'" He even went so far towards this step as to have an interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who kindly consented to ordain him. But he felt, as the war thickened, that the way was more and more closed against him, and his mind was made up. On the morning on which he sailed for the Crimea, he said, "I have no regret at my determination not to take orders; I feel that my path of duty lies in the army, whether for life or death."

In a letter to his brother, May 7, 1855, he says:—

"You ask me about leaving the army. My feeling now is, and for some time has been, that I could not leave on the score of health, though I am not as strong as I used to be; and I do not feel at liberty to leave for any other reason at such a crisis. The path of duty seems

plain before me—to return, in due time, to share the labours of the army in the field, *whenever called upon to do so.*"

Closing a note to a friend, with some observations on our opportunities for action wherever we may be, he says:—

"Doubtless there is work for you to do where you are. May we know more fully what it is to live by the faith of the Son of God! It is easy to make resolutions, and to write them; but how difficult to perform them! How much there was in those last words of Haldane Stewart—'I have not got beyond, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"' We shall never go beyond our need of the constant prayer, 'Lord, increase our faith.' These two prayers will keep us in our right place—sinners looking to Jesus."

"Did you read," he says, in another note about this time, "a letter in the *Times* bearing noble testimony to the gallantry and Christian character of young Vicars? . . . . . Such men are rare, and their place not easily filled."

The spring and summer of 1855 was passed by him partly at his home, and partly at Southsea, where he had taken a house, and was stationed in command of the depôt. His earnestness in doing his Master's work at this time, especially attracted the observations of his friends. The first Sunday, he went to the clergyman to ask if he could be of use in the school, being unable, in consequence of the distance, to undertake both the hospital and the school, which he had previously established in

the spring at Fort Cumberland for the children of the depôt. At the hospital he attended every Sunday afternoon, and, though still suffering in his feet from the effects of the Bulgarian fever, he always walked to Fort Cumberland and back (between three and four miles). He was very earnest and diligent as a Sunday school teacher, always preparing his lesson the day before, and making the children the subject of prayer.

At these Sunday visits to the hospital, Maxy Hammond conducted a service for the sick, with the chaplain's permission. He used to read a portion of the Liturgy, and then expound some portion of Scripture. He valued these opportunities extremely, and used to say, he could get *at* the men better, and speak to them more familiarly and personally than at any other time. During the spring and summer of 1855, there was an average attendance of sixteen—some who had been in the Crimea, and some about to go there; and he found men thus circumstanced ready listeners. After this service, he would read and pray separately with any who were seriously ill, and confined to their beds. But he was not intended to remain here much longer. The siege of Sebastopol, like the horse-leech, was crying, Give, give! and the blood that flowed freely required re-placing.

Early in April, he writes the next note:—

"My dearest Father,—An order came down this day week for 1 captain, 4 subalterns, 6 sergeants, and 200 men, to be held in readiness for immediate embarkation for Malta. E * * * has written to General Wetherall, to know whether he wishes to retain me to command the

depôt. No answer has been received. . . . . It is most worrying to be in such a state of uncertainty, as I cannot make my preparations for going out. As for myself, I am quite willing to go or remain, only I wish they would tell me one way or the other. . . . . There is comfort in knowing, amidst all these changes of outward life, that there is an unseen hand guiding and directing all. If only we acknowledge Him in all, He will surely direct our steps aright."

"FORT CUMBERLAND, *April* 17.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—. . . . . After all, another officer is ordered to go out, as they wish to detain me at the depôt. . . . . Though I am quite ready to go abroad when called upon, I must own I am thankful, on many accounts, to be left at home in peace. The Crimea is not a destination to be desired. I fear there is little doubt that warlike operations will last there long enough, to give one full time to take part in them sooner or later. Therefore, I need be in no *hurry* to get there. My rule always has been, and I believe always will be, never to ask for a thing; but I hope I never shall be an idle soldier as long as I am one at all."

Scarcely ten days later, and he writes again in suspense:—

"MY DEAREST M * * *,—This morning an order was received from the Crimea for three captains and twelve subalterns, to go immediately. The only three available captains are N * * *, W * * *, and myself; so I believe I must really go this time. E * * * has gone

to-day to London, to learn what arrangements are to be made; and he promised to telegraph: so I hope to hear to-morrow. 'The lot is cast into the lap, but (blessed be our covenant God) the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.'—Ever your most affectionate

"M. M. H."

But there was yet another change; the order was countermanded, and the immediate prospect of embarkation removed. Painful, indeed, as all this uncertainty must have been, it was but a further exercise of faith—a further refinement of the gold in the furnace—a further retouching and repolishing the jewel, that was needed to fit it for the Saviour's crown. At such a season, especially, Captain Hammond could sympathise with one who was then a weeping mother, and exhort her to bear a sorrow kindred to his own, but deeper still:—

"*May* 16, 1855.

"My dear Mrs H * * *,—I wished to be able to tell you when I wrote how the matter had been decided. Nothing is to be done at present about sending officers out; so we are left in suspense. I had hoped to see you as the summer approaches; but, in these changing and troublous times, no future plans can be made. . . . . The loss of your precious boy makes me feel how watchful we ought to be not to make an idol of a child, seeing that they may be snatched away in a moment. But—

"'Oh not in anger nor in wrath
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flower away.'

The sweet boy is far above the reach of the turmoil and trouble of this world of sin. Our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things—the chastisement as well as the joys. We must have tribulation, if we would enter the kingdom. *You* must give up a child, and my wife and I must have separations and seasons of bitter trial and anxiety. But, whatever our trials may be, let us realise more fully the love and wisdom that orders all, and then we shall be able even to kiss the rod.—Your sincere friend,

"M. M. H."

CHAPTER XX.

The Harbinger.

> "While the labour lasted, while the race was running,
> Many times the sinews ached and half refused the struggle
> But soon all would be quietness. . . . .
> Hope was glad at the beginning, and fear was sad midway,
> But sweet fruition cometh at the end."

In the early part of August 1855, after all these orders and counter-orders, the fiat was issued that was at last to send Maxy Hammond forth to finish the work that had been appointed for him here. Was he indeed, through the darkness and doubt that clouded his last autumn mornings, permitted to see in their near reality the eternal towers? Did he, like the Idumean inquirer, through the dim twilight of time, seek for the morning? "Watchman, what of the night? watchman, what of the night?" If so, doubtless, the answer was vouchsafed to him—"The morning cometh"—the night was indeed far spent, and the day was at hand.

On the 9th of August his father, his mother, one brother, and one sister, went down to Southsea. On Friday, August 10, Maxy read with his wife for the last time 1 Pet. i. 1–8. After the passage had been read, he repeated to himself, "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not

away." He then said he had chosen a verse for his wife, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved?" And said, *that* was the attitude of soul that we should seek after. It had been settled that the rest of his family should come on that morning at nine to breakfast: so that he, with his wife, had a quiet time for prayer before they arrived. They knelt together in the drawing-room. He prayed for his wife, that the removal of earthly joy might the more endear to her her God and her Saviour. The impression on his mind seemed that of a very long separation as before them, and he used the expression, "Give her wisdom and grace to train up her child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," as though she were going to bring it up herself. In the same prayer he said, "Thou hast given us life: none can take away that life until thou dost thyself recall it."

In the previous year, February 1854, when on the eve of embarkation, at a season precisely analogous to this, with all the uncertain future before him, he made use of a very remarkable expression, treasured up by us all, which perhaps comes more home to us now, and will find its place most seasonably here. He was sitting with his wife before the evening service; and, speaking of the coming trials and the dangers of war, he said, "I know the anxiety you will feel; but one cannot be anxious about one's self, for I feel I am so entirely in God's hands," and then he added, with a calm solemnity of tone, and as if weighing every word, "and if God *should* see fit to take me in that manner, sudden death is to the believer but sudden glory."

The St Albans party, his father, mother, brother, and

sister, arrived. They were all in the dining-room. The servants came in. There was a depth of feeling and a calm dignity in Maxy's manner which was very striking. All present felt it. He said to his brother E * * *, a clergyman, "E * * *, you must let me be my own priest to-day, please," and he then read the 121st and 125th Psalms, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever. For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous, lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity. Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts. As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity: but peace shall be upon Israel."

Those who were present will never forget the calming and solemnising effect of his beautiful prayer: commending himself to God, and those especially whom he was leaving behind to His love, and care, and grace. His special prayer

for himself was, "That he might honour God, whatever scenes he might pass through." Little Nina, his child, two years and one month old, knelt at the sofa between her mother and her aunt F * * *. They feared she would interrupt the stillness, but she seemed to feel the solemnity of what was passing, and was quiet throughout.

The preparations for departure were soon completed, and Maxy took leave of his wife, his child, and those of his family assembled at Southsea, to see them *here* no more. Bitter indeed was the parting, nor would it be possible it should pass without some misgivings, some forecast of sorrow in store. If holy Jacob could pour out the sorrows of an anxious heart, might not the Christian father, without rebelling, say, "If mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Before sailing, Maxy Hammond found time, as usual, to make some provision for the spiritual wants of his men. A well-known publisher says in a letter—"Captain Hammond was in * * * Street a few days before he sailed, and he was then, as always, intent upon obtaining for his men such publications as he thought likely to do them good. In the brief conversation we then had with him, we can well remember how warm a place the men under his command had in his Christian sympathies."

The vessel appointed to convey those officers who were under orders for the Crimea was lying at Woolwich, and there Captain Hammond arrived late on the evening of the 11th. Here he was joined by his two other brothers and a sister, who had not received intelligence of his sudden departure in time to join the rest at Southsea.

At the house of a kind and old friend they were expecting his arrival. Late at night a carriage drove up, and he jumped out; his face, as usual, forestalling the warm and joyful greeting of his lips. He was in uniform, with his pouch-belt and sword. All were struck with the very great apparent improvement in his health. He had latterly entirely thrown off the effects of his illness; and it seemed as if God, in His gracious love, had restored him to the full and complete possession of his bodily vigour, in order that, in the last great earthly struggle that remained, he might go forth "strong in the power of His might," and honour Him, by his bearing before man, in answer to his prayers.

Very cheerlessly the Sabbath morning came. The sun strove feebly to break the cold grey sky, and then withdrew within the mist. At an officer's quarters in the dockyard the party met and breakfasted together. They then joined together in prayer. The chapter read was Heb. xiii., "Let brotherly love continue." After breakfast, they walked through the dockyard to the quay. And though no sound of hammer, nor axe, nor iron tool was there, yet gun, mortar, ambulance, and tumbril, and pyramids of heavy shot and shell, spoke to us of purpose strangely at variance with that day of holy rest. Nearly midway across the river, the *Harbinger* was lying at her moorings, her black hull casting a heavy shadow upon the dull water. Volumes of brown smoke from her funnel indicated that she would soon be under weigh. Hailing a boat to go on board, and passing down the granite steps, along whose sides the sleepy ripple floated up the slimy weeds, and washed the red rust from cramp and iron

cable, with sad and full hearts the little party pulled off, and "accompanied him to the ship, sorrowing, most of all, that they should see his face no more." Upon the gangway of the steamer, the sister and brothers parted; yet not sorrowing as those without hope. Those who were left, returned in time to worship with those who were assembled in God's house, and to lift up their hearts to Him, comforted by a hymn singularly suited to the occasion. Before the congregation had left that roof, the *Harbinger* had weighed her anchor and had left the river; and Captain Hammond seized a moment of leisure to write a parting line of farewell to some of his friends:—

"'HARBINGER,' AT ANCHOR, OFF N. FORELAND,
"*August* 12, 1855.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Often have you and I been called to enter into each other's joys and sorrows—in your case more frequently the latter. Now I write to tell you that the time has arrived when I am again called upon to part with those dearer to me than anything else on earth, to return to the East. The order came somewhat unexpectedly at the last. For though I had been under orders for three weeks, I had still expected to have been kept for a time longer in charge of the depôt, in consequence of the colonel having applied for this purpose to the adjutant-general.

"But it is all ordered in wisdom and love; and, therefore, it is well. The trial to my poor dear wife is one which is beyond human aid, but, blessed be God, not beyond the all-sufficiency of His grace. Do pray for her, my dear friend; and for me also, that I may be enabled

to honour God before men. I wonder how you are. Oh, that the waves and billows of life may be wafting us all toward the haven of rest above.—Ever your affectionate friend, M. M. H."

And to another friend—

"My dearest J * * *," he writes in one of these hurried notes, "you will be somewhat astonished to hear that I am actually *en route* for the Crimea. So, farewell to all pleasant dreams of paying you and your dear wife a visit, for some time to come. The order to go out came upon us rather unexpectedly; and I had thought I should have been kept for a time longer in charge of the depôt. *But it is well.* My only thought is for my poor wife; grace only can keep her heart from sinking, and that grace *is* sufficient. Here is my comfort—you and your dear wife will pray for her, I know, and for me, that I may have grace to honour God before men."

The next letter is a short one to his father, accompanied by a sort of journal, which it was his intention to keep from that period:—

"*August* 25, 1855.

"My dear Father,—I send you the journal, which may tell you something of our voyage as far as Malta. We have had a fine passage, though not a quick one, having had head winds since crossing the Bay of Biscay. Were it not that I was going *away*, I should really have enjoyed it. There is not the novelty in a second voyage that there was at first, though I had not before seen Gibraltar or

Algiers, as we have done this time. We expect to reach Malta very early to-morrow (Sunday) morning. I am very much afraid we shall coal, and go on without delay, which will be inconvenient, as I had reckoned upon providing myself with sundry necessaries at Malta. . . . . I cannot tell you the satisfaction I felt at having seen you all before I left. It is so nice to have you all fresh in my recollection, as among the last things I saw before leaving dear old England. . . . .

"We don't know, until we arrive at Malta, whether we shall go on at once in this ship, or be kept there. The captain's orders are only to take us as far as Malta, but I shall produce my letter for the Crimea (which I believe to have been a mistake of the clerk at the Brigade Office at Portsmouth), and I have little doubt the admiral will send us on at once. I sincerely trust so, for it would be very trying to be kept at Malta doing nothing. . . . .

"*Monday, August* 27, *Malta.*—Arrived yesterday morning, and to sail this morning. Direct to the Crimea, of course.—Your most affectionate MAX."

Some extracts from the journal above alluded to may be read with interest:—

"*August* 11.—Embarked at ten A.M. this morning, on board the *Harbinger*, weighed anchor at eleven, and steamed down the river. . . . . Our party consists of five officers Rifle Brigade, one of the 17th, and ten surgeons; our cargo, 200 tons of shot and shell, 50 tons of gunpowder, and other portions of a battering-train. . . . .

"*August* 17, *Bay of Biscay.*—Nearly every one suffered, more or less, from the rolling of the vessel. To-day

it has been delightfully smooth. Thankfully, indeed, did my heart ascend this morning to Him who says to the waves, 'Be still,' for the comfort, mental and bodily, thus afforded. . . . .

August 19.—The wind freshened from the east, and the captain prognosticated a Levanter, as we approached the Gut of Gibraltar, which surely enough came true—the breeze gradually increasing all day, and till we entered the strait after midnight. The phosphorescent nature of the water in these latitudes is very curious and beautiful. Last night we all crowded to the bows to see it, and were astonished at the myriads of fish which were swimming in endless shoals on the surface, and which fled in all directions as the ship surged into the midst of them. At one time we came into the midst of a number of phosphorescent flashes like watery meteors, which we could not account for. But the most exciting thing of all was the cry of porpoises, which played about the ship's bows, heedless of the speed with which we were cutting through the water, each porpoise illuminated with phosphoric light, and leaving behind it a long track like a luminous tail. They were evidently hunting the hordes of fish that we were driving before us. . . . .

"We had service yesterday morning on the quarter-deck, the captain reading the prayers, and the doctor the lessons. The poop was prepared with flags and awnings for the occasion, and every one appeared in Sunday best. The sailors seemed attentive, and the service (which never appeared more beautiful in my eyes) was altogether an impressive one. A quiet Sunday at sea is peculiarly refreshing to one's spirit. No unnecessary work is done,

and the day is observed as a day of rest. We had a beautiful view of the African side of the strait; the outline of the hills is wild and picturesque. On the other side, but at a greater distance than one would have desired, 'The Rock' rose abruptly and majestically out of the water. It is, in truth, a striking object, and one that does not disappoint one's expectations. We passed close to the Spanish town of Cintra, with a fortified citadel.

"*August* 23.—Overhauled and spoke the *Samuel Lang*, transport, No. 219, at eleven P.M., bound for Malta and Balaklava. The excitement on such occasions is great.

"*August* 24.—We have just passed Bonah, and are now lying motionless between the Sorelli rocks (where the *Avenger* steamer was lost) and the mainland. About ten miles distant are the rocky and uninhabited islands of Galita. In the afternoon stopped the engines, to clean out the pipes which heat the boiler. While doing so, the *John Bowes*, steam-transport, passed close to us, bound for Balaklava with medical comforts.

"*August* 25.—Passed the *Sarah Sands*, with another transport in tow, about five miles off, apparently conveying troops. . . . .

"*August* 27.—Arrived at Malta yesterday (Sunday) morning, about six o'clock; attended the mid-day service at the palace at eleven; heard a very striking sermon from the chaplain, Mr Hare, on Ps. xc. 2, 3—'The Eternity of God.' Paid a visit afterwards to these kind, warm-hearted people. Felt thankful for a quiet Sunday, and for Mr Hare's stirring sermon. Up, and on shore early, as we were coaling, and expected to sail at ten. Tried, and bought for £28, a very nice little Spanish horse,

which had been left at Malta by Sir J. Ferguson. The little horse stands about fourteen hands high, well-shaped and strong, and very quiet; ten or twelve years' old, and white. Our captain was excessively good-natured; got leave for me from the admiral to take the horse, and set his carpenter to make up a stall for him on deck. The harbour presents a wonderful spectacle in these times. We counted about fourteen steam-transports all filled with troops or stores, which had put in to coal; and this goes on day after day, and week after week. What an idea it gives one of the *expense* of this war! Colonel P * * * told me that they had sent up 8000 men from Malta within the last three months; but still the returns shew about the same number—21,000 actually on service. My little horse 'the General' gets on famously, and seems quite at home. He is a great favourite with all the sailors. I shall try to get a goat, if possible, at Constantinople, as milk is a luxury unknown in the Crimea. . . . .

"*September* 3.—Arrived at Constantinople about five on Saturday evening. . . . . On Sunday went to the service at the Embassy; heard a good sermon; received the communion afterwards. Felt it a great privilege to have this opportunity of receiving the sacrament on the last Sunday before reaching the Crimea. Went to Scutari in the afternoon to see an old 52d friend. He is now deputy-inspector of the Barrack Hospital. Went with him into some of the wards, and revisited the hospital again yesterday, when we completed our inspection of it. What a change for the better since I saw it last! We have read endless accounts of all that was amiss there, but who has read any full description of the improvements

that have taken place, and the state of perfection to which it has now attained? The wards are in beautiful order, well provided with shelves and utensils of all kinds; the bedding and dresses of the patients beautifully clean. There are stores innumerable of every sort and description imaginable—medicines, provisions, preserved meats, clothing, wine, porter, &c. The whole building is divided into so many numbered divisions, each one subdivided again into so many wards. Each division has its staff of superintendent, ward-master, orderlies, &c. We saw the bath-room, where every patient, not too ill, is washed on admission, has his old clothes taken from him, and receives his hospital suit. There is a pack-room, where all the knapsacks are taken, and registered in a book; so that here nothing can be lost. Within the interior ground many sheds have been erected for the convalescents, with dining-room and reading-room attached. In the reading-room there are comfortable English arm-chairs, and plenty of newspapers, besides books of all sorts. There is also another well-stocked library for the use of the sick. I saw several of our men who recognised me, though I seldom knew them, poor fellows. . . . .

The letters to his wife, written on his way out, contain passages strikingly beautiful. His mind was evidently becoming more and more abstracted from all earthly things. His affection for his wife was, indeed, intense; but still he was rapidly and practically concentrating his affections on things above; and his whole spirit was becoming attuned to the harmony awaiting him in a higher and heavenly sphere.

To his wife:—

"OFF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE,
August 14, 1855.

"With an aching heart, I am passing away from the land which contains my wife, child, and all whom I love dearest on earth. Were it not that I can, through grace, feel that my Saviour God is with me, my heart would sink beneath the weight of the past, and anticipation of the future. Already I have felt that it has been good for me to have been thus cut off from the happiness of my home. My heart has been drawn closer to Jesus, and my constant prayer is—

Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me.

Be sure that the right trial comes at the right moment. We could not have chosen so well for ourselves, hard though it be for flesh and blood. Jesus hath 'prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.' Here is my comfort in thinking of you. He will not suffer your faith utterly to fail. So 'lift up your heart to the hills from whence cometh your help.' When your heart is overwhelmed, then pray—'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' 'He (Jesus) is a Rock, and His way is perfect.' I have needed this trial; perhaps we both have. For I know the tendency of our hearts to lean too much in, and rest too much on, each other's love. When with you, I am satisfied, and feel at rest. But he 'builds too low that builds below the skies.' I have yet to learn that we must look only for rest in the kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

"*August* 17.—I can scarcely believe that six days have passed since *that* day. The last two have been miserable

enough; bodily, and therefore mentally. For sea-sickness prostrates all one's energies, and wholly unfits one for speech, thought, or action. But, to-day, it is delightfully smooth, and I breathe once more. I trust our experience will be found to agree that

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give *new* life to prayer.

I have found it so, through the rich mercy of my God. But I must watch against the deceitfulness of my heart, and not forget whence alone my strength can come. You are never absent from my thoughts; but, again and again, I fall back upon the comfort of knowing that Jesus loves you more tenderly, more wisely, and more constantly than I do. He will sustain and keep you, and give you songs in the night. I was comforted this morning in prayer for you, in thinking that the promise would be fulfilled to you—'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.' Oh! if Jesus come to you, you will have such a portion as your husband can never be to you. . . .

"It was such a comfort to me to have seen all the family, except dear F * * *, before I left. I wrote short notes to Mr M * * *, W * * * J * * *, A * * * P * * *, and G * * *; dear M * * * and S * * *, give them my parting love when you write. . . . .

"We had a pleasant Sabbath yesterday. The service was very impressive. Never do I more fully appreciate the beauty and fulness of our Liturgy than on these occasions. It was sweet to feel, too, that those at home were worshipping the same God, through the same Mediator. . . .

"I have become so fond of little G * * *, and her

good aunt; she is such a nice and affectionate child; and, moreover, I trust a child of God. She has got a number of tracts and little books, which she was anxious to give to the sailors and soldiers; so I went round with her, and she was well received.

"*August* 21.—I enjoyed so much the hour I spent with dear F * * *, after returning from the H * * *'s, on the night of Saturday. Though dreadfully tired, I would not have missed that quiet time with him on any account. He read Heb. iii., and prayed with me. My heart is much cast down; but I would not have it otherwise. Only I pray that I may glorify God, by trusting in Him, even in the darkest day. It is not easy to keep up the outward appearance of cheerfulness; but I feel that I ought to do so. I always endeavour to do so, as far as I can, for the sake of those with me. . . .

"*Monday, August* 27*th, Malta.*—We go this morning direct to the Crimea. In great haste, I must end."

To his wife:—

"*August* 29, *Harbinger.*

. . . . . "It was a great comfort to me to have a quiet Sunday at Malta. I enjoyed the service, though, alas! my thoughts wandered sadly. Mr H * * * preached in his usually earnest and striking style. I felt that I ought to make the most of this 'meat,' in the strength of which I shall probably have to go for many days. . . . Alas! how cold often is my heart; and yet, through all its wanderings, and worldliness, and sin, I trust I can say, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.' I do so prize that sweet

little book, 'The Mind and Words of Jesus;' it so often speaks a word in season to me. We are getting on but slowly; some on board are 'grumbling,' which I abhor above all things. . . . .

"I do trust and pray that you may be able to commit my way to Him in humble confidence, and that your heart may be kept in peace, resting on Him. Hitherto, thank God, I have had no disquieting thoughts for myself. Feeling so fully that I am in His hands, I can calmly look forward to all dangers and risks, to which I shall probably be exposed. 'The determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God' affords, at this season, peculiar comfort. Seek to cherish this blessed truth, that all is before appointed. Then, come what will, all must be well. I have no presentiment of coming evil, and no *vain confidence* of escaping danger. I place myself in the hands of my Saviour God. I rest in His finished work, as a poor guilty sinner. I hope in His mercy, and leave the issue in His hands, without carefulness. This trial is for the exercise of our faith. Oh! that grace may be given us to glorify our Lord, by doing or suffering what He may appoint.

"*September 2d, Constantinople.*—Arrived this morning, and am to see Mr F * * * (the Free Church missionary) afterwards. I want also to pay a visit to Scutari. God bless and be with you. M. M. H."

In the little volume above alluded to—"The Mind and Words of Jesus"—the following passages underlined may be taken as expressive of the spirit and temper of mind to which he had attained at this period:—

P. 74—"Be patient. The Lord is good to them that wait for Him. With thee, the tribulation that worketh patience is needful discipline."

P. 75—"In patience, then, possess ye your souls. Let it not be a grace for peculiar seasons, called forth in peculiar exigencies; but an habitual frame, manifested in the calm serenity of a daily walk; placidity amid the little, fretting annoyances of everyday life; *and fixed purpose of the heart to wait upon God, and cast its every burden upon Him.*"

P. 114—"We know not what tenderness of the blast there is in the rough wind; what '*needs-be*' are folded under the wings of the storm."

P. 115—"Do not anticipate the trials of to-morrow, to aggravate those of to-day."

P. 125—"Then let death overtake you when it may, you will have nothing to do but to die." *This is the last passage marked in the volume.*

A few more extracts from his journal will connect this letter with Captain Hammond's arrival at Balaklava:—

"*Sept.* 3.—Got steam up, and under weigh about five o'clock on Monday. Through the Bosphorus before dark. Stormy head wind and heavy sea greeted us as we entered the Black Sea. . . .

"*Sept.* 5, one P.M.—Cape Cherson is now full in sight, and we expect to reach Balaklava in three or four hours. Arrived in Balaklava Roads about half-past three. The approach is very striking: cliffs of varying heights, from eight hundred to two thousand feet, of red or slate-coloured rock, rise abruptly from the water's edge; and one can form some idea of the terrible predicament those

poor fellows were in, who were anchored where we are now, in that terrible gale of the 14th of November. Not a trace can be perceived of anything like a harbour until you are close to it, when you discover the masts of vessels peeping up from out of the rocks. Went into harbour with the captain for orders. As we entered, we read the names, painted on the rocks—'Powell Point,' 'Castle Point,' 'Leander Bay,' &c. . . . . The harbour is full of shipping, arranged in excellent order on both sides, leaving a channel between just sufficient for a ship to pass in or out. Landed at the Ordnance, where shells and other stores were being landed, and taken away by artillery-waggons. Learned that the fire opened this morning: could see the flashes of the guns from our decks."

Here the journal closes.

Captain Hammond had also written on the same day to his wife, from the *Harbinger*, in sight of Cape Cherson:—

"*September* 5, 1855.

"We are steaming quietly along towards Balaklava. We expect to be off the harbour by four o'clock. You would think this would be an exciting time; but it is not so. I have been so long and so calmly looking forward to it, that it fails to produce the excitement that it might once have done. The quiet time on board ship has been a great privilege, before entering on the distractions and turmoils of camp life. I have been enabled, in some measure, to commune with my own heart and with my God in secret; and on Sunday last I was thankful to have an opportunity of partaking of the sacrament at the

Embassy. I felt much comfort and peace in the ordinance; its value seemed enhanced from the feeling that it was probably the last time that I should have an opportunity of receiving it in anything like a church. Mr B * * * has engaged the services of a good man during his absence. He preached from Job, on the words—'I would not live alway:' shewing the reason why the Christian might adopt them as his own. Oh, ought we not to bless our God for every trial which may lead us to a desire to depart and to be with Christ! When all is bright, and prosperous, and happy, then we would not give up these earthly blessings, no, not even for those higher blessings which are above; but when all is dark, and gloomy, and uncertain, earthly blessings and consolations gone, then the heart yearns for those things which pass not away—for that 'inheritance' which is 'incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' I long to hear that you can tell me that our God is leading us aright, and that you can trust His faithfulness to do all things well. My constant prayer for you is, that your faith may not fail—that His strength may be sufficient for you always.

"8.30.—Here we are safely anchored in the roadstead of Balaklava. . . . . You will learn by telegraph that we opened fire again this morning; but not much is expected from it, so far as I can learn from Balaklava. We have been watching the flashes in the direction of Sebastopol. Their frequency astonishes us novices. Strange to say, we cannot hear the report of the guns; but, doubtless, we shall hear and see more than enough of them before we have done. . . . .

"Went on shore to arrange about getting our baggage up to camp. Saw Dr B * * * (one of our assistant-surgeons in Balaklava), and learned from him that dear J * * * is in camp, and well. . . . .

"The Lord be with you and with us both for time and eternity."

There are one or two passages in this letter, which, without attributing to them any undue meaning, still cannot fail to strike us, as we read them now, with singular solemnity—passages especially fulfilled in the result, though we would not assign to them any prophetic character, beyond that general one, which they bear in relation to all those similarly circumstanced with Captain Hammond. Yet let us view them in connexion with the whole out-breathing of his soul during the last year of his life; his yearnings for rest in a continuing city—his consciousness of the frailty of the silver cord that binds body and soul together here, and that, seventy-fold more, in those days of peril. And, if we so weigh them, do they not waken solemn thoughts in our minds? Was it not under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit that the preacher chose his text on that last Sunday on which Captain Hammond was to bow the knee in God's house—"I would not live alway?" Might not that text have come with a resistless welcome to the heart of the hearer, —yet, comparing them, as he listened to another passage, which, though perhaps uncertainly prophetic of the Saviour, is yet so striking to all who read it now, that it is, as it were, impossible to disconnect it with Christ—"I know that my Redeemer liveth; and although after my

skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God?" Or, as that ripened Christian wrote and spoke of peace and comfort of soul, of a strengthening and refreshing by a partaking of the sacred feast of love in remembrance of the Lord Jesus, was he not lifted up in spirit beyond this world to the next, when he recorded this occasion as "probably the last time I shall have an opportunity of receiving it in anything like a church?" It almost seems as if the Saviour's voice was sounding in his ears—"I will not henceforth drink of this fruit of the vine, until the day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Crimea.

"Father, oh! lead me on!
Lead me to death or to victory send me!
Lord, to Thy sovereign will I commend me.
Lord as Thou wilt, so lead me on.
Father! Thy will be done."

BATTLE PRAYER.

THE short period of two days that elapsed between Captain Hammond's landing and the final attack upon Sebastopol were chiefly occupied in settling himself in camp, superintending the disembarkation of his luggage, and paying visits to his friends. And yet he found time in the first confusion of arrival to visit the sick in hospital, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, . . . for I was sick and ye visited me."

The few particulars of these last two days may be best gathered from the letters of a brother officer and most attached friend.

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

"I will just in a few words mention some things that will interest you, regarding the two days he spent in camp

with us. Having heard, on the evening of the 5th, that he had arrived at Balaklava, I rode down the following morning, and met him on Colonel L * * *'s horse, which had been sent to meet him. We rode back to camp, welcoming each other with a chastened joy, and with some vague misgivings in my mind. He was cheerful, looked well, and I pointed out to him the various localities rendered remarkable by recent events in this weary campaign. He dined with me, enjoying the camp comfort of the hut in which I live. Afterwards, true to his old spirit of love and benevolence, he visited the hospital, talked and shook hands with all the old soldiers he recognised, and also had a kind conversation with the hospital sergeant, whose wife is with Mrs Hammond. We then walked to the front of our encampment, and I pointed out to him such works of the enemy and the allies as were within view. On returning to camp we mounted our horses again, and rode to Cathcart's Hill, where a good view of the town can be obtained. On our return we called on his cousin, Major G * * *. After tea we walked again to the front to see the cannonade and the shelling. On the following morning at breakfast he said he had slept but little, from the dust which was flying about and the excitement connected with the terrific firing. He afterwards rode into Balaklava to inquire for his horse, and wrote a letter to his wife, when in the meantime the plan of the morrow's attack was published in orders.

"We talked together of the dread work before the army and the regiment, and in compliance with his then request I now write to you. 'John,' as he always affectionately called me, 'write to my father if any thing befalls me.

You know his address.' He then added, his eyes filling with tears, 'Write to my wife, too,' and spoke about selling his things; under no kind of depression, but as if to be ready for the worst. I agreed, of course, and asked him to leave his watch with me, with his keys, which he did, passing the subject off by saying that we often talked of such matters among ourselves, from the uncertainty of camp life, from sickness, as well as the shot of the enemy.

"After finishing our letters, he proposed that we should have our ordinary reading of the Scriptures, with prayer, asking me to read. I read the 91st Psalm, which led to some conversation regarding God's care of His own peculiar people. He said he did not think this applied literally to every individual believer, or words to that effect; and then read a passage from one of his wife's letters, as expressive of what he felt to be the right view of the subject.* He then prayed with a fervour and unction that recalled the many sweet prayers that I have heard uttered by that dear voice which is now attuned to everlasting praise before the Lamb. My mind was much distracted about him; but I recollect feeling how he dwelt on the undue importance we attach to seen and temporal things, and the importance of unseen and eternal things. He mentioned in prayer his wife and child, and those dear brethren whom we are accustomed to remember in our social prayers. We bid each other good night with an affectionate shake, our hearts filled with hopes and fears regarding the morrow. He wished me to call him early in the morning, that he might have some time for prayer

* It is well to compare his altered opinion on this head with that expressed in a letter to his wife, dated August 25, 1854.

before breakfast, which was earlier than usual on account of parade."

The letter to his wife, alluded to above, as written on the evening of the 7th, the night before the attack, is as follows:—

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
October 7, 1855.

"I am not going to write a long letter, because I have already posted one for you, and I am rather tired this evening through the excitement of the scenes around me, the sights and sounds, which have taken the place of what we used only to read of. Long before this reaches you you will probably have heard of another attack on the Redan, Malakoff, or both. Who shall say whether it will be attended with success or failure? But the Lord reigneth, and to Him only can the soul turn in looking to the unknown future. A very heavy bombardment has been going on for the last three days without intermission; a heavier fire than any other that has hitherto taken place. There is no manner of doubt that something great is to take place immediately. In fact we were told so on parade this evening by General C * * *. Two days' rations have been issued to the Second and Light Divisions, and it is expected that we shall move down to the trenches to-morrow morning. At all events, it is to be hoped that this time they will not repeat the blunders of the 18th, and that we shall not attack till the French have stormed the Malakoff. I have not yet been down to the trenches, so that my inauguration will probably be a serious one. But I can calmly leave the event in the hands of a Saviour

God. Come life or come death, my only hope is in the blood which cleanseth from all sin. My heart sometimes sinks when I think of those at home. But He is faithful who has said, 'When thou passest through the waters *I* will be with thee.' And He *will* be with thee, even to the end of the world. . . . . One does not realise the curse of war until one comes in contact with it. . . . .

"The order for the attack has just come out; thankful I am that you cannot know it, dearest, beforehand. F * * *, with 100 men, form the covering party to the whole. The remainder of our battalion form part of the reserve, and follow up the attack. The Lord Jesus be with you!

"*P.S.—September 8th*, 6.30 A.M.—I have had a peaceful time for prayer, and have committed the keeping of my soul and body to the Lord my God, and have commended to His grace and care my wife and child, my parents, brothers and sisters, and all dear to me. Come what will, all is well. This day will be a memorable one. Farewell, once more! Ps. xci. 15 is my text for to-day, especially the words, 'I will be with him in trouble.'"

This calm awaiting of whatever might befall him in the Lord's good time, calls to remembrance some very beautiful lines, whose source the writer cannot at this moment remember; yet they seem almost penned to illustrate his last-written words:—

"Art thou not sadly weary? Answer me,
Mariner, What thinkest thou, when the waters beat
Thy frail bark backward from the wished-for harbour?
Oh, brother! though innumerable waves

Shall seem to rise betwixt me and my home,
I know that they are numbered; not one less
Should bear me homeward, if I had my will;
For One, who knows what tempests are to weather,
O'er whom there broke the wildest billows once,
He bids these waters swell. In His good time
The last rough wave shall bear me on its bosom
Into the bosom of eternal peace.
No billows after! They *are* numbered, brother.
Oh, gentle mariner, steer on, steer on;
My tears still fall for thee, but they are tears
In which faith strives with grief and overcomes."

The mysterious dealings of God's providence, which placed Captain Hammond on the soil of the Crimea, on the very eve of the assault, are most remarkable. Humanly speaking, all circumstances seemed to point to a different result. His final embarkation occurred after a succession of delays, counter-orders, and uncertainty, as to whether he or some other officer should be sent. A direct application, that he should be left in charge of the depôt, was made by his commanding officer, who was most anxious to keep him at a post where the qualities of an efficient officer were called for. This application was actually granted, and subsequently withdrawn. Then occurred the error of one of the clerks, who made out the route for the Crimea instead of Malta, where, in the ordinary course, the draft would have been landed, had not Captain Hammond himself produced his route for the Crimea. Any slight occurrence, a little longer delay at Constantinople, the prevalence of head winds on the passage out, a very trifling

circumstance, indeed, would have caused those two days to slip away that alone intervened between Captain Hammond's arrival and the storming of the great Redan. Yet what avail those combinations of second causes, which men term "chance" or accident, in the ordained decrees of Him "by whom we live, and move, and have our being?" The grain was ripe, and the husbandman was ready to put in the sickle, because the harvest was come.

"On the evening preceding the attack," we quote from an officer's letter, "Captain Hammond entered the mess-room, where all the officers were assembled, after having volunteered for duties of special danger on the following day. The real feeling of each officer may probably be guessed; but the conversation was generally of that light and thoughtless character usual in a mess-room. An orderly came to the door, and having whispered an announcement, the party prepared to break up. 'Hammond, we are all going to take the sacrament; of course you will come.' 'I wish I had known; why did they not tell me,' was the reply; and, after a few moments' hesitation, Captain Hammond added, 'No, I am not prepared now.' The whole of the officers then repaired to the little wooden chapel."

On returning to the hut of an intimate friend, Captain Hammond said, "He did not like this 'rushing' to the table of the Lord, and that he had, besides, on the preceding Sabbath communicated at Constantinople, and had found it good to be there."

On the same afternoon a parade had taken place, and General C * * * here briefly addressed the troops in

connexion with the expected assault. At the conclusion, Captain Hammond was returning to his tent with an officer, at that time a subaltern, and who had been a fellow-passenger with him on board the *Harbinger*. On the way that officer addressed him, "Well, it is as I prophesied on board the *Harbinger;* they have got a field-day for us." Captain Hammond's reply was one of no little significance, and not easily forgotten by those who knew the deep current of his thoughts. "Well, I am *quite ready,*" he said, "for anything that may happen." It is not a little instructive to compare this short utterance with that ardent desire for prolonged life which he had experienced in Bulgaria. The request of his lips had been heard. His home, his wife and child, had been restored to him. In the restoration of these blessings for a very considerable time, he had been enabled to await the issue of a return to the seat of war with perfect acquiescence in the will of God. The growing feeling of his heart was now that of the preceding Sunday's text—"I would not live alway." "I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is *far better.*" "He was indeed ready to be offered, and the time of his departure was at hand."

It is not improbable that the following marked passage, in a little volume of "Hymns for a Week," was selected by him on the Friday preceding his death:—

"Dost thou with dread still greater, shrink,
From pain for those on earth so dear,
And oft with sickening anguish think,
On all they yet may suffer here?

Oh! faithless, unbelieving heart!
Too slow to trust that tenderest Friend,
Who will the needful strength impart;
Who loving, loves unto the end.

No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve;
Nor on uncertain evils dwell;
Past, present, future calmly leave
To Him who will do all things well."

He was very fond of "Clark's Scripture Promises;" and, having lost his old copy, had taken pains to procure another before he left England. When it was returned, with other things, the marks were in p. 98 of that edition (112 of the latest), of which the following is a transcript:—

Deuteronomy xxxii. 11, 12.—"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."

Psalm xxxiii. 18.—"The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy."

Isaiah xlvi. 3, 4.—"Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are born by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb: And even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made and will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you."

Isaiah lxiii. 9.—"In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and

in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old."

Zechariah ii. 8.—"He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye."

1 Peter v. 7.—"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

Matthew x. 30.—"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Luke xxi. 18.—"There shall not an hair of your head perish."

We all know the history of the final attack. To that "terrific fire," which was poured for three successive days upon the devoted city, a night of quiet succeeded. Outwardly, at least, there was a semblance of repose throughout the weary camp. But it was like the rest that precedes the uptearing of the earth—the rending of the everlasting hills—the bursting forth of the lava flood. Well, indeed, might we speculate on the train that filled each soldier's thoughts that night. Many jaded forms there must have been, who, under the gentle hand of sleep, were lulled to forgetfulness of the awful morrow. Some there may have been, to whom sweet rest refused to come. Would to God there were many a one, and such there doubtless were, who, at such an hour, on that solemn night-watch before the day of terror, could say with him with whom we have to do, "Come life or come death, my hope is in the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Storming.

"Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet—
And many a turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

CAMPBELL.

"AND, behold, a man came out of the camp. And David said unto him, How went the matter? I pray thee, tell me. And he answered, That the people are fled from the battle, and many of the people also are fallen and dead; and Saul and Jonathan his son are dead also. . . . . And David took hold of his clothes, and rent them; and he mourned, and wept, and fasted until even, for Saul and for Jonathan, and for the people of the Lord, because they were fallen by the sword."

Early on the morning of the 8th, the bugles of the Rifle Brigade sounded for the parade. It was Captain Hammond's first day of duty in the Crimea. He had slept well, was refreshed, and quite cheerful. He had expressed a wish to Colonel M * * * to lead his own old company, and it was placed at his disposal: and, duly equipped and accoutred, he marched down to the trenches with the battalion. A portion of them, as before stated,

were to act as coverers to the column of attack; the remainder were to be held in reserve; and for this duty Colonel M * * * had selected those officers whose recent arrival rendered them imperfectly acquainted with the trenches. Among these was Captain Hammond. The reserve was directed to occupy a portion of the third parallel, where, though under fire, they were comparatively safe. There they remained, conversing cheerfully, and watching the troops, for an hour or so. Suddenly word was passed for the Rifles to come to the front, as the assaulting party required support. The battalion rose, and filed off, under a heavy direct and flanking fire, into the fifth parallel, through an intricate maze of trenches and approaches. Here there was a momentary pause. Then the dark column, clearing the parapet, issued from the trench. Amid a storm of shot and shell, bringing death and destruction on all sides, the riflemen rush across the intermediate space. Those who escape that iron hail-storm gain the glacis. At the edge of the ditch, two officers are resting, side by side, to gather breath. The lips of one of them are moving in prayer. One moment more, and he ascends the scaling-ladder. On the summit of the parapet his hand is grasped by a friend. They had not seen one another for years: it was a strange meeting. But this was no time for words of welcome: all was in confusion. After a few sentences about rallying the men, Captain Hammond passes on. Here, for some little time, he is seen vainly endeavouring to restore order. His exertions at this time were observed by General W * * *, who, unaware of his fate, subsequently recommended him in orders. Soon after this he is seen by another officer

of the Rifles (Mr B * * *, himself also now no more). Captain Hammond was then suffering great pain, probably from a contusion of the hand; and B * * * told him he ought to go to the rear. He said, "This is no time for that;" and ordered B * * * to collect some men and try the other flank of the Redan.

Pressing forward then himself into the heart of the work, with a colour-serjeant and one or two devoted men who had bound up their fate in his, his sword is seen flashing far in advance in personal encounter. "I saw an officer of the Rifles," said one, immediately after the action, "whose name I do not know—a fine tall man—behaving heroically." Once or twice in that deadly fray his form appears through the embrasures; and, for a few moments, before his strong arm the Russian foeman retires and closes again. But to *him* neither earthly crown, nor medal, nor grateful country's praise, is in store for these moments of devotion. The deadly bayonets close around him, the sword drops from the uplifted hand, and he sinks into the arms of an officer of the 41st. But with angels, and seraphs, and the hosts of heaven, who were waiting "on the other side of the river," there were hymns of joy that day. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for that happy ransomed spirit. "And, lo, a Lamb stood on mount Sion, and with him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sung as it were a new song before the throne: and no man could learn that song

but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth." "And, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

No need to speak at length of that miserable day. No need to dwell upon the gloom that pervaded the British camp. Yet, merging the national disappointment in the grief of personal loss, the foot of friendship went forth in the grey twilight to seek, among the slain in that fatal ditch, some comrade, some beloved brother. Before nightfall, an effort was made to recover the body. Captain R * * *, an officer of the 72d Highlanders, at much risk, took with him a party of men, and made search in vain. In the morning, very early, a party of Riflemen approached from the works towards the camp. The precious object of their search had been found. An expression of sweet peace rested on the placid features. A very small puncture, close to the heart, told how instantaneous must have been his death. Almost upon the wound, a locket, bathed in his heart's blood, was lying; and many of those, who looked through their tears, must have read, in that fixed calmness of death, the seal of the promise, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is *peace*."

Yet for him, over whom the heavenly host rejoiced that day, why should we mourn? Should we not rather take up the song of praise? Should we not rather, while we lift up our hearts in thankful gratitude to Him who loved him and redeemed him, give utterance to thoughts such as these:—

* * * * * *

"To weep for HIM? to weep for *whom?*
The loved on earth—the saved in heaven;
Triumphant o'er the narrow tomb—
His sorrows past—his sins forgiven—
What! weep for HIM? it must not be—
Our tears would blot his victory.

"Nay! hymn his flight in rapturous songs;
For he, in death's embrace, hath done
With human griefs, and fears, and wrongs;
His fight is fought—his triumph won;
The immortal crown is round his brow;
He dwells beside the Saviour now.

"Weep *not!* or weep as those should weep
Whose hope is stronger than their sorrow:
To-night our loved and lost ones sleep,
But Christ will bring them back to-morrow!
We shall not long lament them here;
Our home is in a brighter sphere."

MOULTRIE.

Then let us, while our hearts burn with these thoughts, follow him to his place of rest—

The place is silent; rarely sound
Is heard those craggy hills around;
No hum of business, dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldiers' drum, nor trumpet's swell,
From yonder fallen citadel,
Nor sound of human toil or strife,
In that lone valley, speaks of life;
Nor breaks the silence, calm and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone
Art laid, in that unstartled sleep
That living eye hath never known.

In one of those deep ravines near Sebastopol, undisturbed now by other sound than bell of browsing sheep, is the burial ground of the Light Division. Thither very shortly the precious remains were borne to their last resting-place, with all a soldier's honours. A white stone cross was placed over the grave; and at its foot a few summer flowers were planted. These simple lines record his early death and blessed end:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
CAPT. M. M. HAMMOND, 2D BATTN R. B.,
WHO WAS KILLED IN THE ASSAULT ON
THE REDAN,
8TH SEPTEMBER 1855:
AGED 31 YEARS.
'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'"

In the country church of Nonington, the parish of his own

home, a tablet has also been erected, bearing these words:—

"TO THE PRAISE OF THE GLORY OF HIS GRACE,
WHICH GAVE A
CHRISTIAN LUSTRE TO THE LIFE,
AND A
BLESSEDNESS TO THE HONOURABLE DEATH,
OF
MAXIMILIAN MONTAGU HAMMOND,
CAPTAIN IN THE 2D BATTALION OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE;
THIRD SON OF W. O. HAMMOND, ESQ.,
OF
ST ALBAN'S COURT, IN THIS PARISH.
HE FELL AT THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN,
BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
SEPT. 8TH, 1855: AGED 31.

'They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ' (Rom. v. 17)."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Testimonial Letters.

"Farewell!
We hang this garland on the grave
Where thou art laid."

TAYLER.

AND now, perhaps, that we have followed this Christian soldier through his short but speaking life, it might not be out of place to introduce a few of those numerous letters, in which, after his departure, many a sorrowing friend strove, as *he* would have done, to lighten the pressure of heavy grief, by paying each their several tributes to his worth.

Not alone on his own immediate circle; not alone on his regiment; not alone on the bosom of his family, was the strong hand of grief laid by his early removal; but there were those who, with quick perception of the sterling value of his character, holding positions of trust themselves, mourned his loss upon larger than mere personal grounds. One who holds high office in the state, and no speaker of light words without consideration, on hearing his name among those who had fallen, said of him, "that he looked to him as the man whose influence would be felt to be of untold benefit to the army;" and again, on another occa-

sion, in almost similar words—"that he looked to him as the regenerator of the army." Another, who faithfully discharged his sacred office as a minister of Christ, during the whole of the Crimean campaign, said, in words scarcely less valuable, "Of course, I feel for the family; but it is for the *nation* that I feel most. I look upon his death as a public calamity."

Colonel, now Major-General L * * *, who for some years commanded the battalion in which Captain Hammond was, says, in a letter from which we have already made many extracts:—

"*October* 30, 1855.

"It was my happiness to be associated with him, both in public and private, for the last ten years of his life; and I may truly say, that some of my happiest days were spent in his society. Many a time has he soothed my troubled spirit, with a tenderness I shall never forget; many a time sympathised in my trials; while his even temper, and his peculiarly bright smile, gladdened my heart. Very pleasant was our intercourse; and truly delightful was it to see his rapid growth in grace, and the consistency of his course, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." Nor was his bearing, as an officer, less to be admired from the heartiness with which he acted; combining great firmness with kindness; and obtaining considerable influence over both officers and men. The day on which he fell within the Redan, the service lost an officer of no common merit. . . . .

"From the day that he first joined with us in our searching the Scriptures, he never looked back. He

became first a diligent inquirer into the truth of revealed religion, and afterwards a teacher in the regimental garrison Sunday school. His progress in knowledge was remarkable. As the light of truth broke upon him, he acted upon it with the strength, forwardness, and courage for which he had ever been distinguished. He never seemed to falter or to hesitate, and those who watched his career with the most interest never felt any fears on his behalf. There was a remarkable consistency in his course, which made itself felt, and acquired for him the respect of those who differed widely from him on the subject of religion. . . . . We know the spirit in which he went out to the Crimea. But he so impressed everybody with his earnestness in whatever he had to do, that Captain N * * *, writing from Malta, said, 'Hammond passed on his way to the Crimea, full of military ardour.'"

Colonel M * * *, of the Rifle Brigade, in the remainder of a letter of which the substance has in part been given, says:—

. . . . "I recollect seeing him last at a distance in the trench, while I was proceeding over the parapet; and I saw him no more, in consequence of the confusion attending the struggle. All I could afterwards learn of his fate lead me to suppose that, after clearing the parapet, he must have rushed impetuously on the enemy's ranks, followed by a few to meet overpowering numbers, the while *exhibiting a daring seldom equalled and never surpassed* in the history of strife. Closing an exemplary life, he fell, as he had lived, an honour to his country. I had barely time to renew my former acquaintance with one

so noble, when he was suddenly snatched from us. The heroism attending his fatal end sheds so bright a halo on his past life, that, while his loss will occasion heart-rending sorrow, yet there is consolation in the consciousness that none could be better prepared to meet his Maker and eternal life. In the ravine where many of the Light Division now rest, two plain white stone crosses mark the spot where Maxy and *R * * * rest. The stationary nature of the present war has enabled us, until now, to pay this slight tribute of esteem to the memory of our departed comrades. And, as respect for the dead is universal in Russia, these two crosses will never be disturbed.—Believe me, with the deepest sympathy, yours very sincerely,

"A. F. M * * *.

"CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, *November* 16, 1855."

From Major Woodford, R. B.:—

"DEAR SIR,— . . . . I regret much that I had never been for any length of time in the society of your brother, than whom it would be difficult to find a better, truer, or braver man. He had only joined the 2d battalion on the 5th September. I had seen him on the 6th, when he came and sat in my tent for a considerable time. On the morning of the 8th, we all paraded together in camp, and he seemed in good spirits, and prepared for anything. . .

"You must be aware that no dead, or even wounded, could be removed from the neighbourhood of the Redan till after midnight, when it was discovered that the enemy were evacuating. Efforts were made to discover the body

* Lieutenant Ryder, Rifle Brigade, whose gallantry on this occasion is mentioned in a subsequent extract, p. 363 of this volume.

that night, but it was impossible. I went into the Redan just before daylight, and had the melancholy duty of finding our two poor fellows, and having them carried to the camp. Your brother lay in the ditch, and all that I could find left on his person was a locket and chain, smeared with his heart's blood, and which was carefully preserved. Captain B * * *, of the 41st regiment, yesterday informed me that your brother died almost in his arms; for he caught him as he fell, having come back running from the inside of the Redan, evidently very dangerously wounded, with both his arms out; and as he reached the parapet, life was exhausted, and he fell into the ditch, half supported by Captain B * * *, and such was his end. To know that your brother behaved nobly and did his duty to the last, will, I hope, be some little consolation to you and all his family; and also to know how much and deservedly he is regretted by *us*, and all who knew him, for his many noble and good qualities. . . . .

"I have it from General W * * *, that he is personally grateful to a tall dark officer of the Rifles (he did not know your brother), who stood by him in the Redan, and endeavoured to assist him in forming the men; which was, however, in the confusion, quite impossible. . . . . I am much grieved at the sad fate he met with, after so much bravery, which will long and ever, I hope, be remembered by Riflemen.—Believe me, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours, C. WOODFORD."*

* While these sheets were going through the press, Lieutenant-Colonel Woodford, the writer of this letter, has fallen, as he had lived, in his country's service. After a period of seventeen years in the army, comprising the campaigns of 1852–3 in South Africa (medal), and the campaign in the Crimea, during which he acted as Deputy-Adjutant-Quarter-Master-General

From Captain B * * *, 41st Regiment:—

"2D DIVISION, *9th November*, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,— . . . . We were, many of us, officers and men, standing inside the Redan at the time Captain Hammond was wounded. Your brother was in advance of most of us, and the last I saw of him was when he came running back, with both arms uplifted, towards the ditch. He came directly in the line where I was standing, and I then caught him, to prevent his falling into the ditch; he was perfectly dead. Death must have been instantaneous. I do not think he could have suffered anything like pain . . . . His sword dropped from his hand, when I ran forward and picked it up, and afterwards gave it to one of his brother officers. . . . . —Believe, &c.,

F. C. B * * *.

From Lieut.-Colonel G * * *, 90th Light Infantry:—

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
September 11, 1855.

"MY DEAR MR HAMMOND,—Sad indeed was our list of casualties on the 8th; but saddest of all was the scanty but too true information I got last night, that my very dear friend, poor Maxy, was killed. Poor fellow! he had only just arrived here; and when I stood on the crest of the Redan, turning round to see if supports were coming,

at head-quarters, and was wounded at the Redan (medal, Brevet-Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and Sardinian medal). He fell while successfully charging a battery of Sepoy mutineers, in the recent attack under General Wyndham before Cawnpore.

I found your son, my old friend, coming up the ladder, followed by a handful of his men. I greeted him, and caught his hand; and at once entered on some military suggestions about using the bayonet on the right, and stopping the men from useless firing. I added, 'But you are senior to me now;' and so he passed on, and with him poor young Ryder. In a very short time they were both killed by the enemy. Fine fellow! he was pressing on *so* hard—*too* hard. He little knew or cared for our murderous position. I thought you would like a line from me, who, perhaps, was the last that ever shook his hand alive. Our meeting was very extraordinary; our parting in this world very melancholy. But you, Mr Hammond, and all your family, have *this* consolation—you know his spirit is at rest. . . . . Out of the nineteen officers I commanded at the assault, fifteen were either killed or wounded. . . . .—Yours very sincerely,

"R. G * * *."

From Major N * * *, Rifle Brigade:—

"*October* 21, 1857.

"My dear Hammond,— . . . . A short time since I was talking to Captain D * * *, on half-pay from the 90th Regiment, who was in the Redan on the 8th September. He mentioned the conduct of one of our officers as having particularly struck him. He said *he never saw so brave a man*, and *that he fought desperately.* He went up to him after he was wounded, and found that he was killed; but, to use his own words, 'that he looked just as if he was asleep.' From the description he gave, I am quite sure that this was Maxy."

From Lieut.-Colonel G * * *, R. B.:—

"My dear W * * *,—From F * * *'s pen you will have heard all the particulars of poor dear Maxy's death. My chief object in writing is to bear testimony to his devoted gallantry. I shook hands with him on the fifth parallel, and was talking to him when the Riflemen were ordered to advance, who, led as they were by your dear brother, rushed to the assault as did no men that day. . . . . The 2d battalion, sent up to the support, behaved nobly. Maxy's gallant behaviour was remarked by all."

From Dr F * * *, R. B.:—

The preceding portion of this letter has been quoted before, either in substance or in letter. It is resumed:—

"After bidding good-bye to some of the officers, I hastened to the hospital, and avoided meeting beloved Hammond. Colonel M * * * will tell you, from his own personal knowledge, of the bravery and gallantry of your darling son. He was killed on the parapet of the Redan, by a bayonet wound into the *heart*, while (as I learn from a soldier who was near him) making a pathway for the soldiers through the parapet. He was found in the ditch, into which he must have fallen or been pushed by the numbers that surrounded him, and amongst whom his sword did fell work. His death must have been instantaneous. He was also in the act of cheering on the men of other regiments who were retiring. His body was found this morning in the ditch of the Redan by Major W * * *; Captain B * * * and the latter

having taken a locket which he wore, which I send you with his watch, and other little mementos of one for ever dear to my heart. Sebastopol in flames this morning saddened my heart, and drove me to tears; for it had taken from me my beloved friend. I saw him put into his coffin, and followed him to his grave in the adjoining ravine, and buried him side by side with young Ryder, who was also killed in the Redan. All our officers, his own old company, many from the 1st battalion, and General Codrington, paid the last office of respect to one whom every one in the regiment—officer and soldier—respected and loved. And, who ever knew that noble fellow—that shining Christian, Maxy Hammond—but loved him? The blank can never be filled up to me again in this world, for we loved each other with a brother's love. He died in the Lord, and shall ever be with Him. This is our abiding comfort—this alone sustains the heart under the oppressive cloud of affliction. One remark occurs to me during our last conversation. He said, that of late he had received peculiar comfort from the doctrine of election, which had occupied his mind very much during the passage; and that at Constantinople he had had a precious opportunity of partaking of the Lord's Supper. His servant, in tears, told me this morning that he had called him in to prayer in his tent yesterday morning before going out. He was found watching, and desirous to gather others in.—Ever faithfully yours,

"JOHN F * * *."

From a private in the 2d battalion, Rifle Brigade, late servant to Colonel L * * *:—

"Camp before Sebastopol,
September 10, 1855.

"It is with deep regret that I write to communicate the sad account of poor Captain Hammond's death. He was killed on the 8th in storming the Redan. He led his men most gallantly to the charge. The battle was fought on the 8th; commenced at twelve o'clock, and did not end till seven in the evening. It was an awful sight; our regiment suffered very severely. We had two officers killed and seven wounded, and about 250 or 300 in men. Sebastopol is taken. The south side belongs to the allies. It has been a dearly purchased place. The valuable lives that have been sacrificed this war! Oh! the horrors of war, no tongue can tell nor pen describe!

"Poor Captain Hammond disembarked from on board ship at Balaklava on the 6th. I went down to meet him with Colonel L * * *'s horse. He shook hands with me. I spoke to him on the morning of the 8th. He said, 'I have to face the enemy in earnest.' It was the first time he had done a trench, which was against him, in being unacquainted with the nature of the works. But this did not alter his fate if he had known the works ever so. He was a noble soldier, a good Christian, beloved by his brother officers, and his men speak in the highest terms of him. What a consolation to know his peace was made with his God, and he is now at that better and heavenly place where all is peace and happiness. My sincere prayer to Almighty God is, that He will guide, guard, and protect poor Mrs M. Hammond, and give her consolation under the very severe trial which it has pleased the Lord for her to undergo. It is heart-rending to tear

husband and wife, father and child, from one another. The Lord has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Yes, His promises are sure to those who trust in Christ for salvation. . . . .

"I cannot express my sorrow for the loss your family have to sustain in the loss of so good a man as Captain Hammond was. I have wrote in the best manner I could to communicate this sad intelligence to you; for I felt such a shock, knowing him so well. When I lived with Colonel L * * * we were as one family. It is a great blow. I can say no more. You shall all have my prayers, and the God of heaven hears and answers those that put their trust in Him. . . . .

"How good the providence of God has been to me, when so many thousands have fallen and I left! Thank God for all his mercies. I very often think of you all, when laying in my hard bed here.—Believe me, your sincere friend and well-wisher,

"W. W * * *."

From Surgeon C * * *, Rifle Brigade:—

"My dear Sir,— . . . . I trust that the members of the late Captain Hammond's family will accept from me, though an entire stranger, the expression of profound sympathy with them: sympathy which is felt by every man, officer and private, in the regiment. On the evening of the 8th, when the Rifles mustered at their camp, and it was known that Captain Hammond had fallen, I was most painfully reminded of the last interview I had with him. On the day I left Fort Cumberland, early in July,

Captain Hammond came to my quarters to say 'good-bye.' Several lithographic drawings were on the walls of my sitting-room, one of them being a sort of chart of the Redan Battery. Whilst I was packing my trunks, Captain Hammond remained silently for about a quarter of an hour examining the plan. At last he said with a smile, 'I wonder you hang this on the wall. It is enough to alarm all your friends, who expect to go there.' I replied that it looked indeed like a forlorn hope, but that the young officers at the fort were never tired of joking in reference to the difficulty of storming the embankments. Captain Hammond remarked, still with a smile, and yet with much of solemnity, 'Well! I suppose we shall all be going out with the next draft. If *we* are in the storming party, some of us will be left *there*. Perhaps I may: God alone knows.'

"When the draft under Captain Hammond's command was ordered to embark, their destination was supposed to be Malta. At Malta the draft was ordered to the Crimea, and arrived on the evening of the 5th September. . . . . On the morning of the 8th, when the regiment was about to march to the assault, Captain Hammond's demeanour was such as you, who know him so much better than I, may readily understand. Cheerful, yet serious, a man at peace and in charity with all men; a *soldier*, resolved to perform the stern duty required by his country. It was at this time that Lieutenant Eyre addressed him in the language mentioned in the letter to which you have alluded. The reply was, 'I am quite ready.' I may further mention, that the belief of the regiment (who still constantly talk of it) is, that in marching down with his company

Captain Hammond was fully impressed with the conviction that he should never return.

"You are already acquainted with the circumstances of the attack on the Redan. Instead of sending whole regiments, half the army, against fortifications which 1000 men might have held against the world, companies of 50 or 100 men were sent from various regiments. Of course, all were mixed up together. The result was indescribable confusion and excitement. Our men, reeling amidst a hurricane of grape, fired on this side and on that, into the air; and only the old soldiers can recall a single incident, or tell you what really happened in the storming of the Great Redan. Officers lost their men, and men lost their officers. Half the storming party were composed of boys; recruits, who had never been under fire before; and of these, many hundreds fled in every direction, and hid themselves in the ditch, creating a panic through all the ranks behind them. Amidst all this confusion, at one of the embrasures of the Redan, fighting with a few of his company who followed him to the death, was Captain Hammond. Their black coats were easily distinguished. Captain Hammond was seen to cut down several of the enemy with his own sword. He then disappeared for a time. Whether he was made a prisoner, or whether he entered the Redan and fought there, it is impossible to say. The men who were with him died with him. But I think it probable that, having fought his way into the Redan, being wholly unsupported, he was compelled to fight his way back again. He reappeared at one of the embrasures, still fighting, when he fell backwards.

"Early on the next morning, a party went out to search for the body, * Captain B * * * in command. For two hours the search was continued without success; and the men were about to return, hoping that your brother might be a prisoner, when Captain B * * * noticed an arm stretched upwards, from beneath a heap of slain, in the Redan ditch; and the body was immediately discovered. The eyes were closed, and the features bore an expression of singular placidity. Death had been painless and instantaneous. On the afternoon of the same day, Captain Hammond and Lieutenant Ryder were buried in the ravine, which the 1st Brigade, Light Division, have consecrated as their burial ground.† A very neat cross, of white stone, has been placed at the head of your brother's grave. . . . . When last I visited his grave, about a fortnight ago, a very large and massive slab, which would cover the whole of the mound, was being laid down. The grave, however, had not been previously neglected. Some kind hand had placed round it a low wall, formed of fragments of granite; and a shrub, bearing a beautiful purple flower, was planted at the foot. I know that I need offer no apology for this long letter. — Believe me, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

"WALTER C * * *."

A notice of the death of these two officers, from the same pen, appeared in the *Illustrated London News*:—

* This is an error of the writer. Colonel Woodford commanded the party who went in search.

† The nearer cross in the frontispiece indicates the grave of Captain Hammond; the most distant, that of Lieutenant Ryder.

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
September 9, 1855.

"In the 2d battalion, Rifle Brigade, we have to lament the loss of Captain Hammond and Lieutenant Ryder. We have Lieutenants Carey, Eyre, Eccles, and Riley wounded; and about 130 men killed and wounded. With Captain Hammond's name you will be familiar; as I frequently mentioned to you the many acts of kindness I received from him when he commanded the depôt at Fort Cumberland. A braver soldier never, on that day, mounted the Redan. A Christian of more unaffected piety never entered the presence of God. He had only been in the Crimea forty-eight hours when he was killed. When the Rifles were forming for the attack, a young subaltern, going into action for the first time, who had come out with Hammond, addressed him, 'Captain Hammond, how fortunate we are, we are just in time for Sebastopol!' Hammond's eyes were gazing where the rays of the sun made a path of golden light over the sea, and his answer was short and remarkable, and accompanied by the quiet smile, which those who knew him will so well remember. '*I am quite ready,*' said he. The next that was seen of him was, when his sword was flashing above one of the embrasures of the Redan. He was, indeed, at the head of his company, fighting to gain an entrance for them. A dozen bayonets were at his heart, and once he was dragged in a prisoner. In a few moments, he was recognised again outside the embrasure, still hacking with his sword. The next morning, at six o'clock, Captain B * * * found him in the ditch, beneath a dozen of the slain, with a bayonet wound through the heart. Hammond and Ryder

were buried this afternoon, in the burial ground of the Division, rendered sacred, long ago, by the sepulture of brave men. Ryder was barely eighteen years old; and was one of my earliest friends after I entered the service. Before the assault had lasted an hour, he was shot in the throat and fell; and was carried to the rear, and consigned to a surgeon. But, as it happened, the surgeon was engaged at the moment that Ryder was brought in; and the young lieutenant tied his handkerchief round his throat, and was seen again on the ladder; and when he was found the next day in the ditch, a bayonet thrust had transfixed his forehead.—I am, dear * * *, yours faithfully,

"WALTER C * * *,
"Staff Assistant-surgeon, attached to the
"Light Division."

Such is the testimony borne to his professional worth. Let us see in what manner his private qualities were valued. It is no slight evidence of his life of active usefulness, that in eight different churches, and four of them in parishes where he had been quartered, sermons were preached on the occasion of his death.

At Canterbury, the Rev. B. L. W * * *, on the 16th September, spoke in these words: "I cannot forbear to remind you of a brave young officer in the British army, who only the week before last was so signally privileged to experience in his own person the blessed reality of this triumphant victory over our last enemy—death. You can most of you well remember that, only two short years ago, the officer to whom I am alluding resided for a considerable time in this city, and was accustomed, Sabbath

after Sabbath, to assemble here with us in this house of prayer to worship the Lord. You can most of you realise to your mind's eye afresh his form and features, how he was clothed with all the health and strength of robust youth, and looked as if it would be many, many years before he would be visited by death. You can also most of you remember his holy bearing and consistent character; how evident it was to all who knew him, that he had, indeed, been with Jesus in real earnest; that the Spirit of Christ did, indeed, dwell in him, and walk in him; that it was his daily and hourly delight to glorify his Saviour in all things, to live for Him, and to follow Him here in this present evil, persecuting world, with all holy conversation and gentleness, that hereafter he might follow Him and dwell with Him for ever in His own heavenly kingdom above. You can most of you readily call to mind, in one word, how manifestly to him 'to live was Christ.' And now, notwithstanding his bodily strength; notwithstanding the bright and glorious promise of his youth that his life would be prolonged to extreme old age, whilst bravely fighting for his country, he was cut down by the murderous weapons of his enemies, and in an instant was numbered with the dead. But now comes the vital, the all-important question, Did death triumph over the young soldier? Did death, his last enemy, really obtain a victory over him? Standing here as a minister of Christ, and in dependence upon His express assurance, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' I fearlessly answer, No! Even when he fell to the earth a lifeless corpse, he was more than conqueror through Him that loved him. Through faith in Christ Jesus, that al-

mighty Saviour to whom he had so long, so completely committed his immortal soul, he found in that last moment of his seeming helplessness, that last struggle of his sinking mortality, that death, his last enemy, was indeed most completely *destroyed;* for that to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord; that to die was, indeed, the most glorious gain to him, for his liberated soul was at once admitted into the presence of Jesus, to be for ever with the Lord; for ever to see Jesus as He is, and in all His inconceivable loveliness; for ever to rejoice in the immediate and glorious presence of his Saviour-God. Oh! who can realise such blessedness as this, without most earnestly longing to be a partaker of it himself when he comes to die! Who can contemplate the glorious entrance of the dying soldier of Christ into the kingdom of heaven, without exclaiming from his inmost heart, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!'"

We will conclude with some extracts from the letters that poured in after he was taken away:—

No. 1.

"God help you all under your affliction. Need I say how I sympathise with you in the loss of such a son. To me I cannot say what he has not been—brother and friend. I never met his like, or expect to see it again. After witnessing for Christ for ten years, he has gone to be with Him."

No. 2.

"I know very well, from my own experience in the army, that there used to be a very prevalent opinion that,

when an officer became a 'saint,' he ceases to be good for anything as a soldier. I rejoice, therefore, for the soldier's sake, and for the honour of my Lord and Saviour, that we have not to go back as far as the times of Colonel Gardiner or General Burn for an instance of a Christian officer. Thanks be to God, we can encourage the diffident young soldier of Christ *now*, by naming men of our own days—Fordyce, Vicars, Shadforth, and Maximilian Hammond—who were faithful unto death, and to the commission which Queen Victoria had confided to them; while their constraining motive was love to the Lord, who had bought them with His precious blood, and earnest desire that He might, in all their conduct, be glorified.

"In looking back to the days of frequent intercourse with your brother, I have a vivid recollection of his quiet, uniform, consistent maintenance of the Christian character, in his whole deportment and every act. And I could not help remarking, with some share of self-reproach, that I, who was his senior in military service and in the knowledge of the doctrine of evangelical truth, had been far, very far outstripped in the life of faith by him. Every one who enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with him, 'took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.' The spirit of Christ so dwelt in him, that his countenance quite *lit up* with animation when he spoke out from his heart of the exceeding preciousness of the Saviour, and all-sufficiency, in all things, of His grace. The shafts of ridicule and scorn were never directed against him; and had they been so, they would have fallen blunted and harmless to the earth; for with the character of the earnest Christian, he combined that of the gentleman, the sensible well-informed

man, the efficient regimental officer, and the kind, amiable, sympathising friend. So that thoughtless young men, who were not alive to the claims of vital religion, could not help feeling strong regard and esteem for him as a man. . . . . —Believe me, &c."

No. 3.

"The Rev. G. C * * * made a most touching and beautiful allusion to the death of your now sainted son, in his sermon at Newport, this evening. Dear Captain Hammond was so well known in these parts. Indeed, his sweetness of disposition and consistent Christian conduct endeared him to all who knew him. Truly he was lovely and pleasant in his life, and seemed almost to live in heaven."

No. 4.

From an Army Scripture Reader:—

"*September* 7.—I met and spent some time with Captain Hammond. I scarcely ever met one in whom the image of Christ was so reflected. It came forth in every word and action. A holy calm rested on his countenance, and the expression of his hope and confidence was clear and unwavering. It was the first and last meeting below —next day he fell. Never was one so regretted. His regiment felt that they had lost their best friend, and well they might, for much did he labour for their eternal good.

"Many a sad blank was found; and I had, especially, to weep over one friend, who had only arrived from England two days before the attack. He was an officer of the Rifles, and if honoured with a tomb-stone, the epitaph truly may be, 'He walked with God.'"

No. 5.

"I shall never forget him, or the impression he left on me; so earnest, so single-minded, so very lovely in manner and expression, and such deep devoted love to the Saviour and His cause. He always, to me, recalled M'Cheyne; breathing the very spirit of holiness. . . . . He was a rare man, an uncommon Christian; and one, once seen, not soon or easily forgotten."

No. 6.

"I remember well what my impression was, at the time, of his character as a man of the world. Then so gentle, so amiable, so greatly to be beloved (poor dear fellow, I see him in my mind's eye now, with his happy, smiling, manly countenance—a kind word for all and every one), my feeling was, if Hammond were converted to God, what an intrepid, fearless soldier of the cross (and yet, coupled with the deepest humility) would he be found."

No. 7.

"We were so much thrown together at one time, that he was to me a beloved brother. I trust I may never forget how much I have learned from him, in his manly, open-hearted, and truly Christian disposition. He was, indeed, a bright example of the true soldier of the cross of Christ. His letters to me always spoke of his earnest desire to live to the honour and glory of God, in Christ Jesus. . . . . F * * * in a letter says, 'How few men like Hammond do you meet anywhere! His character will stand any test. He was not an ordinary man.'"

No. 8.

"Fondly had I hoped that he, who was such a model of many virtues and of Christian graces; who was the object of so many prayers; would be graciously spared, as an example to us all in following his Master. No one could know him without love and admiration; and it is not for his precious spirit (for *that* is ineffably happy, and would not now have entered heaven otherwise than in that chariot of fire; for so was the will of God, and in that will his is entirely lost); it is not for him, that we must mourn."

No. 9.

"His whole walk was close with God, and his life more pure and holy than that of any other being I ever met with. . . . . One word of him whom I so much admired —who so lived to his God, and who is now with Him in quite unapproachable happiness. When I heard he was gone, my first words were, 'Thank God!' for I thought only of what the gain must be to him. What a blessing to know, that when Christ shall come again on earth, he who served his God so faithfully shall come with Him, and join all those on earth who love the Lord's appearing!"

No. 10.

"Indeed, when I think of him, my mind rests not so much upon isolated traits, as upon the tenor of his life; the beautiful unity, harmony, and evenness of his character and walk; his eminent, abiding spirituality of mind; his unfailing, ever-growing, fruitfulness, to the

praise of the grace of God. To me he has been a heaven-sent blessing. To glorify God, and to win souls to Christ, was the object of his life; and he has left a record which may do so still. I never dare to hope that *another* such a friend will be given me, as he who did so gently, tenderly, and wisely help me, and constantly cleave to me, during long years of separation."

What shall we say, then, in conclusion?

"Though there is a just man that perisheth in his righteousness," yet "In the way of righteousness there is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death."

Do not these things, then, tell us that it is high time to gird on *our* panoply? A very little while, and there shall be a marshalling of hosts, before which even the sands of the sea shall be as nothing in multitude. A very little while, and the trumpet shall ring forth a blast, at the sound of which not the walls of that beleaguered city, but the very foundations of the earth, shall tremble. A very little while, and then shall appear, attended by His white-robed host, not earthly prince or potentate, nor mortal conqueror, but the sign of the Son of man in heaven. And who may abide the day of His coming? What sleeper shall endure the warning of that trumpet-blast, when many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt? Happy, happy he, who in that dread hour shall be found with the watchword on his lips, "Quite ready!"

"He sleeps, alas! a soldier's sleep
Upon the red Crimean plain;
And we must cease our loss to weep,
And gird us to the world again.

"But hours like this will reach us yet,
When something heard, or seen, or spoken,
Stirs up within our hearts regret,
Mellowed by time, but never broken."

BARNARD.

THE END.

BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.